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THE SONGS
OF
CHARLES DIBDIN,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED,

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, AND CRITICAL;

AND

THE MUSIC

OF

The Best and most Popular of the Melodies,

WITH NEW PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR,

BY GEORGE HOGARTH, ESQ.

[Ed. 5.]

VOL. II.

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ADVERTISEMENT TO VOL. II.

By the completion of this volume, the comprehensive Edition of the Songs of Charles Dibdin first published in 1842, under the Patronage of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, is republished, with the important addition of the Music of 60 Songs, with Piano-Forte Accompaniments,—thus extending the Songs given with the Music to 185; and an improved arrangement has been adopted, by which the Music of each Song is placed as near to the Entertainment for which it was written, as circumstances have permitted.

From its first appearance, independently of its being the only collection of Dibdin's Songs having any just pretensions to completeness, this work contained the Music of a greater number of them than any Music Publisher had previously thought it prudent or necessary to issue. With the numerous additions now made to this department, it is trusted that the admirers of Dibdin will find every thing in these volumes that they can consider of importance; although, as Dibdin composed Music to every Song which he wrote, there is much of his Music extant which might have been introduced, had it been considered desirable further to extend the work. Therefore, some Songs, which were scarcely attractive enough to justify their republication at the present day, with Pianoforte Accompaniments, have been transferred to the pages of "Davidson's Universal Melodist;" a work got up as a Companion to this, and printed and bound in all respects uniformly with it; and that Subscribers to the two works may not have anything in duplicate, the Songs of Charles Dibdin which have been given in the one have not been allowed to appear in the other.

The Publisher has been fortunate enough to possess himself of the Manuscripts of some Songs of Charles Dibdin which have never been published, either in his own time or since; and these, with a few of his choice humorous effusions, will appear, from time to time, in "The Musical Treasury."

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THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

From Castles in the Air.

THE TOKEN.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack, no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's tokens overhaul'd :
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,—
Nancy the poet, Love the muse :
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two.'

The storm—that like a shapeless wreck
Had strew'd with rigging all the deck,
That tars for sharks had giv'n a feast
And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd :
When Jack, as with his messmates dear
He shar'd the grog, their hearts to cheer,
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two.'

The battle—that with horror grim
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human gore,
And widow'd many a wife—was o'er :
When Jack to his companions dear
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then, as his 'bacco-box he held,
Restor'd his comfort, as he spell'd
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two.'

The voyage—that had been long and hard,
But that had yielded full reward ;
That brought each sailor to his friend,
Happy and rich—was at an end :
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore ;
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried,—and seiz'd the willing maid,—
 'If you loves I as I loves you,
 No pair so happy as we two.'

JACK'S FIDELITY.

If ever a sailor was fond of good sport
'Mongst the girls, why that sailor was I :
Of all sizes and sorts, I'd a wife at each port ;—
But, when that I saw'd Polly Ply,
I hail'd her my lovely, and gov'd her a kiss,
And swore to bring up once for all ;
And from that time black Barnab splic'd us, to this,
I've been constant and true to my Poll.

And till now all sorts of temptations I've stood ;
For I afterwards sail'd round the world,
And a queer set we saw of the devil's own brood,
Wherever our sails were unfurl'd :
Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,
All ready one's heart to o'erhaul ; [' walk,—
'Don't you go to love me, my good girl,' said I ;
'I've sworn to be constant to Poll.'

I met with a squaw out at India beyond,
All in glass and tobacco-pipes dress'd ;—
What a dear pretty monster ! so kind and so fond,
That I ne'er was a moment at rest.
With her bobs at her nose, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
All the world like a Bartlemy doll ;
Says I, 'You Miss Copperskin, just hold your jaw,
'I've sworn to be constant to Poll.'

Then one near Sumatra, just under the line,
As fond as a witch in a play ;
'I loves you,' says she, 'and just only be mine,
'Or by poison I'll take you away.'
'Curse your kindness,' says I ; 'but you can't
frighten me,
You don't catch a gudgeon this haul ;
If I do take your ratsbane, why then, do you see,
I shall die true and constant to Poll.'

But I 'scap'd from them all, tawny, lily, and black,
And merrily weather'd each storm ; [back,—
And, my neighbours to please, full of wonders came
But, what's better, I'm grown pretty warm.
And so now to sea I shall venture no more,
For you know, being rich, I've no call ;
So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty ashore,
And live and die constant to Poll.

THE TOKEN.

ANDANTINO.

mf

The musical introduction is in 3/4 time, marked 'ANDANTINO'. It begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The introduction consists of several measures of music, including a prominent triplet in the first measure.

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "The breeze was fresh, the ship in stays, Each break-er hush'd, the shore a". The music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major.

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "haze, When Jack, no more on du-ty call'd, His true-love's to-kens o - ver-". The music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major.

THE TOKEN.

haul'd : The bro-ken gold, the braid-ed hair, The ten-der mot - to, writ so

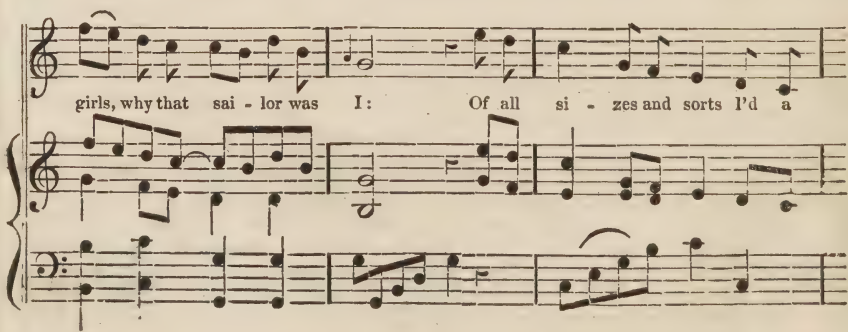
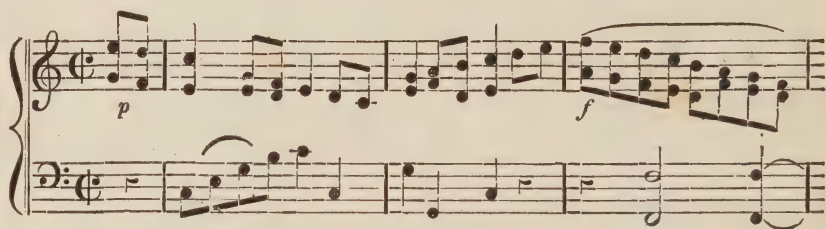
fair, Up-on his 'bac-co-box he views,— up-on his 'bac-co - box he

views,—Nan-cy the po - - et, Love the muse : 'If you loves I - - as I love's

you, No pair so hap-py as we two.'

JACK'S FIDELITY.

ALLEGRETTO



JACK'S FIDELITY.

wife at each port;—But when that I saw'd Pol - ly Ply, I

The first system of musical notation for 'Jack's Fidelity'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, an upper piano accompaniment staff, and a bass staff. The lyrics 'wife at each port;—But when that I saw'd Pol - ly Ply, I' are written below the treble staff.

hail'd her my love - ly, and gov'd her a kiss, And swore to bring up once for

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'hail'd her my love - ly, and gov'd her a kiss, And swore to bring up once for' are written below the treble staff.

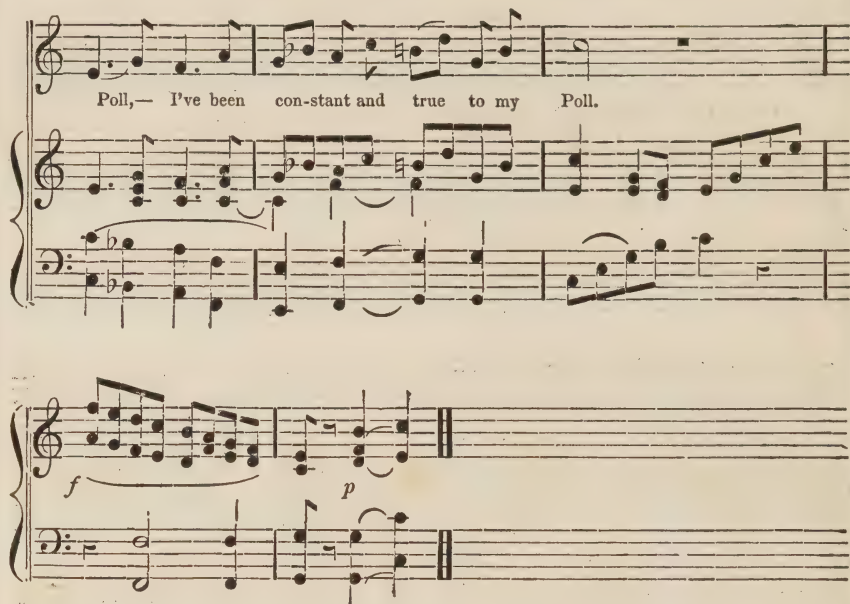
all; And from that time black Bar - na-by splic'd us, to this,—from

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'all; And from that time black Bar - na-by splic'd us, to this,—from' are written below the treble staff.

that time black Bar - na-by splic'd us, to this, I've been con-stant and true to my

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the piece on this page. The lyrics 'that time black Bar - na-by splic'd us, to this, I've been con-stant and true to my' are written below the treble staff.

JACK'S FIDELITY.



And till now all sorts of temptations I've stood;
 For I afterwards sail'd round the world,
 And a queer set we saw of the devil's own brood,
 Wherever our sails were unfr'd:
 Some with faces like charcoal, and others like chalk,
 All ready one's heart to o'erhaul;
 'Don't you go to love me, my good girl,' said I; 'walk,—
 'I've sworn to be constant to Poll.'

I met with a squaw out at India beyond,
 All in glass and tobacco-pipes dress'd;
 What a dear pretty monster! so kind and so fond,
 That I ne'er was a moment at rest.
 With her bobs at her nose, and her quaw, quaw, quaw,
 All the world like a Bartlemy doll;
 Says I, 'You Miss Copperskin, just hold your jaw,—
 'I've sworn to be constant to Poll.'

Then one near Sumatra, just under the line,
 As fond as a witch in a play;
 'I loves you,' says she, 'and just only be mine,
 'Or by poison I'll take you away.'
 'Curse your kindness,' says I; 'but you can't frighten me,
 You don't catch a gudgeon this haul;
 If I do take your ratsbane, why then, do you see,
 I shall die true and constant to Poll.'

But I 'scap'd from them all, tawny, lily, and black,
 And merrily weather'd each storm;
 And, my neighbours to please, full of wonders came back,—
 But, what's better, I'm grown pretty warm.
 And so now to sea I shall venture no more,
 For you know, being rich, I've no call;
 So I'll bring up young tars, do my duty ashore,
 And live and die constant to Poll.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

ANDANTINO.

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a series of chords and moving lines. The bass staff provides a harmonic foundation with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The lyrics "The mar - tial pomp, the mourn - ful" are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics "train, Be-speak some ho - nour'd he - ro slain; The ob - se-" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line.

The fourth system contains the third line of the vocal melody and its piano accompaniment. The lyrics "quies de - note him brave; Hark! the vol - ley o'er his" are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues to support the vocal line.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

grave: The aw - ful knell sounds low and lorn; Yet cease, ye

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "grave: The aw - ful knell sounds low and lorn; Yet cease, ye".

kin - dred brave, to mourn. The plain - tive fife

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "kin - dred brave, to mourn. The plain - tive fife". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

and muf - fled drum

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "and muf - fled drum". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythmic pattern.

The man may sum-monto his si - - lent home! The sol - dier

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: "The man may sum-monto his si - - lent home! The sol - dier". The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic resolution.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

lives!— his deeds to trace, Be - hold the se - raph Glo - ry

This system contains the first three staves of music. The top staff is the vocal melody, the middle is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

place— Be - hold the se - raph Glo - ry place An ev - er - liv - ing

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system.

lau-rel— An ev - er - liv - ing lau-rel round his

This system contains the next three staves of music, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

sa - cred tomb.

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page, concluding with a double bar line.

Nor deem it hard, ye thoughtless gay,—
 Short's man's longest earthly stay;
 Our little hour of life we try,
 And then depart :—we're born to die.
 Then lose no moment dear to fame,—
 They longest live who live in name.

The plaintive fife, &c.

TACK AND HALF TACK.

ALLEGROTTTO.

The first system of the piano introduction is written for a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in C major, 2/4 time. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and ends with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody in the right hand features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

The second system contains the first line of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a whole rest followed by the lyrics "The Yar-mouth Roads are right a-head, The". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues from the previous system, with the right hand playing a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes and the left hand providing a steady accompaniment.

The third system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line (treble clef) continues with the lyrics "crew with ar-dour burn-ing; Jack sings out, as he". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns as the previous system.

TACK AND HALF TACK.

heaves the lead, On tack and half - tack turn - ing;

By the dip e - le - ven! Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils, Then

round his head 'tis swing-ing; And thus to make the land he toils,

thus to make the land he toils, In num - bers quaint - ly

TACK AND HALF TACK.

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "sing - ing, By the mark se - ven! And". The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "now, lest we run bump a - shore, He heaves the lead, and". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and bass line in the left hand.

Third system of musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics: "sings once more, Quar - ter less four! A-". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and bass line in the left hand.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line has the lyrics: "bout ship, lads— tum-ble up, there—can't you see? Stand by, well;". The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and bass line in the left hand.

TACK AND HALF TACK.

hark, hark!

helm's a - lee!

Here she comes,

up tacks and sheets, haul main - sail, haul! And as the long - lost,—

as the long - lost shore they view, Ex - ult - ing shout the

hap - py crew; Each sing-ing, as the sail he furls,—

Each

TACK AND HALF TACK.

3
sing-ing, as the sail he furls, Hey for the fid - dles and the girls,—

3 Hey for the fid - dles,— 3 Hey for the fid dles,— 3

3 Hey for the fid - dles and the girls!— Each 3

3 sing-ing, as the sail he furls, Hey for the fid - dles

TACK AND HALF TACK.

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "and the girls,— Hey for the fid - dles and the girls !". The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. Dynamics such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) are indicated. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the first system.

The next tack we run out to sea,
 Old England scarce appearing ;
 Again we tack, and Jack with glee
 Sings out, as land we're nearing,
 By the dip eleven !
 And as they name some beauty dear,
 To tars of bliss the summit,
 Jack joins the jest, the gibe, the jeer,
 And heaves the pond'rous plummet ;
 By the mark seven !
 And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,
 Jack cries, lest we run bump ashore,
 Quarter less four !

About ship, lads, &c.

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
 By tack and tack are bias'd,—
 The furthest way about we roam,
 To bring us home the nighest ;
 By the dip eleven !
 For one tack more, and 'fore the wind
 Shall we, in a few glasses,
 Now make the land both true and kind,
 To find our friends and lasses.
 By the mark seven !
 Then heave the lead, my lad, once more ;
 Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
 And a half four !

About ship, lads, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

THE martial pomp, the mournful train,
Bespeak some honour'd hero slain ;
The obsequies denote him brave ;
Hark ! the volley o'er his grave :
The awful knell sounds low and lorn ;
Yet cease, ye kindred brave, to mourn.
The plaintive fife and muffled drum
The man may summon to his silent home !
The soldier lives !—his deeds to trace,
Behold the seraph Glory place
An ever-living laurel round his sacred tomb.

Nor deem it hard, ye thoughtless gay,—
Short 's man's longest earthly stay ;
Our little hour of life we try,
And then depart :—we're born to die.
Then lose no moment dear to fame,—
They longest live who live in name.

The plaintive fife, &c.

TACK AND HALF TACK.

THE Yarmouth Roads are right ahead,
The crew with ardour burning ;
Jack sings out as he heaves the lead,
On tack and half-tack turning ;
By the dip eleven !
Lash'd in the chains, the line he coils,
Then round his head 'tis swinging ;
And thus to make the land he toils,
In numbers quaintly singing,
By the mark seven !
And now, lest we run bump ashore,
He heaves the lead, and sings once more,
Quarter less four !

About ship, lads—tumble up there—can't you see ?
Stand by, well ; hark, hark ! helm's a-lee !
Here she comes, up tacks and sheets, haul main-
sail, haul,
Haul of all !

And, as the long-lost shore they view,
Exulting shout the happy crew ;
Each singing, as the sail he furls,
Hey for the fiddles and the girls !

The next tack we run out to sea,
Old England scarce appearing ;
Again we tack, and Jack with glee
Sings out, as land we're nearing,
By the dip eleven !
And as they name some beauty dear,
To tars of bliss the summit,
Jack joins the jest, the gibe, the jeer,
And heaves the pond'rous plummet ;
By the mark seven !
And now, while dang'rous breakers roar,
Jack cries, lest we run bump ashore,
Quarter less four !

About ship, lads, &c.

Thus tars at sea, like swabs at home,
By tack and tack are bias'd,—
The furthest way about we roam,
To bring us home the nighest ;
By the dip eleven !
For one tack more, and 'fore the wind
Shall we, in a few glasses,
Now make the land both true and kind,
To find our friends and lasses.
By the mark seven !
Then heave the lead, my lad, once more ;
Soon shall we gaily tread the shore,
And a half four !

About ship, lads, &c.

NO GOOD WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

THE world's a good thing ;—ah ! how sweet and
delicious

The bliss and delight it contains !
Devil a pleasure but joy Fortune crams in our dishes,
Except a few torments and pains.

Then wine's a good thing,—the dear drink 's so in-
viting,

Where each toper each care sweetly drowns,
Where our friends we so cherish, so love, and de-
light in,

Except when we're cracking their crowns.
Sing didderoo whack, take the good with the bad,
So put round the claret and sherry ;

If the cares of this world did not make us so sad,
'Twould be easy enough to be merry.

'Fait ! a wife's a good ting, sure, to charm and con-
tent ye ;

To cherish and love you she 's born ;
Show'r'ing joys on your brow, like the goddess of
plenty,

So sweet, just excepting the horn.
Arrah, fait ! the dear law a nice good ting to trust is,
Just your all to its mercy devote ;

You'll be sure to get bed, board, and clothing from
Justice,

Except when she strips off your coat.

Sing didderoo, &c.

En't a place a good thing ? where the loaves and
the fishes

So neatly are handed about ;
Where you turn while you're in till you get all
your wishes,

Except when they're turning you out.
Is not fame a good thing ? Ah ! her trump sounds
so glorious,

And so sings forth the deeds of the brave !
Nothing hinders their living long, great, and
notorious,

Except when they're snug in the grave !

Sing didderoo, &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Then a friend 's a good ting ;—ah ! he soothes all
your sorrows,

And softens each care of your life :

And nothing, kind soul, in return ever borrows,

Except just your purse or your wife.

By comparison, then, since each good ting's a treasure,
sure,

As the foil shows the diamond's true glare,

Let us in this life cherish only the pleasure,

Except when we're tasting the care.

Sing didderoo, &c.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Come away, then, at my call,

High, low, rich, poor, fat, lean, short, tall ;

I undertake to furnish all

A panacea to cure care.

Would the old renew their youth,

Would Falsehood learn to charm like Truth,

Would Honour in Life's game be winner,

Or modest Merit find a dinner,

To Hope still turning black Despair,

Come build castles in the air.

Here the cit, through clouds of smoke,

In coffee-house who cracks his joke,

Whom, at his desk, the cobwebs choke,

Still imitates the spider's care ;

Of ton the very life and soul,

Near some Hockley-in-the-Hole,

To all the guttling city beasts

Shall give such monstrous sumptuous feastes,

Genteel as any dancing-bear,

In his castle built of air.

Would spendthrifts ne'er put down their gigs,

Would needy curates count tithe-pigs,

Would Gout dance rigadoons and jigs,

Would Greeks play only on the square ;

Would guilt a waking conscience blind,

Would tabbies handsome husbands find,

Would lawyers fight poor orphans' battles,

Preserving them their goods and chattels,

Would pigeons 'scape a well-laid snare,

Come, build castles in the air.

Would country hicks become polite,

Would Av'rice give, would cowards fight,

Would Envy praise, would dunces write,

Would Fraud fair Honour's vestments wear,

Would misers know when they'd enough,

Would gluttons roots and water stuff,

Would gambling cease to be alarming,

Worth to be priz'd, or Beauty charming,

Would lovers cease to lie and swear,

Come, build castles in the air.

In short, all those who Nature force,

Who put life's cart before the horse,

Turn times and seasons from their course,

Build hopes by Folly's rule and square—

For instance, now, did I appear,
From conscious diffidence, or fear,
T' indulge one moment such a slander
That any here were void of candour,
My hopes ought all to be despair,
And all my castles built in air.

THE WHISTLING PLOUGHMAN.

LORD, what be all the rich and great,
The pride of courts and cities ?
Their fuss, and rout, and pomp, and state,
Lord ! how a body pities.
The gouty 'squire, in coach and six,
My lady with her phthisic,
His worship with the rheumatics,
All sick from sloth and physic,—
How different we ploughmen be,
Through bog, o'er brier, and thistle,
Who work with health, and strength, and glee,
And o'er the furrow whistle.

That thing, the young 'squire, my landlord's heir,
You 'd for a doll mistake it,
Set on a shelf, like China ware,
For fear the maids should break it.
Then Miss loves scandal, cheats at play,
Gets tonnish, bold, and spunky,
Hates nasty man, then runs away,
To prove it with a monkey.
How diff'rent from these imps so spruce,
With pride that swell and bristle,
Are ours, form'd ploughmen to produce,
Who o'er the furrow whistle.

A nabob, dress'd in stars, comes down,
T' our village, worth a million ;
His villa's here, his house in town,
By the sea-side his pavilion.
Poor man, he'd thank his stars to seize,
For his, my humble station ;
Why, he's dying of a new disease
They calls a complication.
With sickness, then, what's high degree ?
What Garter, Bath, and Thistle ?
O ! that the nabob could, like me,
Blithe o'er the furrow whistle !—

Thus honest Clump, severe, though kind,
Did wit with pity season ;
Bless'd with that manly strength of mind,
Taught by content and reason.
In artless wit, unconscious sense,
He pitied imperfection !
Not rancour, but beneficence,
Inspiring each reflection.
My wish 'gainst haughty pomp, cried he,
At the poor who puff and bristle,
Is—May they taste such joys as we,
Who o'er the furrow whistle !

NO GOOD WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

ALLEGRETTO.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The time signature is 6/8. The piano part begins with a *mp* (mezzo-piano) dynamic. The vocal line starts with a whole rest for the first four measures, followed by a half note and a quarter note in the fifth measure. The word "The" is written below the vocal line at the end of the system.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "world's a good thing;—ah! how sweet and de-li-cious The bliss and de-light it con-". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands. The *mp* dynamic is maintained.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "tains! Devil a plea-sure but joy For-tune crams in our dish-es, Ex-". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines in both hands.

NO GOOD WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

cept a few tor - ments and pains. Then wine's a good thing,—the dear

This system contains the first three staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note 'c' (C4), followed by eighth notes 'e' (E4), 'p' (F4), 't' (G4), and a quarter note 'a' (A4). This is followed by a half note 'f' (F4), eighth notes 'e' (E4), 'w' (F4), and a quarter note 't' (G4). The next measure has a half note 'o' (A4), eighth notes 'r' (B4), 'm' (C5), and a quarter note 'e' (D5). The final measure of the system has a half note 'n' (E5), eighth notes 't' (F5), 's' (G5), and a quarter note 'a' (A5). The piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs) provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

drink's so in - vi - ting, Where each to - per each care sweet-ly drowns, Where our

This system contains the next three staves of music. The vocal line continues with a half note 'd' (D5), eighth notes 'r' (E5), 'i' (F5), and a quarter note 'n' (G5). This is followed by a half note 'k' (A5), eighth notes 's' (B5), 'o' (C6), and a quarter note 'i' (D6). The next measure has a half note 'n' (E6), eighth notes 'v' (F6), 'i' (G6), and a quarter note 'n' (A6). The final measure of the system has a half note 'g' (B6), eighth notes 't' (C7), 'i' (D7), and a quarter note 'n' (E7). The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

friends we so che-rish, so love, and de - light in, Ex - cept when we're crack-ing their

This system contains the next three staves of music. The vocal line begins with a half note 'f' (F5), eighth notes 'r' (G5), 'i' (A5), and a quarter note 'e' (B5). This is followed by a half note 'd' (C6), eighth notes 's' (D6), 'o' (E6), and a quarter note 'c' (F6). The next measure has a half note 'h' (G6), eighth notes 'e' (A6), 'r' (B6), and a quarter note 'i' (C7). The final measure of the system has a half note 's' (D7), eighth notes 'o' (E7), 'l' (F7), and a quarter note 'o' (G7). The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

crowns. Sing did - de - roo whack, take the good with the bad, So

This system contains the final three staves of music on the page. The vocal line begins with a half note 'c' (C5), eighth notes 'r' (D5), 'o' (E5), and a quarter note 'w' (F5). This is followed by a half note 'n' (G5), eighth notes 's' (A5), 'i' (B5), and a quarter note 'n' (C6). The next measure has a half note 'g' (D6), eighth notes 'i' (E6), 'd' (F6), and a quarter note 'd' (G6). The final measure of the system has a half note 'e' (A6), eighth notes 'e' (B6), 'r' (C7), and a quarter note 'o' (D7). The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

NO GOOD WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

put round the cla-ret and sher-ry; If the cares of this world did not

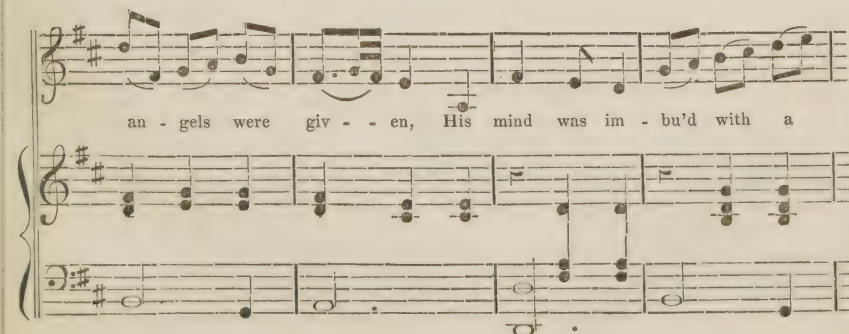
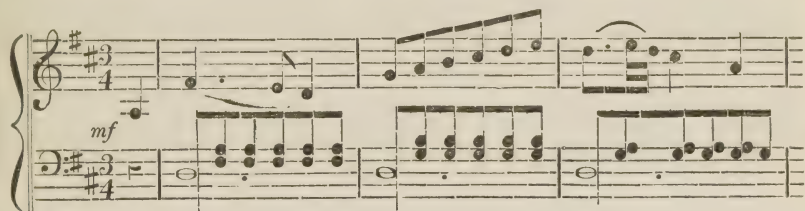
make us so sad, 'Twould be ea-sy e-nough to be mer-ry.

Fait! a wife's a good ting, sure, to charm and content ye;
 To cherish and love you she's born;
 Show'ring joys on your brow, like the goddess of plenty,
 So sweet, just excepting the horn.
 Arrah, fait! the dear law a nice good ting to trust is,
 Just your all to its mercy devote;
 You'll be sure to get bed, board, and clothing from Justice,
 Except when she strips off your coat.
 Sing didderoo, &c.
 En't a place a good ting; where the loaves and the fishes
 So neatly are handed about;
 Where you turn while you're in till you get all your
 Except when they're turning you out. [wishes,

Is not fame a good thing? Ah! her trump sounds so glorious,
 And so sings forth the deeds of the brave!
 Nothing hinders their living long, great, and notorious,
 Except when they're snug in the grave!
 Sing didderoo, &c.
 Then a friend's a good ting;—ah! he soothes all your sorrows,
 And softens each care of your life;
 And nothing, kind soul, in return ever borrows,
 Except just your purse or your wife.
 By comparison, then, since each good ting's a treasure,
 As the foil shows the diamond's true glare,
 Let us in this life cherish only the pleasure,
 Except when we're tasting the care.
 Sing didderoo, &c.

THE TEAR OF SENSIBILITY.

ANDANTINO.



THE TEAR OF SENSIBILITY.

charm, im - bu'd with a charm, im - bu'd with a charm That

mark'd him the fav'-rite of Heav'n, That mark'd him the fav'-rite of

Heav'n: 'Twas smi-ling Be - nig - ni-ty's grace, 'Twas

smi - ling Be - nig - ni-ty's grace, To the warm throb-bing bo - som so

THE TEAR OF SENSIBILITY.

dear, That ce - les - tial - ly, ce - - les - tial - ly
 ce - les - tial - ly beam'd in his face, As he shed sen - si -
 bi - li - ty's tear; ce - les - tial - ly beam'd in his face, ce -
 les - tial - ly beam'd in his face, As he shed sen - si -

The musical score is written for a voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), indicating D major. The tempo and style are not explicitly marked. The score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is written in a soprano or alto clef. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across measures. A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3' above it in the first system.

THE TEAR OF SENSIBILITY.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The voice part is on a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The first system shows the voice entering with the lyrics 'bi - li - ty's tear, As he shed sen - si - bi - li - ty's tear.' The piano accompaniment features arpeggiated chords and a steady bass line. The second system shows the piano part continuing with more complex arpeggiated figures. The score ends with a double bar line.

bi - li - ty's tear, As he shed sen - si - bi - li - ty's tear.

mf

Ye who Nature have learn'd to subdue,
 Who your hearts 'gainst compassion can steel,
 Who know not the joys of the few,
 Who are happy because they can feel,—
 In lux'ry and ease as ye roll,
 Learn that bliss to the bosom so dear,
 'Tis the lux'ry supreme of the soul
 To indulge Sensibility's tear.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE AUCTIONEER.

THE auctioneer mounts, and—first hawing and hemming—

Addresses his audience with—Ladies and gemmen, Permit me to make on this sale a few strictures,— 'Tis compris'd of some choice allegorical pictures. Lot One, is a portrait of Truth:—bid away!

For Truth, la'es and gentlemen, what shall we say?

[Suppose we say twenty thousand pounds for Truth: ten thousand: five: one: five hundred: one hundred: twenty guineas: one guinea. Nobody put in for Truth? No lover nor lawyer in company stand in need of a little Truth? Any thing to begin with. Sixpence! 'And a half-penny!' Thank you, sir.

A going, a going, a going—come, spirit, bid on; Will nobody bid more? A going—gone.

Set down Truth to the gentleman in the ragged cassock.]

Lot Two is Frugality, modest and meek;

Mild content in her eye, the fresh rose on her cheek; The offspring of Prudence, the parent of Health, Who, in Nature's scant wishes, finds Croesus's wealth.

What d'ye say for Frugality, ladies? O fie!

What nobody bid? Nobody!—John, put Frugality by.

[Lot Three: Dissipation. That's engaged: I could have sold them if I had had a thousand.

Lot Four: Crim. Con. O Lord! that is disposed of by private contract. Lot Five: Fashion. Come, ladies, what shall we say for Fashion? 'Twenty thousand pounds.'—Thank you, Ma'am. —'Twenty-five.'—'Thirty.'—

A going, a going, a going—come, spirit, bid on—What nobody bid more?

'Mr. Smiler, to save trouble, you may send Fashion to my house upon your own terms.' Much obliged to your Ladyship.

Going—gone.

Set down Fashion to Lady Kitty Cockahoop.]

Next lot is the Cardinal Virtues:—Why, John, Some strange metamorphose they've all undergone: Why Fortitude trembles, and looks like a sheep! While Temp'rance is tipsy! and Justice asleep! And as for Ma'am Prudence, she's quite in her airs! Here, John, kick the Cardinal Virtues down stairs.

[Let me see, what have we else? Conscience. Oh, Lord! Honour. Worse and worse! A parcel of antiquated stuff. What's this? Anarchy! Why, John, what business has Anarchy here? I thought you knew that it was sold, long enough ago, for exportation. And now you talk of exportation, you know this portrait of Popularity is to be sent, as a public gift, to the Royal Brothers, upon the Continent.—Loyalty! A hundred thousand pounds—two hundred thousand—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—a million—two million—three million—

A going, a going, a going—come, courage, bid on: A going, a going—

Ten millicin in five hundred places! O! I knew it was utterly impossible ever to find a single purchaser for Loyalty.

Going—gone.

Set down Loyalty to the whole nation.]

What remains there is little occasion to heed; Of Honour and Worth you have none of you need; Good-humour, and Frolic, and Laughter, so plump, I've sold you again and again, in a lump.

The last lot's Content, of sweet Pleasure the twin; Come, purchase Content, and I'll throw Pleasure in.

[Come, ladies and gentlemen, what shall we say for Content? It is your interest to buy Content. What beauty can smile, what alderman guttle, without Content? I had once an idea of buying it in, but my content receives all its value from the reflection of yours. Come, I'll take nods and smiles for money. Much obliged to you, sir:—particularly favoured, ma'am;—highly honoured, sir:—you flatter me exceedingly, miss!

A going, a going, a going—come, courage, bid on: A going, a going—

Infinitely above the full value! I am overwhelmed with gratitude!

A going—gone.

Set down Content to the present company.]

THE TEAR OF SENSIBILITY.

WHEN to man the distinguishing form

And the nature of angels were giv'n,

His mind was imbued with a charm

That mark'd him the fav'rite of Heav'n.

'Twas smiling Benignity's grace,

To the warm throbbing bosom so dear,

That celestially beam'd in his face,

As he shed Sensibility's tear.

Ye who Nature have learn'd to subdue,

Who your hearts 'gainst compassion can steel,

Who know not the joys of the few,

Who are happy because they can feel,—

In lux'ry and ease as ye roll,

Learn that bliss to the bosom so dear,

'Tis the lux'ry supreme of the soul

To indulge Sensibility's tear.

THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

THE village was jovial, the month was May,

The birds were sweetly singing;

Of Numps and Madge 'twas the wedding-day,

The bells were merrily ringing.

The bridegroom came in his holiday clothes,

The bride with ribands as red as a rose:

Never did revelry so abound,

The drums beat, and the joke went round.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

All manner of instruments loudly play'd,—
The hautboy squeak'd, and the bassoon bray'd.
Then to see them all foot it, and jig it, and prance,
Stump, fidget, and reel, in the mazy dance :
Thus, from when the lark rose, till the stocking
was thrown,
The fun, and the frisk, and the pastime went on.
Such whim and such frolic, sure, never was seen ;
Till, wond'ring so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—What a rare thing to be married !

Now scarcely past the honey-moon,
Still Numps and Madge are singing ;
But not exactly the same tune,
For the bells her clapper's ringing.
The 'Squire steps in,—Numps smells a rat ;
Love and dear are chang'd to dog and cat ;
Their love's turn'd hate, and grief their joys ;
Contentment's strife, and pleasure noise :
' Say a crooked word, and I'll kill you ! ' cries he :
' Rams' horns, if I die for't ! ' cries out she.
Night and day thus, at victuals, or up, or abed,
He curries her hide, and she combs his head ;
In torment, vexation, and mis'ry they dwell,
Converting that heaven, call'd marriage, to hell,—
The neighbours maliciously viewing the scene ;
While, charm'd that so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—What a queer thing to be married !

At length, to make sport of the bridegroom and
bride,
Whose jars in droll ditty they're singing,
The wags of the village now skimmington ride,
While backward the bells they are ringing.
The lasses, the skimmers, the broomsticks they
wield,
The porringer helmet, the potlid shield,
The ample ram's horns that so grace the parade,
And the petticoat rampant so gaily display'd,
Denote jars domestic and family strife,
Where the dolt takes the distaff, the cudgel the
wife.
Thus hissing, and hooting, and grunting of hogs,
And squalling of children, and barking of dogs,
And shrill penny-trumpets, salt-boxes, and bells,
And drums, and cow-horns, and a hundred things
else,
Compose of confusions the drollest e'er seen ;
While, charm'd that so long they had tarried,
Young Ralph of the village, and Sue of the green,
Cry—What a damn'd thing to be married !

FATHER AND MOTHER AND SUKE.

SAYS my father, says he, one day, to I,
Thou know'st by false friends we are undone :
Should my lawsuit be lost, then thy good fortune try
Among our relations in London.

Here's Sukey, the poor orphan child of friend Grist,
Who once kept thy father from starving,
When thy fortune thou'st made, thou shalt take
by the fist

For a wife,—for she's good and deserving.
But mind thee in heart this one maxim, our Jack ;
As thou'st read thy good fate in a book,—
Make honour thy guide, or else never come back
To Father, and mother, and Suke.
So I buss'd Suke and mother, and, greatly concern'd,
Off I set, with my father's kind blessing,
To our cousin, the wine-merchant, where I soon
learn'd

About mixing, and brewing, and pressing.
But the sloe-juice, and ratsbane, and all that fine
joke,
Was soon in my stomach a-rising :
' Why, dom it ! ' cried I, ' would you kill the poor folk ?
I thought you sold wine, and not poison.
Your place, my dear cousin, won't do, for you lack,
To make your broth, another guess cook ;
Besides, without honour, I cannot go back
To Father, and mother, and Suke.'

To my uncle, the doctor, I next went my ways :
He teach'd me the mystery, quickly,
Of those that were dying to shorten the days,
And they in good health to make sickly.
' Oh, the music of groans ! ' cried my uncle, ' dear boy ;
Vapours set all my spirits a-flowing ;
A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy ;
At an ague I'm all in a glowing !'
' Why, then, my dear uncle, ' cries I, ' you're a quack ;
For another assistant go look ;
For, you see, without honour, I munna go back
To father, and mother, and Suke.'

From my cousin, the parson, I soon com'd away,
Without either waiting or warning ;
For he preach'd upon soberness three times one day,
And then com'd home drunk the next morning.
My relation, the author, stole other folks' thoughts,
My cousin, the bookseller, sold them ;
My pious old aunt found in innocence faults,
And made Virtue blush as she told them !
So the prospect around me quite dismal and black,
Scarcely knowing on which side to look,
I just sav'd my honour, and then I com'd back
To father, and mother, and Suke.

I found them as great as a king on his throne,—
The lawsuit had banish'd all sorrow :
' I'm come, ' said I, ' father, my honour's my own :'
' Then thou shalt have Sukey to-morrow.
But how about London ? '—' 'Twon't do for a clown :
There Vice rides with Folly behind it ;
Not, you see, that I says there's no honour in town,
I only says I cou'd not find it :
If you sent me to starve, you found out the right
track ;
If to live, the wrong method you took ;
For I poor went to London, and poor I'm com'd back
To father, and mother, and Suke.

FATHER AND MOTHER AND SUKE.

ALLEGRO.

The first system of music is in treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The accompaniment starts with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The melody ends with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The accompaniment ends with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note.

Says my

The second system of music is in treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The melody ends with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The accompaniment ends with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note.

fa - ther, says he, one day, to I, 'Thou know'st by false friends we are

The third system of music is in treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The time signature is 6/8. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The melody starts with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The melody ends with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note. The accompaniment ends with a quarter note, a half note, and a quarter note.

un - done: Should my law-suit be lost, then thy good for-tune try, A-

FATHER AND MOTHER AND SUKE.

mong our re - la - tions in Lon - don. Here's Su - key, the poor or-phan

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'mong our re - la - tions in Lon - don. Here's Su - key, the poor or-phan'.

child of friend Grist, who once kept thy fa - ther from starv - ing, When thy

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'child of friend Grist, who once kept thy fa - ther from starv - ing, When thy'.

for - tune thou'st made, thou shalt take by the fist For a wife, - for she's good and de-

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'for - tune thou'st made, thou shalt take by the fist For a wife, - for she's good and de-'.

serv - ing. But mind thee in heart this one max-im, our Jack: As thou'st

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'serv - ing. But mind thee in heart this one max-im, our Jack: As thou'st'.

FATHER AND MOTHER AND SUKE.

read thy good fate in a book,— Make ho-nour thy guide,— Make

ho - nour thy guide,— Make ho-nour thy guide, or else

nev - er come back To Fa - ther, and Mo - ther, and Suke.

So I buss'd Suke and mother, and, greatly concern'd,
Off I set, with my father's kind blessing,
To our cousin, the wine-merchant, where I soon learn'd
About mixing, and brewing, and pressing.
But the sloe-juice, and ratsbane, and all that fine joke,
Was soon in my stomach a-rising:
'Why, dom it!' cried I, 'would you kill the poor folk?
I thought you sold wine, and not poison.
Your place, my dear cousin, won't do, for you lack,
To make your broth, another guess cook;
Besides, without honour, I cannot go back
To father, and mother, and Suke.'
To my uncle, the doctor, I next went my ways:
He teach'd me the mystery, quickly,
Of those that were dying to shorten the days,
And they in good health to make sickly.
'Oh, the music of groans!' cried my uncle, 'dear boy;
Vapours set all my spirits a-flowing,
A fit of the gout makes me dancing for joy;
At an ague I'm all in a glowing!'
'Why, then, my dear uncle,' cries I, 'you're a quack;
For another assistant go look;
For you see, without honour, I munna go back
To father, and mother, and Suke.'

From my cousin, the parson, I soon com'd away,
Without either waiting or warning;
For he preach'd upon soberness three times one day,
And then com'd home drunk the next morning.
My relation, the author, stole other folks' thoughts,
My cousin, the bookseller, sold them;
My pious old aunt found in innocence faults,
And made Virtue blush as she told them!
So, the prospect around me quite dismal and black,
Scarcely knowing on which side to look,
I just sav'd my honour, and then I com'd back
To father, and mother, and Suke.
I found them as great as a king on his throne,—
The lawsuit had banish'd all sorrow:
'I'm come,' said I, 'father, my honour's my own:'
'Then thou shalt have Suke to-morrow.
But how about London?'—'Twon't do for a clown:
'There Vice rides with Folly behind it;
Not, you see, that I says there's no honour in town,
I only says I cou'd not find it:
If you sent me to starve, you found out the right track;
If to live, the wrong method you took;
For I poor went to London, and poor I'm com'd back
To father, and mother, and Suke.

TOM TACKLE.

ANDANTINO.

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note Bb3. The word "Tom" is written above the final note of the vocal line.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics "Tac - kle was no - ble, was true to his word,— If". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "me - rit bought ti - tles Tom might be my lord; How gai - ly his". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

TOM TACKLE.

bark through Life's o - cean would sail! Truth fur-nish'd the rig-ging and

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Tom Tackle'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: 'bark through Life's o - cean would sail! Truth fur-nish'd the rig-ging and'.

Ho-nour the gale. Yet Tom had a fail - ing, if ev - er man

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'Ho-nour the gale. Yet Tom had a fail - ing, if ev - er man'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

had, That, good as he was, made him all that was bad: He was

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'had, That, good as he was, made him all that was bad: He was'. The piano accompaniment continues.

pal - try and pi - ti - ful, scur - vy and mean, And the saliv - ling - est

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the page. The vocal line ends with the lyrics: 'pal - try and pi - ti - ful, scur - vy and mean, And the saliv - ling - est'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord.

TOM TACKLE.

scoun-drel that ev - er was seen: For so said the girls and the

The first system of the musical score for 'Tom Tackle'. It consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics 'scoun-drel that ev - er was seen: For so said the girls and the' are written below the vocal line.

land-lords 'long shore; Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tac-kle was

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'land-lords 'long shore; Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tac-kle was'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

poor,—Tom Tac-kle was poor, was poor,—Tom Tac-kle was

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'poor,—Tom Tac-kle was poor, was poor,—Tom Tac-kle was'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

poor,—Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tac - kle was poor.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'poor,—Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tac - kle was poor.'. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and moving lines.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

TOM TACKLE.

TOM TACKLE was noble, was true to his word,—
If merit bought titles, Tom might be my lord;
How gaily his bark through Life's ocean would sail!
Truth furnish'd the rigging, and Honour the gale.
Yet Tom had a failing, if ever man had,
That, good as he was, made him all that was bad:
He was paltry and pitiful, scurvy and mean,
And the sniv'lingest scoundrel that ever was seen:
For so said the girls, and the landlords 'long shore;
Would you know what his fault was?—Tom Tackle
was poor!

'Twas once on a time, when we took a galleon,
And the crew touch'd the agent for cash to some
tunc,
Tom a trip took to gaol, an old messmate to free,
And four thankful prattlers soon sat on his knee:
Then Tom was an angel, down-right from heav'n
sent!
While they'd hands, he his goodness should never
repent;—
Return'd from next voyage, he bemoan'd his sad
case,
To find his dear friend shut the door in his face!
'Why d'ye wonder?' cried 'one; 'you're serv'd
right, to be sure,'—
Once Tom Tackle was rich—now Tom Tackle is
poor!

I ben't, you see, vers'd in high maxims and sitch;
But don't this same honour concern poor and rich?
If it don't come from good hearts, I can't see where
from;
And if e'er tar had a good heart, dam'me! 'twas Tom.
Yet, some how or 'nother, Tom never did right:
None knew better the time when to spare or to fight;
He, by finding a leak, once preserv'd crew and ship,
Sav'd the Commodore's life—then he made such
rare flip!
And yet, for all this, no one Tom could endure:
I fancies as how 'twas—because he was poor!
At last an old shipmate, that Tom might hail land,
Who saw that his heart sail'd too fast for his hand,
In the riding of Comfort a mooring to find,
Reef'd the sails of Tom's fortune, that shook in
the wind:
He gave him enough through Life's ocean to steer,
Be the breeze what it might, steady, thus, or no near:
His pittance is daily, and yet Tom imparts
What he can to his friends—and may all honest
hearts,
Like Tom Tackle, have what keeps the wolf from
the door,
Just enough to be gen'rous—too much to be poor!

THE MERRY ARCHERS.

LINK'D in Pleasure's sweet communion,
Put around the sparkling wine,—

Glory's laurel, charming union,
With Love's myrtle shall intwine:
Spread around the archer's fame;
Catch th' enthusiastic spark;
Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
The King! and may each Briton aim
To hit fair Duty's loyal mark!
Our sport's a type of life's condition;
True archers are the supple bow,
That takes Truth's even, round position,
But bends to nothing mean and low:
Then bend the bow—that merit claim
Impell'd by Honour's fervid spark;
Again the toast—come, fill a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
May knaves, that would at Virtue aim,
Disgrac'd, hit Shame's reproachful mark.

The bowstring is that due subjection
Which our various passions reins,
And guides the bent of our affection,
Till Worth the prize of Virtue gains.
Draw the string—the bowman's fame
Acquire, through Emulation's spark;
Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
May Mirth at Honour's target aim,
And hit fair Pleasure's golden mark!

Our various fortunes are the arrow,
Which let careful Prudence hold
In even mean, nor wide nor narrow,
And hit the target in the gold:
Let fly,—deserve the bowman's fame,
Impell'd by Perseverance' spark;
Round with the toast,—fill up a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
May Industry at Honour aim,
And hit fair Fortune's golden mark!

Then careful brace the bow, and bend it;
Prudent draw the string, and wise;
The arrow pois'd, like lightning send it,
Hit Honour's mark, and gain Life's prize.
Spread around the archer's fame;
Catch th' enthusiastic spark;
Give the toast its due,—a brimmer;
Let no ray of daylight glimmer,—
The Fair! and may each bowman aim
To hit, in love, fair Honour's mark!

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

As dulcet sound on ether floats,
In soft melodious measure,
Smoothly glide the even notes
That lull the soul to pleasure.
Plung'd in Care, beset with Pain,
Hunted by Misery's fell train,

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Still with each varying passion Sound shall follow-
ing go

Through all the wide vicissitudes of Joy and Woe:

Shall laugh with Mirth, with Anger dare;

Shall shriek with Fear;

With Caution creep;

With pitying Sympathy shall weep;

Intrude where Melancholy pensive sits;

Mock Jealousy, that loves and hates by fits,

And into Madness urge Despair!

Then, while th' extremes of Joy and Misery

Clash madly, like an agitated sea,

O'er the smooth senses shall she shed a balm,

The storm of Passion lulling to a calm.

Her mighty magic mark!

Hark! As dulcet sound on ether floats, &c.

When Music's pow'rful charms excite,

The poorest passion grows delight:

Wine is not mirth, the lyre unstrung;

Beauty's not beauty, if unsung.

Mark! how the organ's solemn air

Adds piety to pray'r!

Without the aid of willing sound,

Joy is not pleasure—pomp not state,

Love tender, nor ambition great:

Without it, what were heroes found,

Who seek for glory, and meet fate?

What consecrates their deeds and name,

But Music's trumpet, lent to Fame?

Nor will the meanest hero fight,

If Music lend not her delight.

Let but the drum and cheerful fife

Assail his ear,

He knows not fear;

The sound inspires him with new life:

Fir'd with the sprightly martial band,

The foe he charges hand to hand;

Rushes resistless through the ranks,

With glory fir'd!

And takes those thanks

Due to that valour Music had inspir'd.

Sweet Music! take me to thy care;

Breathe in my soul thy vital air;

That, when unruly thoughts transform

My mind with Passion's swelling storm;

Conflict on conflict as they swell,

And make my tortur'd mind a hell—

As dulcet sound on ether floats, &c.

THE WATCHMAN.

A WATCHMAN I am, and I knows all the round,

The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers;

Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips, may
be found,

Odd dickies, queer kids, and rum codgers:

Of money, and of property I'm he that takes the care,

And cries, when I see rogues go by,—‘Hey! what

are you doing there?’

[‘Only a little business in that house: you understand me?’ ‘Understand you!—Well, I believe you are an honest man. Do you hear?—bring me an old silver candlestick.’]

Then to my box I creep,

And then fall fast asleep.

Saint Paul's strikes one:—

Then, after all the mischief's done,

I goes and gives them warning;

And loudly bawls,

As strikes Saint Paul's,

Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning!

Then, round as the hour I merrily cries,

Another fine mess I discover;

For a curious rope-ladder I straightway espies,

And Miss Forward expecting her lover.

Then to each other's arms they fly—

My life! my soul!—‘Ah! ah!

Fine work, Miss Hot-upon't,’ cries I,—

‘I'll knock up your papa.’

[‘No, no, you won't.’ ‘I shall; worthy old soul, to be treated in this manner.’ ‘Here, here, take this.’ ‘Oh! you villain, want to bribe an honest watchman!—and with such a trifle, too!’ ‘Well, well, here is more.’ ‘More! you seem to be a spirited lad—now, do you make her a good husband—I am glad you tricked the old hunks—good night—I wish you safe at Greta Green!]

Then to my box I creep,

And then fall fast asleep.

Saint Paul's strikes two:

The lovers off, what does I do,

But gives the father warning,

And loudly bawls, &c.

Then towards the square, from my box as I looks,
I hears such a ranting and tearing;—

‘Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons and rooks

Are laughing, and singing, and swearing.

Then such a hubbub and a din,

How they blaspheme and curse!

‘That thief has stole my diamond pin;

Watch, watch, I've lost my purse!’

[‘Watch, here, I charge you,’ ‘And I charges you.’ ‘‘Tis a marvellous thing that honest people can't go home without being robbed: which is the thief?’ ‘That's the thief that tricked me out of two hundred pounds this evening.’ ‘Ah! that, you know, is all in the way of business; but which is the thief that stole the gentleman's purse?’ ‘That's him.’ ‘What, Sam Snatch? Give it to me, Sam. He has not got your purse—you are mistaken in your man. Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take you to the watchhouse.’]

Then to my box I creep,

And then fall fast asleep.

Saint Paul's strikes three—

Thus from all roguery I gets free,

By giving people warning,

And loudly bawls, &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

BEAUTY'S DONATION.

[This song refers to a public subscription, which was laudably set on foot by the ladies, for the purpose of supplying flannel to the British troops employed in the celebrated expedition to Holland, under the command of the late Duke of York, the first detachment of which embarked at Greenwich on Feb. 25, 1793, in the presence of his late Majesty, King George the Third, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, great numbers of the nobility, and many general officers. The queen, the three eldest princesses, and the Duke of Clarence, also witnessed the march of the troops from St. James's Park.]

COME on, jolly lads! to the drum-head repair;
I beat up for recruits, in the name of the fair;—
Britain's fair, who, to beauty to add a new charm,
Send good wishes, and flannel, our soldiers to warm.
At the sound of the fife, and the roll of the drum,
Come away, my lads, come;
At the sweet call of Beauty to duty repair,
And worthily merit the gift of the fair:
What but vict'ry complete can result from those
wars,
Where the cestus of Venus encircles each Mars!

At old Troy, some kind goddess, by spell or by charm,
Condescending, preserv'd votive warriors from harm;
So Britons shall boast the same tut'lary care,
Invul'n'able grown by the gift of the fair.
At the sound of the fife, &c.

England's armour's her commerce—the woolsack
is known
To take place, in this kingdom, of all but the throne:
The pow'r of our arms, then, what force can with-
stand,
When wool's form'd to armour by Beauty's fair
hand? At the sound of the fife, &c.

'Tis allow'd through the world, as this nation's
proud meed,
That the Beauties of Britain all beauty exceed!
How, then, must that beauty each Briton enslave,
When it tenders its influence to succour the brave?
At the sound of the fife, &c.

Complete, then, the work: for the brave and the bold
Let no fair in this land her assistance withhold;
What pow'r to attack British soldiers shall dare,
Who are arm'd, cap-a-pie, by a generous fair?
At the sound of the fife, &c.

FINALE—THE TRIAL.

AND now being come to your bar to be tried,
'Tis the wish of my heart, my ambition, my pride,
By your sentence, as jury and judge, to decide;
To you, then, my case is submitted.
The indictment runs thus—If it plainly appears,
That said Dibdin, of critics despising all fears,
Hath corrupted your hearts, while he tickled your
ears,
He stands guilty—if not, he's acquitted.

But to clear me, I trust, of all dulness prepen-
se, I'll examine each witness by way of defence:
In his bulls shall my Irishman blunder good sense,
Nor be even by ploughman omitted;
Tom Tackle humanity's duty shall teach;
My Soldier your hearts through compassion shall
reach;
My Parson shall pray, and my Gipsy beseech,
That I may be fairly acquitted.

The evidence clos'd, listen now to your charge:
If having discuss'd all these matters at large,
You incline on the merits the rule to discharge,
If the plea of appellant's admitted;
If, in short, on your candour still charm'd to rely,
I have shown myself anxious new whim to supply,
Or at men and at manners as fair game to fly,
You are just—and I must be acquitted.

From the Coalition & Nature in Nubibus.

[As already stated, *The Coalition and Nature in Nubibus* consisted of selections from previous entertainments; and we therefore collect under the above heading a few songs that Dibdin sang in more than one of his pieces, although he has not stated for which they were written, the Finale excepted, which concluded *The Coalition*.]

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

EXCEPT the folks that's fast asleep,
All nature now is waking;
Aurora at the world a peep
Is in her nightcap taking.
Hark! all the rory-tory boys
Making a devil of a noise,
To cure the head-ache of last night,
The peaceable King's subjects fright,
And heiter-skelter come apace,
T' enjoy the pleasures of the chase.

How sweet to be, as on we rush,
By the pigtail entangling,
Amidst a lovely thorny bush,
Or on the tree left dangling!
Ah, musha gra! than wine and love
The joy of hunting's far above!
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasures give?—Ah, by my soul!
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still, great's the pleasure of the chase.

Then, when our mettle's at its pitch,
While tally-ho we're bawling,
Safe landed in a muddy ditch
To be genteelly sprawling!
Ah, musha gra! than wine or love
The joy of hunting's far above:
Can either Cupid or the bowl
Such pleasure give? Ah, by my soul!
Let muddy ditches wash your face,
Still great's the pleasure of the chase.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Then, dripping like a drowning rat,
At night—you would not think it—
What glorious wine! if it were not,
We're too fatigued to drink it.
Ah! bodder not of love and war,—
The joy of hunting's greater far :
Hark! echo, in melodious tones,
Halloos and whistles, and sings and groans ;
While many a broken scone and face
Proclaim the pleasures of the chase.

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

TIME was—for, oh! there was a time—
Sweet Phœbe by my side,
The softest verse I sung in rhyme,
Where falling pools do glide :
But, Phœbe hence, I'm left alone,
Nor verse nor rhyme can please ;
And pools stand still, to see me moan
In whispers through the trees.

The pride of laughing Nature stood
In fertile heaths confess'd,
When birds in yon impervious wood
With Phœbe saw me bless'd.
But laughing Nature's now in tears ;
The heaths begin to mourn ;
Birds hoot in my melodious ears,
For Phœbe's glad return.

To shun fierce Sol's meridian heat,
Upon yon verdant green
How oft, at close of eve, I'd meet
Sweet Phœbe, beauty's queen!
But, lost the sunshine of her charms,
The verdant green's all brown ;
And I, with nothing in my arms,
Lie hard on beds of down.

Then come, sweet fair, and leave behind
All sorrow, pain, and woe :
The birds shall smile, and the north wind
Like Boreas gently blow :
So shall the daisy-mantling green,
The cowslip-studded brook,
In sable robes all crimson seen,
Reflect each azure look.

THEY TELL ME I'M MAD.

THEY tell me I'm mad—that in cells on straw
bedding
In my crack-brain'd condition 'twere fittest to lie ;
Thus, sland'rous reports at each minute are
spreading :—
In this world there are thousands far madder
than I.
F'd a friend I betray'd, and a mistress I slighted ;
I had pow'r, and I made my dependents my tools ;
In the mis'r'y of others I daily delighted ;—
And this they call madness—poor ignorant fools !

Why, vices like these are but common disasters,
Decreed to try patience by wise Nature's law :
Come, join, then, the throng,—'tis a mad world,
my masters ;

On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

For the loaves and the fishes eternally craving,
Now blessing their stars, now arraigning their
fate,
Now fawning, now threat'ning, now sighing, now
raving,—

What but madmen inhabit that Bedlam, the State?
At two to high 'Change but transport a mere
stranger,

Where to cunning superior the subtle Jew yields,
Where always, though safe, the poor nation's in
danger,

He would instantly ask if it was not Moorfields.
Is it madness to say, then, that these are the castors
On which the earth rolls by immutable law?

Come on, join the throng,—'tis a mad world, my
masters ;

On down some are frantic, and some upon straw.

See that miser, who, deaf to the soft calls of nature,
And, flint to the core, will unkindly refuse,
Though the trifle were life to a poor fellow creature,
To broach that vile hoard he wants spirit to use ;
Not griev'd for his soul, but his cash, see him
dying!

And then see his heir at hilarity's board,—
The curmudgeon lies safe, while his guineas are
flying,

For spendthrifts to lavish and misers to hoard.
Why, vices like these, &c.

BROWN POLL.

T'OTHER side of the gutter, when sweetly brown
Poll

Bore a bob, none e'er chivey'd so blithesome as me ;
She sung foll de roll tit, and I tit foll de roll,
And your trills and your quavers were nothing to
we :

But she's gone! and I now sings a solo alone ;
No longer I shakes with a grace and a hair ;
But, instead of cantables, tips 'em a groan,
Because I'm depriv'd of brown Polly the fair.

'Happy Hours' was my song, and 'Waft Care to the
Wind ;'

And 'Merrily, merrily, shall we live now ;'
And 'Give me the Lass that is tender and kind ;'
And 'My heart danc'd with joy, but I won't
tell you how.'

Now, 'Death and the Lady,' and 'Margaret's
Ghost,'

'Come all wretched Lovers, grown wan with
Despair,'

And dismallest ditties all pleases me most,
Because why?—I'm depriv'd of brown Polly the
fair.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

With my chin cock'd up high, and my hand on my cheek,
 They might 'Dust ho!' 'Old clothes!' or 'Chairs to mend!' call;
 When I sung with my Poll, you'd been stunn'd for a week,
 Had you heard how completely I distanc'd them all.
 Now 'Razors to grind!' 'Sweep soot ho!' and all that,
 Beats me hollow,—and so my fine song I'll all tear;
 There's a hole in the ballad; I'm as hoarse as a cat,
 Because why?—I'm depriv'd of brown Polly the fair.

FINALE.—LAWYERS PAY YOU WITH WORDS.

LAWYERS pay you with words, and fine ladies with vapours;
 Your parsons with preaching, and dancers with capers;
 Soldiers pay you with courage, and some with their lives;
 Some men with their fortunes, and some with their wives;
 Some with fame, some with conscience,—and many throw both in;
 Physicians with Latin, and great men with nothing;
 I, not to be singular in such a throng,
 For your kindness pay you with the end of a song.
 But pleading, engrossing, declaring, and vap'ring,
 And fighting, and heet'ring, and dancing, and cap'ring,
 And preaching, and swearing, and bullying, pre-scribing,
 And coaxing, and wheedling, and feeling, and bribing,
 And ev'ry professional art of hum-drumming,
 Is clearly in some sort a species of humming;
 Humming!—Nay, take me with you, the term's very strong,—
 But I only meant humming the end of a song.
 To all who this ev'ning have paid me attention,
 I would I had language of some new invention
 My thanks to return; for where's the expression
 Can describe of your kindness the grateful impression?
 May ev'ry desire of your hearts be propitious!
 Be lasting success the result of your wishes!
 Unimpaired be your joys,—your lives happy and long!—
 And now I am come to the end of my song.

From Great News.

BUY MY STRAW.

COME, buy my straw, and I'll give you a song:
 I don't say my song any satire contains,—
 I don't say it touches on physic or law,
 The knave's cunning thrift, or the usurer's gains;

I don't say it execrates cheating at play,
 Or points out to scorn every knave in life's throng,
 Or despises the sland'rer; the utmost I say,
 Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

I don't say the man who disseminates strife
 Through a land; the world's wonder, rich, prosperous, and brave,
 That protection affords to his children and wife,
 Is a good deal a fool, and a little a knave:
 I don't say the thief, who your purse steals away,
 Is more honest than t'other, who does you foul wrong
 Under friendship's fair vizard; the utmost I say,
 Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

I don't say, young gentlemen, 'cause 'tis the rage
 To be renderd, notorious by public eclat,
 While poor beauty and youth lose their pow'r to engage,
 Are wrong, to steal off with some spruce grand-mamma:
 'Gainst monkeys and apes I don't mean to inveigh;
 Nor do I assert that their feelings are wrong,
 Who wish worth at the devil; the utmost I say,
 Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

I don't say that honour, fair dealing, and truth,
 Are better than fraud, and chican'ry, and lies,—
 That the mastiffs of age, and the puppies of youth,
 Howe'er we may pity, we still must despise.
 Nay, did one whip Folly, even though one should flay
 Her own back for materials to furnish the thong,
 Do I say she'd be callous; the utmost I say,
 Is, Buy my straw, and I'll give you a song.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

BESEECH you, would ye, gentle folks,
 Dame Fortune's gifts reveal;
 I can at will turn all the spokes
 That guide her fickle wheel:
 Nor dregs of tea, nor coffee-grounds,—
 That mystic apparatus,
 Need I, to show life's ups and downs
 To ev'ry Fortunatus:
 The smiling road to human bliss
 Would you pursue,—the myst'ry's this—
 He that's content hath Fortune found;
 Cheerly with him her wheel goes round.

Gluttons blame Fortune for that gout
 They from intemp'rance feel,
 While yonder iron-muscled lout
 Enjoys his scanty meal:
 The indolent poor Fortune curse,
 To fill up life's hiatus;
 While the industrious find the purse
 And cap of Fortunatus.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

The smiling road to human bliss
Thus courts your steps,—the myst'ry's this—
He that's content, &c.

Then, custom's idiots, do not say
Fortune can blindly err;
If to her fane you miss the way,
'Tis you are blind,—not her.
The even path before us lies
To where her gifts await us;
And he, contentment hath made wise,
Is the true Fortunatus.

The smiling road to human bliss
Come, then, and tread,—the myst'ry's this—
He that's content, &c.

THE SPORTSMAN IN STYLE.

Don't you see that as how I'm a sportsman in style,
All so kickish, so slim, and so tall;
Why, I've search'd after game, and that many's the
mile,

And seed no bit of nothing at all;
My license I pockets, my poney I strides,
And I pelts through the wind and the rain,
And if likely to fall, sticks the spurs in the sides,
Leaves the bridle, and holds by the mane:
To be sure, dad at home kicks up no little strife;
But, dabby! what's that? en't it fashion and life?

At sporting I never was know'd for to lag,
I was always in danger the first;
When at Epsom last Easter they turn'd out the
stag,

I'm the lad that was roll'd in the dust;
Then they calls me a Nincom: why? over the fields
There, a little beyond Dulwich Common,
I a chick and a goose tumbled head over heels,
And two mudlarks besides an old woman:
Then let miserly dad kick up sorrow and strife;
I'm the lad that's genteel, and knows fashion and
life.

But don't go for to think I neglects number one:
Often, when my companions with ardour
Are hunting about with the dog and the gun,
I goes and I hunts in the larder;
There I springs me a woodcock, or flushes a quail,
Or finds puss, as she sits under cover,—
Then so ho! to the barrel, to start me some ale;
And when I have din'd and fed Rover,
Pays my landlord his shot as I ogles his wife,
While the daughter cries out, 'Lord! what fashion
and life.'

Then I buys me some game, all as homeward we jog;
And when the folks ax how I got 'em,
Though I shoot'd but once, and then kill'd the poor
dog,
I swears, and then stands to 't, I shot 'em.

So come round me, ye sportsmen that's smart and
what not,
All stylish and cutting a flash,—
When your piece won't kill game, charg'd with
powder and shot,
To bring 'em down, down with your cash;
And if with their jokes and their jeers folks are rife,
Why, dabby! says you, en't it fashion and life?

LIFE'S MASQUERADE.

SEE! see! to join the revel rout,
All hopping, skipping, prancing,
With squeak and squall, and shriek and shout,
All sorts and sizes prancing.
As old as poles and big as tuns
Three graces lead the revels;
Then devils tame as lambs, and nuns
As impudent as devils.

['Do you know me?'—'Oh! yes, excellent
well—you are a fishmonger.'—'No, I en't; I am
a Methodist preacher.'—'Then I would you were
so honest a man.']

Thus leaving ev'ry care behind,
The pack, stale reason scorning,
Chase pleasures of the night to find
The head-ache of the morning.

See all conditions, sexes, years,
Unite to keep the farce on;
A swearing quaker next appears,
And next a drunken parson;
Beaux chatt'ring nonsense loud in peals,
Belles furnish'd well with clappers,
Tumblers and dancers without heels,
And lawyers without nappers.

['Do you know me?'—'Oh! yes, very well—
you are Venus.'—'Will you be my Mars?'—'With
all my soul.'—'Come, unmask, and let me behold
the beauties of the Cyprian queen.'—'Let us un-
mask together.'—'Agreed.'—'Oh! plague and
misfortune, my husband!'—'Oh! hell and the
devil, my wife!']

Thus leaving every care behind, &c.

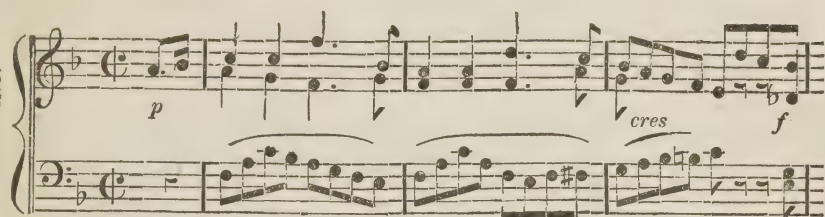
At last, to close their noisy mirth,
As finis to this kick-up,
From the supper-room they issue forth,
And roar, and rant, and hiccup;
'My angel!'—'Whau—zounds! pull his nose,'—
'Sir, do you mean to bam me?'
'I've lost my wig.'—'He's spoil'd my clothes'—
'A ring, boo, scoundrel, damme.'

['An old clothes-man to call the grand Turk a
scoundrel!—Satisfaction!'—'A ring!' 'Dabby! I
never boxes.' 'Kick him out.' 'Yea, I will.'
'I was never see any thing so droll in my life.'
'Ah! there'll be murder.' 'Arrah, fait that's
right—exchange addresses.' 'I'll eat him up
alive—I'll maul the villain.' 'Hark forward—
Oh! it's a fine row—dabby! I love a row.']

The pack thus leaving care behind, &c.

LOVELY NAN.

ANDANTINO.



Sweet is the ship, that, un - der sail, spreads

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics "Sweet is the ship, that, un - der sail, spreads" are written below the vocal line. The music is in G major and 4/4 time.

her white bo - som to the gale; Sweet, oh! sweet's the

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "her white bo - som to the gale; Sweet, oh! sweet's the" are written below the vocal line. The music maintains the same key and tempo.

LOVELY NAN.

flow - ing can,— Sweet, oh! sweet's the flow - ing can;

Sweet to poise the lab' - ring oar, That tugs us to our

na-tive shore, When the boat-swain pipes the barge to man,—When the boat-swain pipes the

barge to man; Sweet, sail - ing with a fav' - ring breeze; But

LOVELY NAN.

oh! much sweet - er than all these,—But oh! much sweet - er

than all these, Is Jack's de - light— his love - ly Nan.

cres *f*

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,

A curious lesson teaches man:
The needle time may rust,—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,

Let seamanship do all it can:
My love in worth shall higher rise!
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran,
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,—

None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man;
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,—
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,—
Love beauty, with a spotless heart,—
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze;—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

THE VETERANS.

MODERATO.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, marked *mf*. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

Dick Dock, a tar at Greenwich moor'd, One day had got his beer a-board, When

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right staff and a piano accompaniment in the left staff. The vocal line continues the melody from the introduction. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

he a poor maim'd pension-er from Chel-sea saw; And all to have his

The second system continues the song. The vocal melody in the right staff includes a long note on 'pension-er' and a descending line. The piano accompaniment in the left staff provides a steady harmonic support.

jeer and flout— For the grog once in the wit's soon out—Cried, 'How, good mas-ter

The third system concludes the song. The vocal melody in the right staff ends with a final note on 'mas-ter'. The piano accompaniment in the left staff provides a final harmonic resolution.

THE VETERANS.

lob-ster, did you lose your claw? Was't that time in a drunken fray, Or

The first system of musical notation for the song 'The Veterans'. It consists of a vocal melody line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'lob-ster, did you lose your claw? Was't that time in a drunken fray, Or' are written below the vocal line.

t'o - ther, when you ran a - way?' 'But hold you, Dick, the poor soul has

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 't'o - ther, when you ran a - way?' 'But hold you, Dick, the poor soul has' are written below the vocal line.

one foot in the grave; 'Fore slan-der's wind too fast you fly; D'y'e

The third system of musical notation. The lyrics 'one foot in the grave; 'Fore slan-der's wind too fast you fly; D'y'e' are written below the vocal line.

think it fun? you swab, you lie! Mis - for - tune e - ver claim'd the

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. The lyrics 'think it fun? you swab, you lie! Mis - for - tune e - ver claim'd the' are written below the vocal line.

THE VETERANS.

pi - ty of the brave; Mis - for - tune ev - er claim'd the pi - ty

of the brave; Mis - for - tune ev - er claim'd the pi - ty of the brave.' *Repeat 1st Sym.*

Old Hanibal, in words as gross,
 For he, like Dick, had got his dose,
 To try a bout at wrangling, quickly took a spell;
 ' If I'm a lobster, master crab,
 By the information on your nab,
 In some scrimmage or other, why they crack'd your
 shell;
 And then why do you hobbling go
 On that jury-mast, your timber toe?
 A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the grave!
 But halt, old Hanibal, halt, halt!
 Distress was never yet a fault;
 Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.'

' If Hanibal's your name, d'ye see,
 As sure as they Dick Dock call me
 As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to you;
 Spilt from my horse, once, when 'twas dark,
 And nearly swallow'd by a shark, [crew.]
 You boldly plung'd in, sav'd me, and pleas'd all the

' If that's the case, then cease our jeers:
 When boarded by the same Mounseers,
 You, a true English lion, snatch'd me from the grave,
 Cry'd—" Cowards, do the man no harm;
 Dam'me! don't you see he's lost his arm?
 Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave."

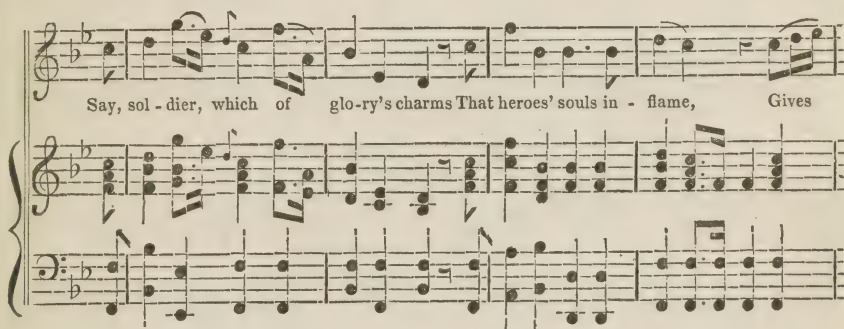
' Then broach a can before we part,—
 A friendly one, with all my heart;
 And as we put the the grog about, we'll cheerly sing,
 At land and sea may Britons fight,
 The world's example and delight,
 And conquer ev'ry enemy of George our King:
 'Tis he that proves the hero's friend;
 His bounty waits us to our end,
 Though crippled and laid up with one foot in the
 grave;
 Then, tars and soldiers, never fear,—
 You shall not want compassion's tear;
 Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

CLEMENCY.

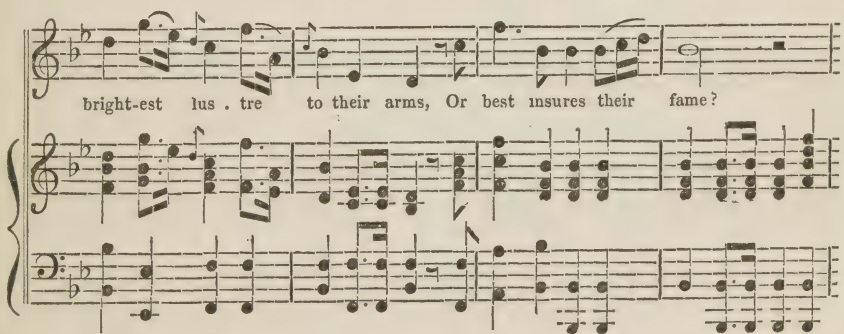
ANDANTINO.



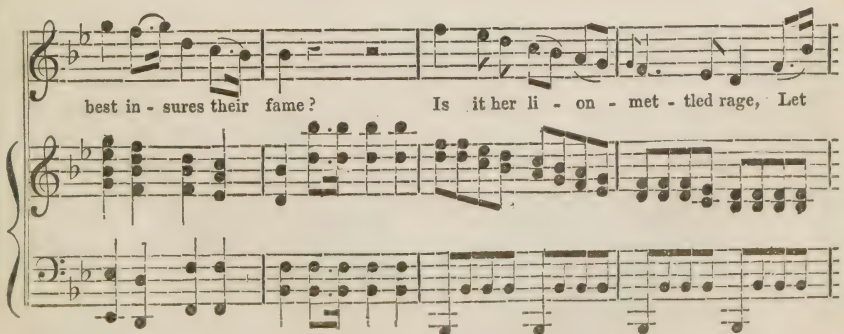
Say, sol - dier, which of glo - ry's charms That heroes' souls in - flame, Gives



bright - est lus - tre to their arms, Or best insures their fame?



best in - sures their fame? Is it her li - on - met - tled rage, Let



CLEMENCY.

loose from ar-dour's den, Le - gion with le - - gion to en -

gage, And make men slaugh - ter men? Is it to a de -

fence - less foe Mild mer - cy to for - bear, And glut the call of

vengeance? No! The brave de - light to spare, The brave de - light to

CLEMENCY.

spare, The brave de - light to spare; 'Tis Cle - men-

cy, pale mis-'ry's friend, Fore-most in glo - ry's van; To

dry the start-ing tear, to dry the start-ing tear, to dry the start-ing tear,

and blend The he-ro with the

CLEMENCY.

man, and blend the he - ro with the man,

and blend the he - ro with the man, and blend the

he - ro, and blend the he-ro, and blend the he - ro, the he - ro,

the he - - ro with the man.

ff

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

THE SMILE OF BENEVOLENCE.

INSPIR'D by so grateful a duty,
In terms strongest art can devise,
Bards have written those raptures on beauty,
That lovers have wafted on sighs :
I, to fill the sweet theme more completely,
Sing the beauty of goodness the while ;
For every face is dress'd sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

While the heart some beneficent action
Contemplates, with joy the eyes speak ;
On the lip quivers mute satisfaction,
And a glow of delight paints the cheek.
Bliss pervades ev'ry feature completely,
Adding beauty to beauty the while ;
And the loveliest face looks more sweetly,
Where beams a benevolent smile.

LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship, that, under sail,
Spreads her white bosom to the gale ;
Sweet, oh ! sweet 's the flowing can ;
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man ;
Sweet, sailing with a fav'ring breeze ;
But, oh ! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man :
The needle time may rust,—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can :
My love in worth shall higher rise !
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran ;
No ship performing quarantine
Was ever so deserted seen,—
None hail'd me, woman, child, nor man ;
But though false friendship's sails were fur'l'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,—
To moan their loss, who hazard ran ;
I love to take an honest part,—
Love beauty, with a spotless heart,—
By manners love to show the man ;
To sail through life by honour's breeze ;—
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

THE VETERANS.

DICK DOCK, a tar at Greenwich moor'd,
One day had got his beer on board,
When he a poor maim'd pensioner from Chelsea
saw ;
And all to have his jeer and flout—
For the grog once in, the wit's soon out—
Cried—' How, good master lobster, did you lose
your claw ?
Was't that time in a drunken fray ?
Or t'other, when you ran away ?'
' But hold, you Dick, the poor soul has one foot in
the grave ;
' Fore slander's wind too fast you fly ;
D'ye think it fun ?—you swab, you lie !
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.'

Old Hanibal, in words as gross,
For he, like Dick, had got his dose,
To try a bout at wrangling, quickly took a spell ;
' If I'm a lobster, master crab,
By the information on your nab,
In some scrimmage, or other, why they crack'd
your shell ;
And then why do you hobbling go
On that jury-mast, your timber toe ?
A nice one to find fault, with one foot in the
grave !
But halt, old Hanibal, halt, halt !
Distress was never yet a fault ;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.'

' If Hanibal's your name, d'ye see,
As sure as they Dick Dock call me,
As once it did fall out, I ow'd my life to you ;
Spilt from my horse, once, when 'twas dar',
And nearly swallow'd by a shark,
You boldly plung'd in, sav'd me, and pleas'd all
the crew.'
' If that's the case, then cease our jeers :
When boarded by the same Mounseers,
You, a true English lion, snatch'd me from the
grave,
Cry'd—" Cowards, do the man no harm ;
Dam'me ! don't you see he's lost his arm ?
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave."

' Then broach a can before we part,—
A friendly one, with all my heart ;
And as we put the grog about, we'll cheerly
sing,
At land and sea may Britons fight,
The world's example and delight,
And conquer ev'ry enemy of George our King :
'Tis he that proves the hero's friend ;
His bounty waits us to our end,
Though crippled and laid up with one foot in the
grave ;
Then tars, and soldiers, never fear,—
You shall not want compassion's tear ;
Misfortune ever claim'd the pity of the brave.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

CLEMENCY.

SAY, soldier, which of glory's charms,
That heroes' souls inflame,
Gives brightest lustre to their arms,
Or best insures their fame?
Is it her lion-mettled rage,
Let loose from ardour's den,
Legion with legion to engage,
And make men slaughter men?
Is it to a defenceless foe
Mild mercy to forbear,
And glut the call of vengeance? No!
The brave delight to spare:
'Tis clemency, pale mis'ry's friend,
Foremost in glory's van;
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

Then on the wretch fall double shame,
Who, in foul slander lor'd,
Knows war alone by murder's name,
The soldier by the sword:
As blessings out of evils come,
Let once the conflict cease,
The eagle brings the halcyon home,
War courts the smiles of peace:
Yet he to higher merit vaults,
Who glory's track hath trod;
Great gen'rous merit, that exalts
A mortal to a god.
'Tis clemency, pale mis'ry's friend,
Ever in glory's van,
To dry the starting tear, and blend
The hero with the man.

RAMBOOZE.

ANACREON tells us, that mortals, mere clods,
By the drink they love best are exalted to gods;
And, fait! there's no lie in the truth on't;—don't
wine,
Though as beastly as devils, make toppers divine?
Three threads in a trice makes a god of poor Snip;
Tars are ev'ry one Neptunes whene'er they drink
flip;
To be Jove, or Apollo, or Mars, would ye choose,
Ah! you've nothing to do but get drunk with
Rambooze.

Then—a nat'ral transition—from heav'n if you go
Down to hell, ah! you'll find them all drinking
below:
Each striving in Lethe to bury his care,
The seducer forgets when he ruin'd the fair;
Greeks the pill'ry forget they so richly deserve;
The us'rer forgets when he let the man starve;
The perj'rer forgets that he died in his shoes;—
But let us all such rascals forget in Rambooze.

Our Shelah cried out, one day, making her moan,
From my arms, where I held him fast, Taddy's gone;

And though in my presence he always will stay,
For ever the wanton young rogue's fled away.
I'm dead, and I'm kilt, and shall never recover;
Heav'n take me! or give me that heaven, my lover;
Teach me how to be mad, or my senses to lose:
'My dear creature,' cried I, 'just get drunk with
Rambooze.'

When hard at the whiskey an Irishman pulls,
In search of Europas, he rides upon bulls;
Of liquors large libations Italians scarce swallow,
But ev'ry Squallini becomes an Apollo;
Then each fair one's a goddess,—don't every she,
Like an angel talk scandal whene'er she drinks tea?
You must Helicon sip, would you turn to a muse;
And if you'd be Bacchus, get drunk with Ram-
booze.

But did I not stop I should never have done!
In me all the deities centre in one:
I'm as valiant as Mars, and as mighty as Jove;
As cunning as Merc'ry, as am'rous as Love;
I'm Apollo and Momus together for wit,
And I boast an Olympus my godship to fit;
For what better heav'n upon earth can I choose,
Than good health, a kind wife, a true friend, and
Rambooze?

FISH OUT OF WATER.

WERE a learned physician, who writes for all ills,
'Stead of taking a guinea, oblig'd to take pills,
Or compell'd to examine mortality's bills,
For his own and his brethren's slaughter;
Were an ideal widow, her spouse given over,
At the moment a promise she made to her lover
Advertis'd that her husband began to recover,—
Both these would be fish out of water;
Odd fish, queer fish, strange fish, droll fish—
In short, they'd be fish out of water.

Did a methodist preacher leave fleecing his flock;
Did wittings let in common sense, should she knock;
Did a toper reel homewards before three o'clock;
Did puppies find taste when they sought her;
Were a rook by a pigeon chous'd out of his booty;
Did a wife, kind and handsome, and true to her duty,
Meet a brute, unattracted by goodness or beauty,
All these would be fish out of water;
Odd fish, &c.

Should true limbs of the law, while extending their
palm,
From honour or conscience be troubled with qualms;
Should spendthrifts grow prudent, or misers give
alms,
Or honesty tempt a defaulter;
Did a lover, in high expectation, when ready,
At the place of appointment, sequester'd and shady,
Encounter a broomstick instead of the lady,
All these would be fish out of water;
Odd fish, &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Did a tar, or in private or public strife,
 For his king, or his friend, fear to venture his life;
 Did a jolman, from Ireland, in search of a wife,
 Expect fortune, and meet with her daughter;
 In short, from mankind did one strip off the vizard,
 Without fear of passing for witch or for wizard,
 One might see 'twould so cursedly stick in each
 gizzard,
 That they'd all appear fish out of water;
 Odd fish, &c.

SCUG.

THE squirrel, that jingles his bells in his cage,
 Is the type of that folly and strife,
 Call'd the fashion, the ton, or the kick, or the rage,
 That makes up the bustle of life:
 On the wheel of Dame Fortune, now high, and now
 low,
 As they amble, and gallop, and pace,
 While in search of that phantom call'd pleasure,
 they'd go,
 Each strives to be first in the chase:
 So round, round, round, goes Scug in his cage,
 And jingles his bells with a fuss and a rage,
 Still turning about and about;
 And when tir'd with his journey remains in the place,
 Exactly where first he set out.

In search after knowledge, the bookworm explores
 Where Nature's wide regions expand;
 But tho' fancy conducts him to numberless shores,
 He never once touches on land:
 His bark 's toss'd in storms of opinions that rage;
 Nor truth's trackless path can he trace,
 Till error and doubt bring the night of old age,
 Fair certainty's day to deface.
 So round, &c.

The novice goes forward in search of a friend,
 To share both his heart and his pelf;
 Till, humbled and tir'd with his toil without end,
 He at last makes a friend of himself.
 One who fairness profess'd, pick'd his pocket at play;
 One deceiv'd him, and laugh'd in his face;
 One he show'd to his mistress, soon stole her away;
 One was mean, and another was base.
 So round, &c.

Thus men miss the substance, and grasp at the
 name;
 Thus projectors find midnight at noon;
 Thus heroes chase bubbles, and fancy them fame;
 And thus children cry for the moon.
 Those are pleasures alone, that lead reason's fair
 train,—
 The rest bring but shame and disgrace;
 And though you may start them again and again,
 Vex'd and tir'd, you'll give over the chase.
 So round, &c.

JACK JUNK.

'Twas one day at Wapping, his dangers o'erhauling,
 Jack Junk cock'd his jemmy, and broach'd a full
 can,

While a posse of neighbours, of each diff'rent calling,
 Cried—'Only but hear! what a marvellous man:'
 'Avast!' cried out Jack, 'what's there marvellous
 in it?'

When our time's come, the stoutest of hearts
 must comply.'

['Why, now, you master Tallow-chandler, by
 way of throwing a little light upon the subject,
 don't you think 'tis better to be extinguished
 when one's fighting in defence of one's king and
 country, than to stay at home, lingering, and go
 out like the snuff of a candle?']

Then like men do your duty; we have all our minute,
 And at sea, or ashore, we shall live till we die,
 Hurra! hurra! hurra! boys, let's live till we die.

'Why, now, you master Plumber, that marvels at
 billows,

I shall founder, at sea, and you'll die in your bed;
 What of that? some have sods, and some waves,
 for their pillows,

And 'tis likely enough we may both die of lead.
 And as for the odds, all the diff'rence that's in it,
 I shall pop off at once, and you'll lingering lie.'

['Why, smite my crooked timbers! who knows
 but master Snip, there, may slip his cable, and
 break his back with taking the ninth part of a fall
 off the shop-board into his own hell!']

Then like men, &c.

'As for you, master Bricklayer, to make out your
 calling,

A little like mine, en't a matter that's hard:
 Pray, mayn't you from a ladder or scaffold be falling,
 As easy as I from a rattling or yard?

Then for you its commission a tile may bring in it,
 As soon as a shot or a splinter for I.'

['As for master Doctor, the Undertaker, and
 Sexton, they don't want no wipe from me: they
 sends too many folks contented to their long
 home, not to know how to go there contentedly
 themselves.']

Then like men, &c.

And when Captain Death comes the reck'ning to
 settle,

You may clear ship for action as much as you like,
 And behave like a man; but he's such weight of
 metal,

At the very first broadside the bravest must strike.
 And when you have said all you can, what's there in it?

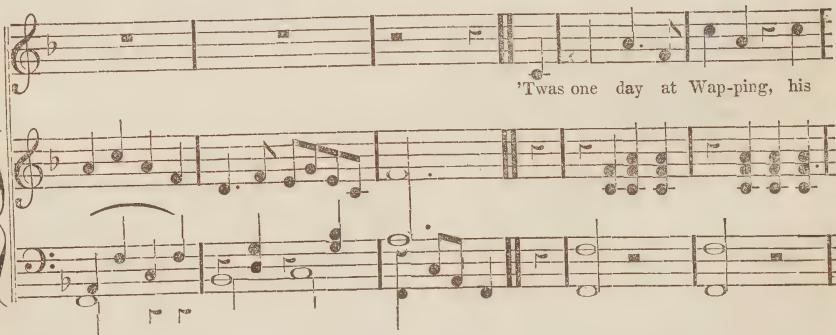
Who to scud 'gainst the storm but a lubber would
 try?

[For as to qualms of conscience, cheating cus-
 tomers, betraying friends, and such like, being a set
 of honest tradesmen, I dare say you are perfectly
 easy about they sort of things.]

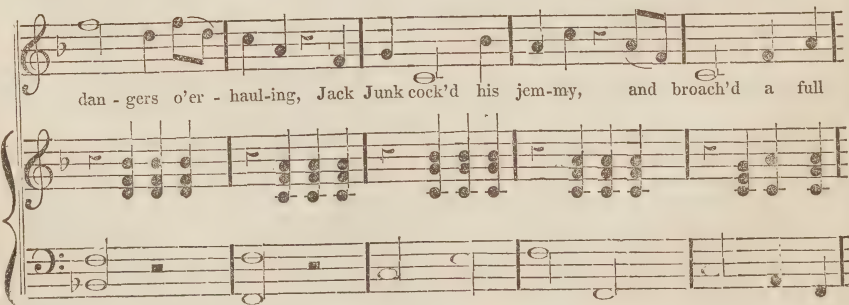
Then like men, &c.

JACK JUNK.

ANDANTINO.



'Twas one day at Wap-ping, his



dan - gers o'er - haul-ing, Jack Junk cock'd his jem-my, and broach'd a full

JACK JUNK.

can, While a pos - se of neig-nours, of each dif-f'rent call-ing, Cried—

'On-ly but hear! what a mar - vel - lous man.' 'A-vast,' cried out

Jack, 'what's there' mar - vel - lous in it? When our time's come, the stout - est of

hearts must com - ply.'

[Spoken]—Why, now, &c.
[The spoken part of this song may be used or omitted, at the option of the performer.]

JACK JUNK.

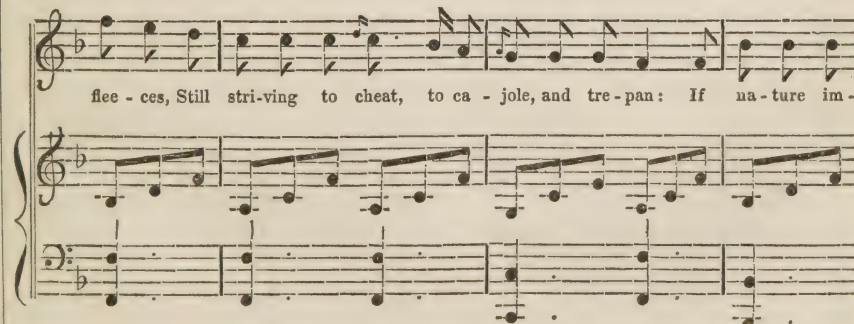
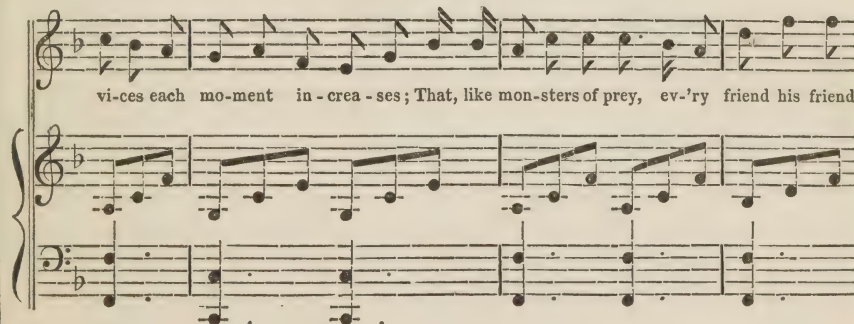
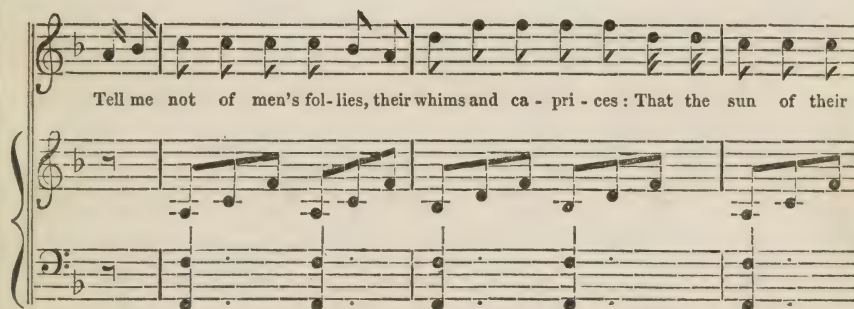
Then like men do your du-ty; we have all our mi-nute, And at sea, or a-

shore, we shall live till we die, Hur-ra! hur-ra! hur-ra! hur-

ra! hur-ra! - - - boys, let's live till we die.

PHILANTHROPY.

MODERATO.



PHILANTHROPY.

plan-ted the pas - sions that rule us,— If cus - tom, her sha-dow, de - lude us and

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Philanthropy'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'plan-ted the pas - sions that rule us,— If cus - tom, her sha-dow, de - lude us and'. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

fool us, Ac - quit - ted by can-dour where ri - gour would school us, Lay the blame on the

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'fool us, Ac - quit - ted by can-dour where ri - gour would school us, Lay the blame on the'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support, featuring chords and melodic fragments.

man-ners, the blame on the man-ners, and not on the man, and

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'man-ners, the blame on the man-ners, and not on the man, and'. The piano accompaniment continues, with the right hand showing some more complex chordal textures towards the end of the system.

not on the man; Lay the blame on the man-ners, and not on the

The fourth and final system of musical notation on this page. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'not on the man; Lay the blame on the man-ners, and not on the'. The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic setting for the phrase.

PHILANTHROPY.

man. If na-ture im-planted the pas-sions that rule us,— If custom, her shadow, de-

lude us and fool us, Ac-quit-ted by can-dour where ri-gour would school

us, Lay the blame on the man - - ners, and not on the man. *Repeat 1st Sym.*

Should a beauty, involv'd in the vortex of pleasure,
Where of bliss flimsy fashion supplies the gay mea-
sure, [treasure,
Yield some villain accomplish'd her virtue's sole
And in that abyss plunge that no ray of hope
cheers,— [denied her,
While you grieve that simplicity's charms were
That of innocence little she e'er had to guide her,
Though fallen ne'er to rise, do not scorn nor de-
ride her,
But, forgetting her errors, ah! pity her tears.
Should a youth, for an opulent station intended,
On whom lavish parents large sums have expended,
'Stead of virtues and talents, distinguish'd and
splendid,

Confirm vice at college imbib'd when at school;
Low his mind, with no firmness, no discrimination,
From Pieria's fount 'stead of making libation,
Should he roll down the torrent of wild dissipation,
In his loss to society pity a fool.

These, these, as I look through the world, are my
feelings;
For, deal with mankind on a par with their dealings,
From accus'd and accuser, the eternal appealings
Soon justice would wreck on chicanery's shelf;
Then hypocrites pity, the saint hides a sinner;
Of the poet buy nonsense, the man wants a dinner;
Thus, loose whoe'er may, still shall you be a win-
ner.

For in pitying others you honour yourself.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

A PLAY UPON WORDS.

WHEN I first went to school, it was all my delight
To con something or other from morning till night :
I would never conform, nor confess, nor consent ;
And however conjur'd, I was never content.
But so well I'd confuse, and conceal, and contrive,
And conspire, and concert, and control, and con-
nive,
And confute, and contest, and confound, and so on,
No boy in the school was so pat at a con.

Scarcely did I emancipate, manners to know,
But a strange predilection I cherish'd for pro :
I proceeded with care ; would propose, and protest ;
And promoting but little, a great deal profess'd.
Procur'd rich connexions, old friends to provoke ;
With a titter provided, prolong'd my lord's joke,
And pronounc'd each man's friend ; and producing
no foe,
I left little con, and stuck tightly to pro.

Thus well with the world, my next thought, after
this,
Was to yield to the ton, and to keep a fine miss.
But here I miscarried ; was after misled,
Mismatch'd, and mistaken, and ev'ry way sped.
Miss's conduct misgave me ; and, full of mistrust,
I set my miss down where I took her up first ;
Glad I'd met no mishap, nor worse mischief than
this,
And resolv'd my next frolic should not be a miss.

Still playing on words, and resolv'd to get rich,
I learn'd there were hows—but then how to find
which ?

Fortunes were to be nabb'd, I found out now and
then,

And knew something of where, but I could not
tell when.

Scarce an if had form'd hope, when a but produc'd
fear ;

Then in searching out there, I soon lost myself here :
Till betwixt and between this and that, somehow, I,
In search of the wherefore, lost sight of the why.

Thus ringing the changes on life's wordy war,
I found its sheet-anchor existed in for ;
And by prudence forwarn'd folly's joys to forbear,
Soon did I all nonsense forsake and forswear.
For the world, for society, destin'd to live,
When by any one wrong'd, I forget and forgive ;
Keep my fortune in petto for hon'able ends,
Just enough for myself, and the rest for my friends.

PHILANTHROPY.

TELL me not of men's follies, their whims and ca-
prices :

That the sum of their vices each moment increases ;
That, like monsters of prey, ev'ry friend his friend
fleeces,

Still striving to cheat, to cajole, and trepan :

If nature implanted the passions that rule us,—
If custom, her shadow, delude us and fool us,
Acquitted by candour where rigour would school us,
Lay the blame on the manners, and not on the man.

Should a beauty, involv'd in the vortex of pleasure,
Where of bliss flimsy fashion supplies the gay mea-
sure,

Yield some villain accomplish'd her virtue's sole
treasure,

And in that abyss plunge that no ray of hope
cheers,—

While you grieve that simplicity's charms were
denied her,

That of innocence little she e'er had to guide her,
Though fall'n ne'er to rise, do not scorn nor de-
ride her,

But, forgetting her errors, ah ! pity her tears.

Should a youth, for an opulent station intended,
On whom lavish parents large sums have expended,
'Stead of virtues and talents, distinguish'd and
splendid,

Confirm vice at college imbib'd when at school ;
Low his mind, with no firmness, no discrimination ;
From Pieria's fount 'stead of making libation,
Should he roll down the torrent of wild dissipation,
In his loss to society pity the fool.

These, these, as I look through the world, are my
feelings ;

For, deal with mankind on a par with their dealings,
From accus'd and accuser, the eternal appealing

Soon justice would wreck on chicanery's shelf ;
Then hypocrites pity, the saint hides a sinner ;
Of the poet buy nonsense, the man wants a dinner ;
Thus, lose whoe'er may, still shall you be a winner.

For in pitying others you honour yourself.

TOM TRUELOVE'S KNELL.

TOM Truelove woo'd the sweetest fair
That e'er to tar was kind :

Her face was of a beauty rare,—
More beautiful her mind.

His messmates heard, while with delight
He nam'd her for his bride :

A sail appear'd,—ah ! fatal sight !

For grief his love had died ;

'Must I,' cried he, 'those charms resign,
I lov'd so dear, so well ?

Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

'Break, heart ! at once, and there's an end,
Thou all that heav'n could give :—

But hold !—I have a noble friend,—
Yet, yet for him I'll live.'

Fortune, who all her baleful spite

Nor yet on Tom had tried,

Sent news, one rough tempestuous night,

That his dear friend had died.

TOM TRUELOVE'S KNELL.

ANDANTE
AFFETUOSO.

Tom True - love woo'd the sweet-est fair That e'er to tar was

The first system of the musical score for 'Tom True Love's Knell'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo and mood are marked 'ANDANTE AFFETUOSO.'.

kind: Her face was of a beau-ty rare,—More beau-ti-ful her

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'kind: Her face was of a beau-ty rare,—More beau-ti-ful her'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

mind. His mess-mates heard, while with de-light He nam'd her for his

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'mind. His mess-mates heard, while with de-light He nam'd her for his'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte).

TOM TRUELOVE'S KNELL.

bride: A sail ap-pear'd,— ah! fa-tal sight! For grief his love had

Sva

died; 'Must I,' cried he, 'those charms re-sign, I lov'd so dear, so

p

well? Would they had toll'd, in - stead of thine, Tom True - love's

f *dim* *p* *Sva*

knell.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

'And thou, too! must I thee resign,
Whom honour lov'd so well?
Would they had toll'd, instead of thine,
Tom Truelove's knell.

'Enough! enough! a salt-sea wave
A healing balm shall bring:—
'A sailor you,' cried one, 'and brave?
Live still to serve your king:
The moment comes,—behold your foe;'
'Thanks! gen'rous friend,' he cried:
The second broadside laid him low;—
He nam'd his love and died.
The tale, in mournful accents sung,
His friends still sorrowing tell;
How sad and solemn three times rung
Tom Truelove's knell!

HOME'S HOME.

I've thought, and I've said it, sin' I were a boy,
That what folks get too easy they never enjoy.
Why, I was the same,—at what's homely I'd scoff;
But how fine! if it com'd a good many miles off.
So big with this fancy, though but a poor clown,
I hied me away for to see the great town,
Where they push'd me and throng'd me all one as
a fair:

Then they'd titter, and snigger, and laugh,—then
I'd stare.

'Why, bumpkin, didst e'er see such fin'ry as this
In your place?' cried a monkey in trousers; 'Why,
yes!—

You'd your joke, master coxcomb, and now I'll
have mine;

I've zeed peacocks and goldfinches ten times as fine.'
So I left master Whiffle, and whistled along,
Then humm'd to myself the fag-end of a song.
The good that we wish for mayn't match what we've
got;

Their minds are their kingdom, who're pleas'd with
their lot;

And to whatever place discontented folks roam,
At last they'll be forc'd to say this of their home:
Our friends are as true, and our wives are as comely,
And, damn it! home's home, be it ever so homely.

So since, for strange sights, I to town took my range,
Faith! I zeed sights in plenty, and all of them strange:
I zeed folks roll in riches, who pleasure ne'er knew;
I zeed honest poverty rich as a Jew;
Time and oft dress'd lamb-fashion I zeed an old ewe;
I zeed madam's monkey as smart as her beau;
I zeed beauty and virtue, that never knew shame,
And I zeed vice caress'd under modesty's name;
I zeed a fine head-dress, worth more than the head;
I zeed folks with their brains out before they were
dead;

I zeed rogues of their knavery making their brags;
And I zeed fools in coaches, and merit in rags;
And still through the crowd as I whistled along,
I humm'd to myself, &c.

But what sicken'd me most was, one day in the Park,
As the guns were all firing, a queer-looking spark
Cried 'What nonsense and stuff with their fuss and
parade;

'Stuff and nonsense,' said I, 'Oh! what's that
that you said?

Why they fire for a victory, and you have your choice
To go home, or with all honest subjects rejoice;'
'Mighty well,' cried myspark, 'but a word in your ear,
The affairs of the nation are cursedly queer;
Nay, 'tis true we're done up, 'twill be seen by and by.'
'How much did they give you to catch me,' said I:
'The country's a good one, all good men perceive it,
And they that don't like it, why, damn't! let them
leave it.'

So I left my queer spark, and went whistling along,
Then I humm'd to myself, &c.

THE RAREE SHOW.

Now you shall see what you shall see—

Lady, gemmen, come,—

One very great curiosity,

What makes to speak de dumb;

Vat green, and red, and brown, and blue,

And black, and white, can paint;

Vat make Jew Christian, Christian Jew;

Make good come out of evil;

Vat make a devil of a saint,

And of a saint a devil!

[Peep troo dat little hole, Sir—Vat you see
there? Eh!—'What do you say, master Shew-
man, it will make black white?—The devil's in it
if it won't!—Why, it is a large purse of money!']
Now you shall see vat you see, fine ting before you go;
Come, gentlemen and lady, see my Raree Show.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,—

Please to look in there:

One very great curiosity,

Vat make the people stare;

One terrible, one shocking ting,

In horror dat about:

Before your face I go to bring

One horrible production—

Look quick, and you shall be surround

Vid death, and vid destruction.

[Vele, Saar, vat you see now? Eh! 'Ah!
master Shewman, you be a wag—Death and de-
struction with the devil to't!—Why, it be a
Poticary's shop.'] Now you shall see, &c.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,—

Please to put your eyes:

One very great curiosity,

Vat give you great surprise

More shocking as the toder sight,

You never have see such;

Come look, make haste, don't you be fright,—

You shall see one place spacious,

All fill up vid great many much

Strange animal voracious.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

['Why, master Shewman, this be a 'cuter joke than the tother—I wish I may die if it be'n't the Lord Mayor and Aldermen at dinner!']

Now you shall see, &c.

Now you shall see vat you shall see,—

Please to look once more ;

Vat give you more delight and glee

As all you see before ;

Great pleasure and great bliss vat give

To all the English race ;

Vat make them all so happy live,

Vat blessing can impart,

Vat make the smile in all the face,

The joy in all the heart.

['Ah! master Showman, you did never say a truer thing in your life—Why, Lord love him, 'tis the King's Majesty!'] Now you shall see, &c.

POOR OLD ENGLAND.

[As we are publishing for a generation in which the use of hair-powder is scarcely known, it may be well to state here, that the practice of wearing it was universal among both females and males, till Mr. Pitt, in the year 1795, introduced what at that time was in truth a *poll-tax*, under the designation of a tax on hair-powder. The Rainbow alluded to in one of the verses, is a tavern in Fleet Street, then a celebrated resort for the servants of the nobility.]

HAVE you heard of the tax, that such strange consternation

Has spread through Old England, that poor helpless nation ?

'Tis hair-powder; oh! downfall of guinealess beaus, Who, unlicens'd, will all look like so many crows.

'Hark!' the friseurs exclaim, as distracted they roam

'Mongst the knights of the curling-irons, 'Chaos is come!'

Sing and cry, cry and sing, mingle mis'ry and fun ; England's never so happy as when 'tis undone.

The hunk, who can boast but a single colt's tooth, Who, weigh'd down with age, apes the fopp'ries of youth,

Says to some Dulcinea, 'My hairs are all gray, So I can't be tax'd.' cries the syren, 'Nay, nay, Not all gray—they're half black!—' Ah! you dear coaxing ninny!

Well, I'll purchase a license, and pay *half* a guinea.* Sing and cry, &c.

Then the Knights of the Rainbow—'I say, my lord duke,

On hair-powder a tax!—take the news there, and look ;

I forgot, you can't read—the ridiculous fuss :

Why, what are such trifles as guineas to us ?

Nunky pays for we footmen—I'll sport a spruce nab,

And Old Quibus come down for 't, or, demme! Ill blab.' Sing and cry, &c.

* The whole tax was a guinea

But the drollest expedient was that of a fop, A man-milliner, where there were four in a shop;— 'I've hit upon 't, demme! as lawyers coach call, And drive four for a shilling to Westminster Hall, Five-and-threepence a-piece, lads, advance—hand it out;

We'll purchase a license, and lend it about.'

Sing and cry, &c.

Then the tea-table see—'I declare, then, I'm vex'd,' Cries out old Lady Piebald: 'our teeth they'll tax next,—

I should trick 'em at that tho', I have but one tooth:'

'Tis quite right,' cried a beauty, all sweetness and truth ;

'Take the tax, take each feather that plays on my head,

I shall dress the more plain—but the poor will get bread.' Sing and cry, &c.

Then, my countrymen, emulate this charming fair,— Deck the heart, nor regret how neglected the hair ; While friseurs, and footmen, and fops, cry peccavi, We shall all dress more decent, and they'll man the navy :

Let our rulers go on, then, of honour secure ;

Each tax upon luxury's bread for the poor ;

Then hold all this croaking and grumbling as fun,— By such nonsense Old England can ne'er be undone.

LONG LIVE THE KING.

LET none of these our sports profane ;

But come, all ye of reason's train,

Who freely cherish faultless mirth,

That from reflection takes its birth :

To joy's gay banners gaily come,—

Hark, hark! her merry fife and drum!

And, as her strains your minds unbend,

Fair loyalty with pleasure blend :

Still mindful, in enjoyment's course,

Whence all your blessings have their source ;

Come, smiling come, and loudly sing,

With grateful hearts—Long live the King!

For me, while truly I expose

To open day fair virtue's foes,

And folly send to reason's school,

By force of biting ridicule,

My mirror polishing anew

To point out moral truth to view,

Harmless and rational my wit,—

So long may you my lays permit,

So long may I those lays employ,

The humble medium of your joy ;

My own and your first wish to sing,

With grateful heart—Long live the King!

For you, whose smiles my verse inspire,—

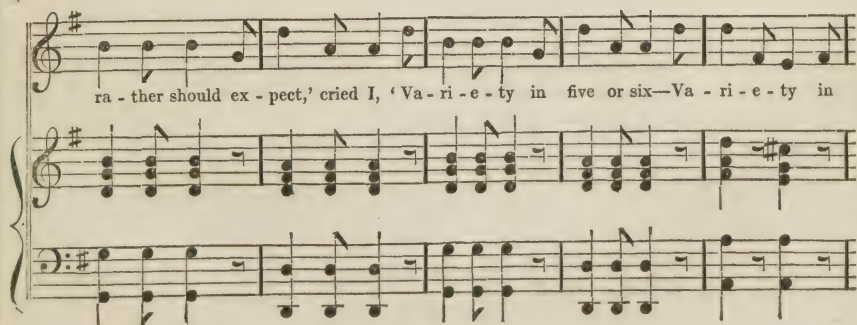
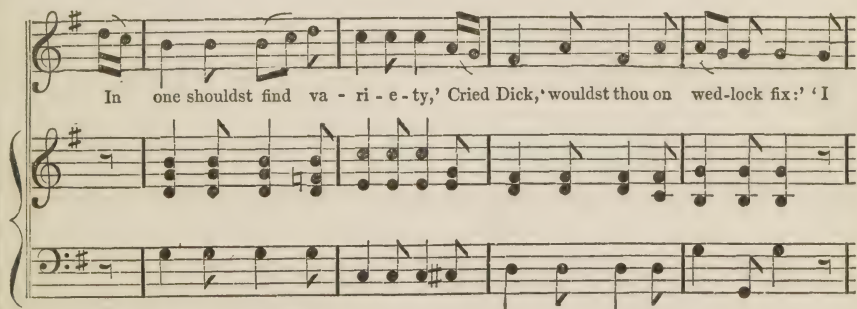
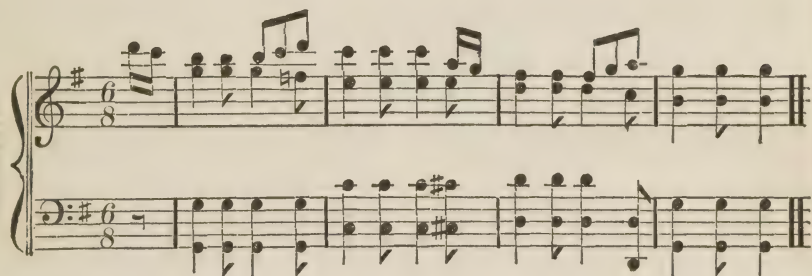
Who, if I sing, support the lyre,—

Who shape my ore from out the mass,

Stamp it, and bid it current pass,—

VARIETY IN ONE.

ALLEGRETTO.



VARIETY IN ONE.

five or six; But nev-er was thy coun-sel light: I'll do't, my friend'—so said, so done; I'm

noos'd for life, and Dick was right,—I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right -- I

find - - va - ri - e - ty—va - ri - e - ty, va - ri - e - ty—I find - - va -

ri - e - ty—va - ri - e - ty in one.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Who give each worthy effort fame,—
 Who love to praise, and grieve to blame,—
 Long may you ev'ry blessing meet !
 Long may your wishes be complete !
 Long may you, with becoming zeal,
 Britons, the pride of Britons feel !
 Long, long, that best of burthens sing,
 With grateful hearts—Long live the King !

THE ANTIPODES.

As a plain case in point 's the best mode of explaining,

To make my position to each judgment clear,
 Without further a tip-toe your patience detaining,
 I shall ton at Antipodes show, and ton here :
 Here conscience for gold
 Ne'er was known to be sold ;
 There to sale they expose it,
 And ev'ry one knows it,

For the matter to mince might a good market spoil :
 Thus, what 's meant by reports, which are variously spread,

That we the feet stand on, and they on the head,
 Will turn out to be this, without cavil or coil,
 We're the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

Is a treaty of marriage on foot?—the dear lady
 Here never to talk of her int'rest is heard ;
 Full of love, she ne'er asks if the writings are ready,
 Nor thinks of a second spouse, much less a third :
 Is a counsellor learn'd
 In a law-suit concern'd,
 He gives you his trouble
 For nothing ; to double

His fee would that instant the whole bus'ness spoil :
 There still topsy-turvy we diff'rent modes see,—
 Love obeys the best bidder, and law the best fee ;
 And thus, clear as day, without cavil or coil,
 We're the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

Would you wish further proof? as a prominent feature,

Take this, though 'twill keen sensibility shock :
 At Antipodes they have a beautiful creature,
 A fine stately bird very like our game-cock ;
 Inflaming its blood,
 They mix drugs in its food,
 And arm it for fighting ;
 Then stand round delighting,

While these birds of their plumage each other despoil :

You wonder and gaze, yet 'tis truth I report ;
 But since England disdains so unmanly a sport,
 No reflection on us from their vice can recoil,—
 We're the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

But to bring the case home, let us speak of their writers,

Who, having such food for their frolicsome Muse,
 Are in satire and ridicule terrible biters,
 And though none they point out, all the cap fit abuse ;

Their case touches me
 But was I e'er so free,
 In my silly labours,
 To laugh at my neighbours ?

No : a fair wholesome moral's the jet of my toil :
 Besides, here no fault could they find, did they try ;
 No ! I'd have them to know that my audience and I,
 Whate'er, out of envy, their cavil and coil,
 Are the gem, and the Antipodeans the foil.

VARIETY IN ONE.

'In one shouldst find variety,'
 Cried Dick, 'wouldst thou on wedlock fix ?'
 'I rather should expect,' cried I,
 'Variety in five or six ;

But never was thy counsel light :
 I'll do't, my friend'—so said, so done ;
 I'm noos'd for life, and Dick was right,—
 I find variety in one.

Her tone has more variety
 Than music's system can embrace ;
 She modulates through ev'ry key,
 Squeaks treble, and growls double-bass.
 Divisions, runs, and trills, and shakes,
 Enough the noisy spheres to stun !
 Thus, as harsh discord music makes,
 I find variety in one.

Her dress boasts such variety,
 Such forms, materials, fashions, hues,
 Each animal must plunder'd be,
 From Russian bears to cockatoos.
 Now 'tis a feather, now a zone ;
 Now she's a gipsy, now a nun ;
 To change like the chameleon prone !—
 En't this variety in one ?

In wedlock's wide variety,
 Thought, word, and deed, we both concur ;
 If she's a thunder-storm to me,
 So I'm an April day to her.
 Devil and angel ! black and white !
 Thus, as we Hymen's gauntlet run,
 And kiss, and scold, and love, and fight,
 Each finds variety in one.

Then cherish love's variety,
 In spite of ev'ry sneering elf,—
 We're Nature's children ; and en't she,
 In change, variety itself ?
 Her clouds and storms are will'd by Fate
 More bright to show her radiant sun ;
 Hail, then, bless'd wedlock ! in whose state
 Men find variety in one.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

ALLEGRO.
ALLEGRETTO.



SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

lost my charm-ing Ce - lia, the fair - est of the fair: Will

The first system of the musical score for 'SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.' It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

no one com - fort send me? Why then these hands shall end me,—Hung

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'no one com - fort send me? Why then these hands shall end me,—Hung'. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

by my gar - ter on this tree I'll die,— I'll die,— I'll

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'by my gar - ter on this tree I'll die,— I'll die,— I'll'. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note accompaniment.

die; Let none my fame be man - gling, While dan-gling, dan-gling,

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'die; Let none my fame be man - gling, While dan-gling, dan-gling,'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.



young Kitty of the cottage, and Jenny of the mill,
And bonny Suke, and sprightly Peggy Sly,
And Fan, and Nan, and Poll, and Doll, I know will
try their skill,

Trick'd out in all their beauty,
To lure me from my duty:

But I can tell them they're deceiv'd—I'll die!

These girls will all be angling:

'Twon't do! for dangling, dangling,

All for love I'll die.

I own that Kitty's eyebrows some trait of Cælia's
bear:

Suke has her nose, and Peg her sparkling eye;
Both Fan and Nan her dimples, and Poll and Doll
her hair;

But these shall all be slighted:

For Cælia's charms united

Not all her sex combin'd can boast—I'll die;

Then let them all be wrangling,

And pulling caps, for dangling

They shall see me die.

And yet, on recollection, young Dælia, form '
please,

Her dimples has, her hair, and sparkling eye;—
Nay Dælia is like Cælia as ever were two peas;

Has all those charms that won me;

Would she take pity on me?

But, Lord, she'd never think of me—I'll die!

While hopes and fears are jangling,

I'll dangling, dangling, dangling,

All for Cælia die.

'Twixt hanging and 'twixt marriage, still doubt-
ful which to choose,

As Lumkin paus'd, came Dælia tripping by:—
'Ods wounds!' cried he; 'wouldst thou consent
to tie the other noose?'

She smiles. 'Good by, poor Cælia,—

I go to marry Dælia,—

Not in a halter, but her arms, to die:

Better in wedlock wrangling,

Than dangling, dangling, dangling,

On a tree to die.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE TELEGRAPH.

If you'll only just promise you'll none of you laugh,
I'll be after explaining the French telegraph!

A machine that sendow'd with such wonderful pow'r,
It writes, reads, and sends news fifty miles in an hour.
Then there's watch-words, a spy-glass, and index
or hand,

And many things more none of us understand;
But which, like the nose on your face, will be clear,
When we have, as usual, improv'd on them here.

Oh! the dabblers in lott'ries will grow rich as Jews:
'Stead of flying of pigeons, to bring them the news,
They'll a telegraph place upon Old Ormond Quay;
Put another 'board ship, in the midst of the sea;
And so on to town each to tell through the rank,
The first thousand-pound prize was that morn
drawn a blank:

And thus, if the air should but chance to be clear,
In two hours will the news of dear Dublin fly here.

When the Newmarket squad to the races go down,
By confed'rates and telegraphs, station'd in town,
They'll get news long before the mail-coaches come
in, [who win:

Plates, matches, and sweepstakes, who lose and
And how, after crossing, and jostling, head heat,
That Black Legs and Rooks were by Belzebub beat;
Ah! just let them alone: by my soul, there's no fear,
But the turf will improve on the telegraph here.

Ah! then, what a sure guide will the telegraph prove
To promote their designs who are dying for love?
If an old married lady should court a young man,
Can't she make a spy-glass with the sticks of her fan?
Then suppose an appointment,—the hour be two,—
Can't the index point thus, and the watch-word be
Sure, didn't I tell you I'd make it appear, [boo?
'Twill be mighty convenient, improv'd, upon here.

Adieu, penny-posts! mails and coaches, adieu;
Your occupations' gone, 'tis all over wid you:
In your place, telegraphs on our houses we'll see,
To tell time, conduct lightning, dry shirts, and send
news. [street,

Then, while signals and flags stream on top of each
The town to a bird will appear a grand fleet:

And since England's grand fleet to the French
conveys fear,

Sure, shan't we improve on the telegraph here?

From the Wall o' the Whisp.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

I NEVER shall survive it! (cried Lumkin, in despair);
She's gone, and I shall ever wail and cry;

I've lost my charming Cælia, the fairest of the fair:
Will no one comfort send me?

Why then these hands shall end me,—

Hung by that garter on this tree I'll die;

Let none my fame be mangling,

While dangling, dangling, dangling,

On yon tree to die.

Young Kitty of the cottage, and Jenny of the mill,
And bonny Suke, and sprightly Peggy Sly,
And Fan, and Nan, and Poll, and Doll, I know will
try their skill,

Trick'd out in all their beauty,

To lure me from my duty:

But I can tell them they're deceiv'd—I'll die!

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'Twixt hanging and 'twixt marriage, still doubt-
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to tie the other noose?'

She smiles. 'Good by, poor Cælia,—

I go to marry Dælia,

Not in a halter, but her arms, to die:

Better in wedlock wrangling,

Than, dangling, dangling, dangling,

On a tree to die.'

THE SYMBOL OF LIFE.

ON Olympus' blue summit, as loud vacant mirth

Shook with laughter the sides of the gods,

'Were not nectar,' cried Bacchus, 'forbid sons of
earth,

'Twere rare sport to celestialize clods:

Say, shall they a nectar possess of their own,

That like ours with delight shall be rife?

I've hit it;—let Punch, by my fiat, be known,

A liquor the Symbol of Life.

'Of the elements four, that the universe sway,

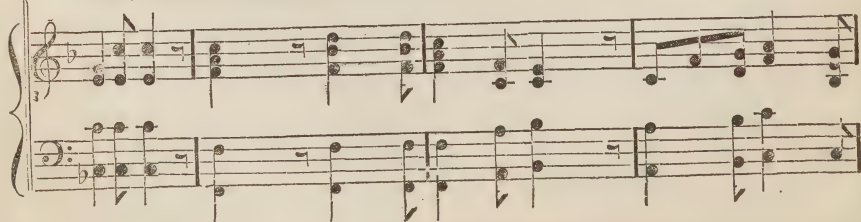
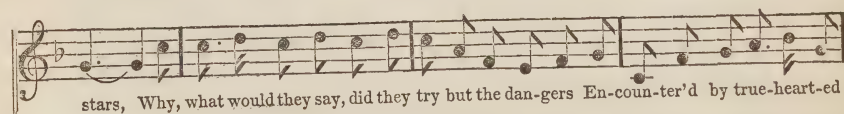
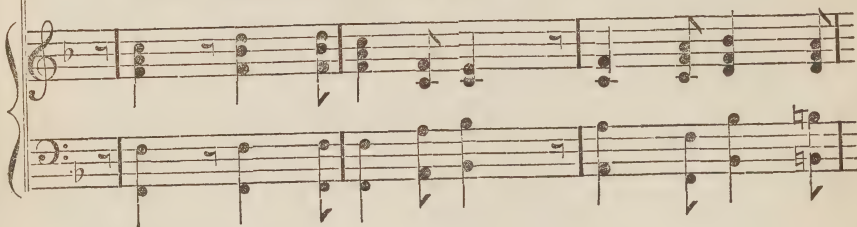
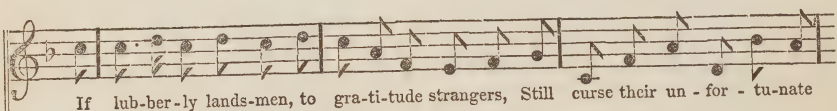
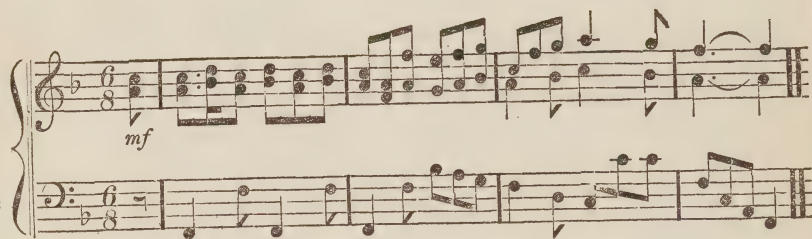
Our nectar celestial we make;

So Punch, that henceforward shall moisten man's
clay,

Of the passions of man shall partake:

WHO CARES.

ALLEGRETTO.



WHO CARES.

tars? If life's ves - sel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her, Or

whe-ther bound here, or bound there, Give 'em sea-room, good fel - low - ship,

grog and to - back - er, Well then dam-me! if Jack cares where.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

The sweet that from godlike benevolence flows
Shall correct the sharp acid of strife,
While the spirit of rage temperance' mean shall
compose ;
So snail Punch be the Symbol of Life.

'Punch shall be the first fiddle in life's motley band,
That, untun'd, scrapes harsh discords and hoarse;
But when screw'd to its pitch by a masterly hand,
Shall most excellent music discourse :
Punch, unmade, will a chaos misshapen disclose,
Rude atom with atom at strife ;
But which, temper'd, to beauty and symmetry grows:
Thus is Punch the true Symbol of Life.

'When in sloth, life's warm water, mankind are
immers'd,
And sweet luxury 's sought from afar,
Rage, and sour heart-burnings, by indolence nurs'd,
Blaze in all the dread fury of war ;
But when temp'rate reflection takes rule in the mind,
Cruel war is disarm'd of his knife,
And the blessings of peace shed their balm on
mankind ;
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

'As pleasure on pleasure in wedlock you meet,
If, thoughtless, you surfeit and feed,
Sullen, sour discontent shall corrode ev'ry sweet,
And lukewarm indiff'rence succeed :
But when wedlock's ingredients, in mean true and
even,

Are blended in husband and wife,
Such a pair, so well mated, on earth find a heaven,
And thus Punch is the Symbol of Life.

'Thus, in all their concerns, shall this liquor divine
Some moral instruction impart,
That the medium of truth may correct and refine
Each crude feeling that springs from the heart :
Be your lives, then, nor mawkish, strong, sour
nor yet sweet,

But a mixture of all, to shun strife :
So men's joys shall be next to celestials complete,
So shall Punch be the Symbol of Life.'

WHO CARES.

If lubberly landmen, to gratitude strangers,
Still curse their unfortunate stars,
Why, what would they say, did they try but the
dangers

Encounter'd by true-hearted tars ?
If life's vessel they put 'fore the wind, or they tack her,
Or whether bound here, or bound there,
Give 'em sea-room, good fellowship, grog, and
tobacker,

Well then, damme ! if Jack cares where.

Then your stupid old quid-nuncs, to hear them
all clatter,

The devil can't tell you what for,
Though they don't know a gun from a marlinspike,
chatter

About and concerning of war :

While for King, wife, and friend, he's through ev'ry
thing rubbing,
With duty still proud to comply ;
So he gives but the foes of Old England a drubbing,
Why then, damme ! if Jack cares why.

And then, when good-fortune has crown'd his en-
deavours,

And he comes home with shiners galore,
Well, what if so be he should lavish his favours
On ev'ry poor object 'long shore ?
Since money's the needle that points to good-nature,
Friend, enemy, false or true,
So it goes to relieve a distress'd fellow-creature,
Well then, damme ! if Jack cares who.

Don't you see how some diff'rent thing ev'ry one's
twigging,

To take the command of a rib ;
Some are all for the breast-work, and some for the
rigging,

And some for the cut of her jib ;
Though poor, some will take her in tow, to defend
her ;

And again, some are all for the rich ;
As to I, so she's young, her heart honest and tender,
Why then, damme ! if Jack cares which.

Why now, if they go for to talk about living,
My eyes—why a little will serve ;
Let each a small part of his pittance be giving,
And who in this nation can starve ?

Content's all the thing—rough or calm be the
weather,

The wind on the beam or the bow ;
So, honestly, he can splice both ends together,
Why then, damme ! if Jack cares how.

And then for a bring-up, dy'e see, about dying,
On which such a racket they keep ;
What argues if in a church-yard you're lying,
Or find out your grave in the deep ?
Of one thing we're certain,—whatever our calling,
Death will bring us all up—and what then ?
So his conscience's tackle will bear overhauling,
Why then, damme ! if Jack cares when.

THE DREAM.

'Twas a hundred years ago,
Or there-about, I believe,
Liv'd a wife, you must know,
As I quickly shall show,
A true-bred daughter of Eve :
For this wife, though spouse was civil,
For so the story ran,
Was tempted to evil,
But not by the devil,
But a devilish handsome young man.

This young man was an officer gay,
With a mien so militaire,
An ensign on half-pay ;
Though no colonel, some say,
Had so fierce and so noble an air :

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Now the husband had but one eye ;
And for this his crafty bride
Chose him out, by the by,
Half her faults to espy,
And to catch him upon the blind side.

The husband was gone from home,
She trick'd out smart and neat ;
Now the officer's come,
Cupid braces his drum,
And a parley is presently beat :
When Betty, who closely watch'd,
Cried out, as she came unawares,
'If a lie can't be hatch'd,

We are all of us catch'd,
For my master's a-coming up-stairs.'
Cried the wife, 'I have hit on it, sure ;
Come, come, 'tis no time to flinch !

We're from danger secure,—
Get behind the door,—
Wit never left wife at a pinch :'
Then the husband came in sight :
Cried she, in a counterfeit scream,
'What joy and delight

Does your presence excite !—
Dear husband, I dream'd a dream—
'A dream so extraordinary and rare,
Pray heaven it prove not a lie !

I dream'd in that chair,—
'Tis as true as you're there,—
That fate had restor'd your blind eye.'
Cried he, 'What a rout and a pother !'
'Nay, nay, at my hopes do not scoff ;
The blind eye's like its brother,
Let me cover t'other.'

This doing, the lover stole off.
Her Mars safe retreated, she cried,
'Well, love, is the sight wholly lost ?'
'Yes, wife, your dream lied ;

Though till doomsday you tried,
I should yet see no more than a post.'
'Then the devil take dreams, I say,
For I'm more disappointed than you.'

Quoth the husband, 'Nay, nay,
When next I'm away,
Let us hope all your dreams may come true.'

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

WHILE music lends its heav'nly art,
And banners are unfurl'd,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart
Throughout the peopled world :
See its chief magistrate, to grace
London in pomp and show ;
The source of its great riches trace
To all the winds that blow.
The Companies to silver Thames
Move on in slow parade,
Each bearing, as its banner names,
A pageant of its trade :

Then, while sweet music lends its art,
And banners are unfurl'd,
Hail, hail the first commercial mart
Throughout the peopled world.

First, minstrelsy and loud acclaim,
That sweet musicians bring,
Musicians of fair London's fame,
Still emulous to sing :
And, hark ! the Armourers cleave the wind,
By one in armour led ;
While mem'ry tells the patriot mind,
At Agincourt who bled :

Then, while sweet music, &c.

Nor let the Shipwrights by us slip,
In high commercial fame
First in the rank, for from a ship
Fair London took its name :
Now, while the crowd each trade surrounds,
That joy and use supplies,
Hark ! where the massy anvil sounds,
See ! where the shuttle flies :

Then, while sweet music, &c.

These fit with art the even joint,
Those dress the supple skin,
Others th' industrious needle point,
Or decorative pin :
Some sing of Blaze, and dress the wool ;
Some shape the wheels of time ;
The ever-lengthening wire some pull ;
Some teach the bells to chime :

Then, while sweet music, &c.

Those, friendship's emblem, bring the square ;
These bear the Gordian ring ;
And now, while trumpets rend the air,
And sweet musicians sing,
Haste to the feast, where, while the band
The social hour prolong,
The loyal toast from plenty's hand
Relieves the loyal song :

Then, while sweet music, &c.

Last, at the ball-room see the fair,
Each fair a British toast,
Lovely in charms, in virtue rare,
Bless'd England's pride and boast :
But did I to my theme give way,
By fancy led along,
Soon were the poet's teeming lay
A hist'ry, not a song :

Yet, while sweet music, &c.

PADDY O'BLARNEY.

Is't my country you'd know ? I'm an Irishman born,
And they christen'd me Paddy O'Blarney ;
In haymaking time I stepp'd over one morn,
All the way from the Lakes of Killarney :
Turn'd my hand to just whatever came in my way ;
To be sure, while the sun shin'd, I did not make hay.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

MODERATO.

p *f*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics range from piano (*p*) to forte (*f*).

'Twas post me - ri - dian half past four, By sig-nal

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are "'Twas post me - ri - dian half past four, By sig-nal". The music continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure.

I from Nan - cy part - ed, At six she lin - ger'd on the

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are "I from Nan - cy part - ed, At six she lin - ger'd on the". The musical notation follows the same format as the first system.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

shore, With up - lift hands, and bro - ken hear-ted ! At sev'n, while

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "shore, With up - lift hands, and bro - ken hear-ted ! At sev'n, while".

taught-ning the fore stay, I saw her faint, or else 'twas

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "taught-ning the fore stay, I saw her faint, or else 'twas".

fan - cy. At eight we all got un - der weigh, And bade a -

This system contains the third line of music. The lyrics are: "fan - cy. At eight we all got un - der weigh, And bade a -".

long a - dieu to Nan - cy.

This system contains the fourth line of music, which concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "long a - dieu to Nan - cy.".

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

[Well, then, you know the wives and daughters;
of the farmers won't—well, they won't—]
Have plenty of cause to remember the day,
When first they saw Paddy O'Blarney.

Then what does I do the next calling I seeks,—

Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!
I cries mack'rel alive that were caught for three
weeks,—

Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.
Then fresh-gather'd strawberries, so sound and so
sweet,

With just half-a-dozen a-top fit to eat—

['Ah! madam, you need not examine them;
bless your two good-looking eyes, they are full to
the bottom, paper and all.' 'Well, I'll trust to
you—I dare say you won't cheat me.']

So I coaxes her up, and herself makes her cheat,
Ah! 'fait, let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Next I turn'd to a chairman, and got a good job,—

Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!

I harangu'd at a famous election the mob,—

Ah! let alone Paddy O'Blarney.

Then to see how his Honour and I did cajole,—
He knock'd down his flats with words, and I mine
with my pole—

[Then, you know, when they came to chair him,
I was no longer, you see, an odd man,—there was
a pair of chairmen.]

And sure such a pair was ne'er seen, by my soul!
As his Honour and Paddy O'Blarney.

But this notion of greatness was none of the worst,—

Oh! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!

Having play'd second fiddle, I thought I'd play first,—

Can't you let alone Paddy O'Blarney?

So, swearing to plunder, and never to squeak,

I my qualification took out, and turn'd Greek.

[Ah! to be sure, we did not make a pretty dove-
house of our Pharaoh Bank. Let me see, we
pigeon'd,—ay, fait! and pluck'd them completely,
too—]

Four tradesmen and six bankers' clerks in one
week,—

Will you let alone Paddy O'Blarney?

A big man in all circles so gay and polite,—

Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!

I found one who larnt grown-up jolmen to write,

Just to finish gay Paddy O'Blarney:

I first larnt my name, till so fond of it grown,—

I don't say I'd better have let it alone—

[But, by my soul and conscience, it had like to
have finish'd me in good earnest, for you see, I just
wrote—]

Another jolman's signature 'stead of my own,—

What a devil of a Paddy O'Blarney!

But since Fate did not choose for to noose me that
day,—

Ah! the world for the Lakes of Killarney!

With a Venus of ninety I next ran away,—

What a fine dashing Paddy O'Blarney!

So marriage turn'd out the best noose of the two,
The old soul's gone to heav'n,—I'm as rich as a
Jew—

[So that, if any jolman has an occasion for a
friend, or a lady for a lover,—or, in short, if any
body should wish to be disencumbered of the un-
easiness of a wife, or a daughter, or a purse, or any
such kind and civil service that can be performed]

By a gentleman at large that has nothing to do,
Let me recommend Paddy O'Blarney.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

'Twas post meridian half-past four,

By signal I from Nancy parted;

At six, she linger'd on the shore,

With uplift hands, and broken-hearted;

At sev'n, while taught'ning the forestay,

I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;

At eight we all got under weigh,

And bade a long adieu to Nancy!

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,

While careless sailors, ever cheery,

On the mid watch so jovial sung,

With tempers labour cannot weary;

I, little to their mirth inclin'd,

While tender thoughts rush'd on my fancy,

And my warm sighs increas'd the wind,

Look'd on the moon, and thought of Nancy!

And now arriv'd that jovial night,

When ev'ry true-bred tar carouses;

When, o'er the grog, all hands delight

To toast their sweethearts and their spouses:

Round went the can, the jest, the glee,

While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;

And when, in turn, it came to me,

I heav'd a sigh, and toasted Nancy!

Next morn a storm came on at four;

At six, the elements in motion,

Plung'd me, and three poor sailors more,

Headlong within the foaming ocean:

Poor wretches! they soon found their graves;

For me,—it may be only fancy,—

But love seem'd to forbid the waves

To snatch me from the arms of Nancy!

Scarce the foul hurricane was clear'd,

Scarce winds and waves had ceas'd to rattle,

When a bold enemy appear'd,

And, dauntless, we prepar'd for battle:

And now, while some lov'd friend or wife,

Like lightning, dash'd on ev'ry fancy,

To Providence I trusted life,

Put up a pray'r, and thought of Nancy!

At last,—'twas in the month of May,

The crew, it being lovely weather,

At three, a.m. discover'd day,

And England's chalky cliffs together;

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

At sev'n, up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my fancy ;
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd Nancy !

THE IRISH WAKE.

LIFE'S as like as can be to an Irish wake,
Where their tapers they light,
And they sit up all night,
Wid their—Why would you leave your Poor Paddy
to moan ?
Arrah ! how could you be such a cake ?
Musha, what will I do ?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo !
Oh hone !
'Fait, we're left all together alone :
But when the grief the liquor puts out,
The fun is all chang'd in a crack ;
Away like smoke goes the whiskey about,
And they foot it, cross over, and back to back,
With their tiptelary whack.

Poor miss, bolted safe wid a good lock and key,
Like Thisbe, may call
Through the hole in the wall,
How hard's my misfortune—I'm left here to moan !
Will no one take pity on me ?
Musha, what will I do ?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo !
Oh hone !
I shall be after lying alone.
But when the rope ladder affords her relief,
And she turns on her mother her back,
'Mong her friends and relations she leaves all her
grief,
And away to Scotland they trip in a crack,
With their tiptelary whack.

The toper, next morning, low, sick, and in pain,
The glasses all breaks,
Beats his head 'cause it aches,
And wishes that wine may to poison be grown,
If e'er he gets tipsy again :
With his—What will I do ?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo !
Oh hone !
From this moment I'll drinking disown :
But when, in a posse, come Bacchus's troop,
He changes his tone in a crack ;
They drink, and they sing, and they halloo, and
whoop,
Till they don't know the colour of blue from black,
And it's tiptelary whack.

And so 'tis through life ; widows left in the nick,
Dying swains in disgrace,
Patriots turn'd out of place,
Don't they, cursing their stars, make a horrible
moan,
Just like when the devil was sick ?

Wid their—What will I do ?
Lilly, lilly, lilly, la loo !
Oh hone !
'Fait, we're left all to grunt and to groan :
But when the widow gets married again,
When the lover is taken back,
When the patriot ousted a place shall obtain,—
Away to the devil goes care in a crack,
And 'tis tiptelary whack.

ALL GIRLS.

No more of waves and winds the sport,
Our vessel is arriv'd in port ;
At anchor, see, she safely rides,
And gay red ropes adorn her sides :
The sails are furl'd, the sheets belay'd ;
The crimson petticoat's display'd ;
Deserted are the useless shrouds,
And wenches come a-board in crowds.
Then come, my lads ! the flip put round :
While safely moor'd on English ground,
With a jorum of diddle,
A lass, and a fiddle,
Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found :
And while upon the hollow deck
To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,
Take each his charmer round the neck,
And kiss in time to the merry sound.

Bess hears the death of honest Jack,
Who swore he'd safe and sound come back ;
She calls him scurvy lying swab,
And then she kindly takes to Bob :
Ben asks the news of bonny Kate,
Who said she'd prove a constant mate :
But winds and girls are false ; for she
Took Ned the morn Ben went to sea.
Welcome ! says Ben ; the flip put round :
While safely moor'd, &c.

By will and pow'r, when last ashore,
His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er ;
Poll touch'd the prize-money and pay,
And with the agent ran away.
And Jenny, just as 'cute a trick,
His back once turn'd, play'd whistling Dick :
Dick left her clothes to cut a flash,—
She sold 'em all, and spent the cash.
'But come,' says Dick, 'the flip put round,
While safely moor'd, &c.

While feet and tongues like lightning go,
With—'What cheer, Suke?'—and 'How do, Joe?'
Dick Lanyard chooses Peg so spruce,
And buxom Nell takes Kit Caboose.
Thus, 'mongst the girls they left behind,
A lot of true and false they find ;
While these bewail those shot or drown'd,
And welcome home the safe and sound :
Still thankful, while the flip goes round,
They're safely moor'd, &c.

THE IRISH WAKE.

ANDANTE.



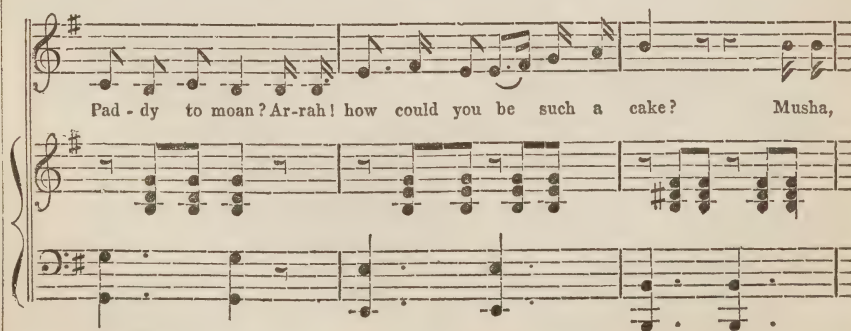
Life's as like as can be to an I - rish wake, Where their ta - pers they



light, And they sit up all night, Wid their—Why would you leave your poor



Pad - dy to moan? Ar-rah! how could you be such a cake? Musha,



THE IRISH WAKE.

ad lib.

what will I do? Lil-ly, lil-ly, lil-ly, la loo! Oh hone! 'Fait, we're

Allegro.

left all to-gether a - - lone: But when the grief the li - quor puts

out, The fun is allchang'd in a crack, But when the grief the

li - quor puts out, The fun is allchang'd in a crack; A - way like

THE IRISH WAKE.

smoke goes the whis - key a - bout, And they foot it, cross o-ver, and back to

The first system of the musical score for 'The Irish Wake'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'smoke goes the whis - key a - bout, And they foot it, cross o-ver, and back to'.

back, With their tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'back, With their tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady rhythmic foundation.

whack! With their tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody includes the exclamation 'whack!' followed by the lyrics: 'With their tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

whack.

f

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the word 'whack.' and a final chord. The piano accompaniment features a forte (*f*) dynamic and ends with a final chord. The system concludes with a double bar line.

ALL GIRLS.

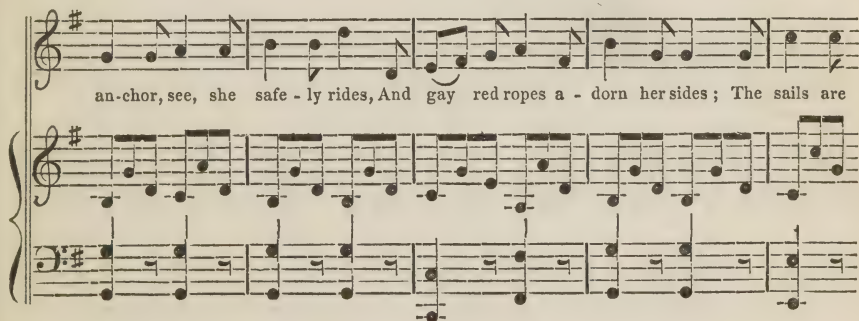
ALLEGRO
MODERATO.



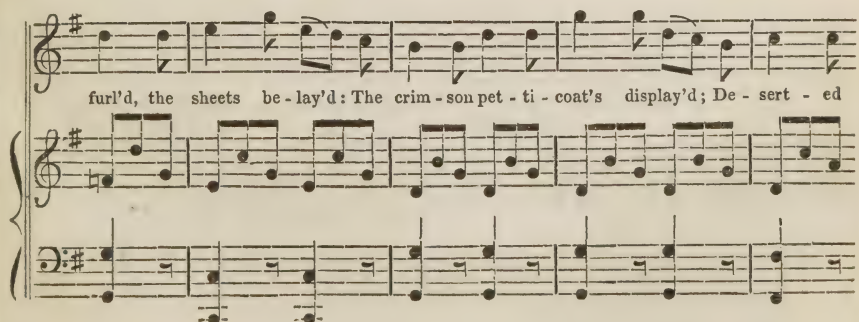
No more of waves and winds the sport, Our ves - sel is ar - riv'd in port; At



an-chor, see, she safe - ly rides, And gay red ropes a - dorn her sides; The sails are



furl'd, the sheets be - lay'd: The crim - son pet - ti - coat's display'd; De - sert - ed



ALL GIRLS.

are the use-less shrouds, And wenches come a - board in crowds; wenches,

The first system of the musical score for 'All Girls'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'are the use-less shrouds, And wenches come a - board in crowds; wenches,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

wench-es, wenches come a - board in crowds. Then come, my lads, the flip put

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'wench-es, wenches come a - board in crowds. Then come, my lads, the flip put'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns, including some chords in the right hand.

round : Whilesafe-ly moor'd on En - glish ground, while safe - ly moor'd on

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with 'round : Whilesafe-ly moor'd on En - glish ground, while safe - ly moor'd on'. The piano accompaniment features a more complex rhythmic pattern with sixteenth notes in the right hand.

En - - glish ground, With a jor-um of did-dle, a lass and a fid-dle,

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'En - - glish ground, With a jor-um of did-dle, a lass and a fid-dle,'. The piano accompaniment includes a forte (f) dynamic marking and features a more active bass line.

ALL GIRLS.

A lass and a fid-dle, A jo-rum of diddle, A lass and a fid-dle,

mf

Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found: And

p

while up-on the hol-low deck To the spright-ly jig our feet shall bound, Take

each his charm-er round the neck, And kiss in time to the mer-ry sound;

ALL GIRLS.

kiss, kiss, And kiss in time to the mer - ry sound, to the

mer - ry sound, to the mer - ry sound, to the mer - ry sound; And

kiss in time to the mer - ry sound.

Bess hears the death of honest Jack,
 Who swore he'd safe and sound come back;
 She calls him scurvy lying swab,
 And then she kindly takes to Bob:
 Ben asks the news of bonny Kate,
 Who said she'd prove a constant mate:
 But winds and girls are false; for she
 Took Ned the morn Ben went to sea.
 Welcome! says Ben; the flip put round:
 While safely moor'd, &c.

By will and pow'r, when last ashore,
 His rhino Tom to Poll made o'er;
 Poll touch'd the prize-money and pay,
 And with the agent ran away,
 And Jenny, just as 'cute a trick,

His back once turn'd, play'd whistling Dick:
 Dick left her clothes to cut a flash,—
 She sold 'em all, and spent the cash.
 'But come,' says Dick, 'the flip put round,
 While safely moor'd, &c.

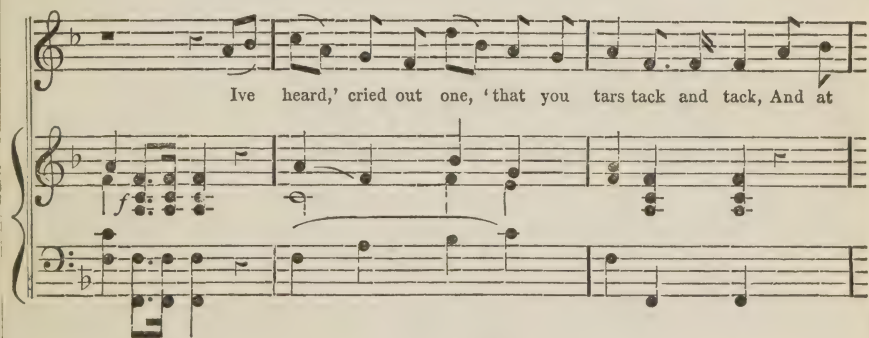
While feet and tongues like lightning go,
 With 'Whatcheer, Suke?'—and 'How do, Joe?'
 Dick Lanyard chooses Peg so spruce,
 And buxom Nell takes Kit Caboose.
 Thus, 'mongst the girls they left behind,
 A lot of true and false they find;
 While these bewail those shot or drown'd,
 And welcome home those safe and sound:
 Still thankful, while the flip goes round,
 They're safely moor'd, &c.

MOORINGS.

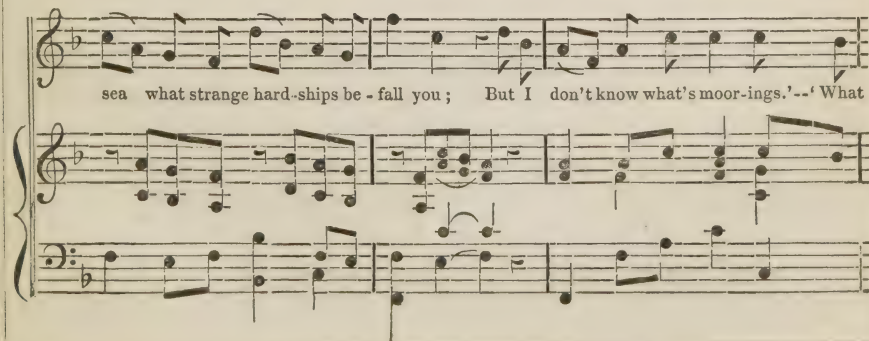
ALLEGRETTO



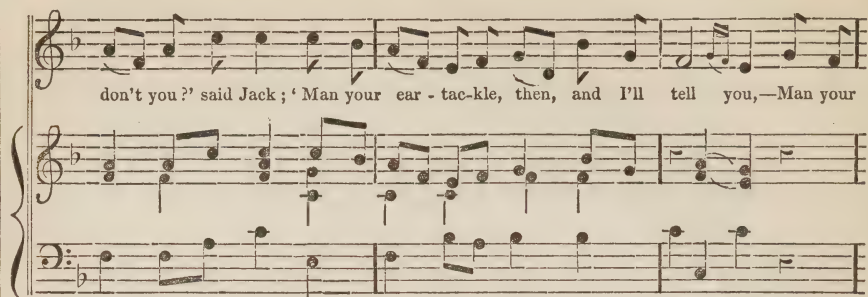
I've heard,' cried out one, 'that you tars tack and tack, And at



sea what strange hard-ships be - fall you ; But I don't know what's moor-ings.' -- 'What



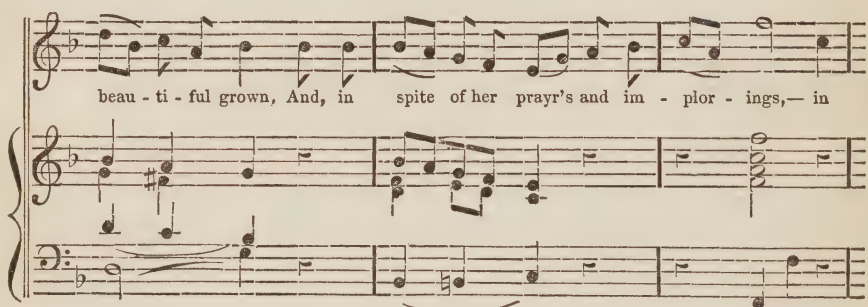
MOORINGS.



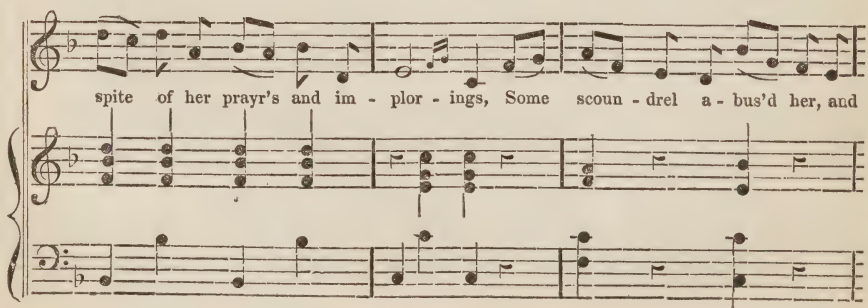
don't you?' said Jack ; ' Man your ear - tac-kle, then, and I'll tell you,—Man your



ear-tac-kle, then, and I'll tell you:— Sup - pose you'd a daugh - ter quite



beau - ti - ful grown, And, in spite of her prayr's and im - plor - ings,— in



spite of her prayr's and im - plor - ings, Some scoun - drel a - bus'd her, and

MOORINGS.

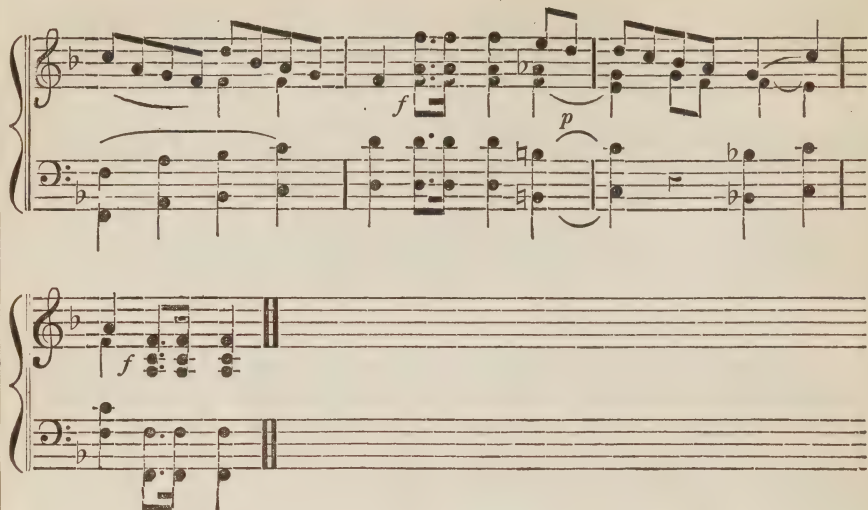
you knock'd him down, Why d'ye see he'd be safe at his moor - ings,— Some

scoun - drel a - bus'd her, and you knock'd him down, Why, d'ye

see, he'd be safe at his moor - ings,— at his moor - ings,— at his

moor-ings,—Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moor-ings.

MOORINGS.



' In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with the helm,
 The top-lifts of his heart all a-bimbo,
 A tempest of treach'ry your bark will o'erwhelm,
 And your moorings will soon be in limbo :
 But if his heart's timbers bear up against pelf,
 And he's just in his reck'nings and scorings,
 He'll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,
 And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

' If wedlock's your port, and your mate, true and kind,
 In all weathers will stick to her duty,
 A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,
 Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty :
 But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,
 That listens to vows and adorings,
 Shape your course how you will, still you'll make Cuckold's Point,
 To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

' A glutton's safe moor'd, head and stern, by the gout ;
 A drunkard's moor'd under the table ;
 In straws, drowning men will Hope's anchor find out ;
 While a hair's a philosopher's cable :
 Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,
 Of Fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
 Where for one calm of pleasure we've ten storms of pain,
 Till death brings us all to our moorings.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

MODERN GALLANTRY.

I AM one of those pretty tonnish smart's, my good old man,
Who under love's sweet contribution lay all the fair O :

I make them die, and sigh,
And consent, and repent,
With a ran, dan, dan—

Why, I have a hundred times had the felicity, so sweet,
Of seeing some yielding easy daughter, or wife,
Begging, and imploring at my feet :

'Hey, sir !—how often did you say you had this felicity ?'

'Never, in the whole course of my life,
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Then, since amours are nothing without confidants,
my good old man,

How oft, when bursting with good fortune and success, so rare O,

Have I, to my friends, told stories of yielding nieces and aunts,

With a ran, dan, dan,—

Dress'd out in all their fascinating charms,

With all their simperings

And whimpering's,

Their fond love to disguise,

While they were longing to fly to my arms :

'And, pray, was all this truth that you told your friends ?'

'Oh, no, a parcel of infernal lies !
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Why, would you believe that with the lovely Myrtilla
It chanc'd to hap, my good old man,

Who seem'd as if all the powers of virtue made her their care O,

That I should contrive, while those pretty watchful guardians were taking a nap,

With a ran, dan, dan—

To kneel, pant, entreat, implore, heave sigh, start tear,
And address, with all the force of eloquence and grace,

Till, struggling in my arms, at last she—Oh dear !
'Well, what did she do ?'

'Why, gave me a slap in the face !
With a ran, dan, dare O.'

Another time, when I was flatly refus'd, my good old man,—

Oh, 'tis a business that will make you stare O !

Every one of the family round I fairly abus'd,

With a ran, dan, dan—

Hamstrung the pigs, pull'd the spigot out of the ale,
Poison'd the lapdog, kill'd the canary-birds, put jalap in the tea,

Threw the cat out of the window, cut off the monkey's tail—

'Go on, sir, go on.'

'Kick'd the husband—Oh no, damme, he kick'd me !

With a ran, dan, dare O.'

MOORINGS.

'I've heard,' cried out one, 'that you tars tack and tack,

And at sea what strange hardships befall you ;
But I don't know what's moorings.'—'What ! don't you ?' said Jack ;

'Man your ear-tackle then, and I'll tell you :—
Suppose you'd a daughter quite beautiful grown,
And, in spite of her pray'rs and implorings,
Some scoundrel abus'd her, and you knock'd him down,

Why, d'ye see, he'd be safe at his moorings.

'In life's voyage should you trust a false friend with the helm,

The top-lifts of his heart all a-kinbo,
A tempest of treach'ry your bark will o'erwhelm,
And your moorings will soon be in limbo :

But if his heart's timbers bear up against pelf,
And he's just in his reck'nings and scorings,
He'll for you keep a look-out the same as himself,
And you'll find in his friendship safe moorings.

'If wedlock's your port, and your mate, true and kind,

In all weathers will stick to her duty,
A calm of contentment shall beam in your mind,
Safe moor'd in the haven of beauty :

But if some frisky skiff, crank at every joint,
That listens to vows and adorings,
Shape your course how you will, still you'll make
Cuckold's Point,

To lay up like a beacon at moorings.

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Thus mankind are a ship, life a boisterous main,
Of Fate's billows where all hear the roarings,
Where for one calm of pleasure we've ten storms of pain,

Till death brings us all to our moorings.'

BACHELORS' WIVES.

Look all over the world, round and square, and throughout,

We all know that best we know nothing about ;
Don't ignorant gipsies pretend to teach Fate ?
And pray who now like cobblers can tinker the state ?

Blind as mill-posts ourselves, we can all guide a friend,

Because why ?—'tis more easy to find fault than mend ;

In short, no sweet creatures lead such happy lives,
Or are half so well-manag'd, as bachelors' wives.

If I'd this man's fortune, or t'other man's wit,
Unnotic'd d'ye think I'd so quietly sit ?

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

No! my cash should do good, and my writings
should be,—

Ah! 'fait, Shakspeare himself should be nothing
to me.

Thus we all to mend merit of others are prone,
And how nobly we spend that that's none of our own;
Who the reins has not got, always furiously drives,
And thus none are manag'd like bachelors wives.

That battle that made such a devil of a rout,
Why don't you and I know they were all of them out?
Had this gen'ral advanc'd, and that troop come in
play,

'Twould have been, by my conscience, a glorious day:
Thus at home we best know how abroad matters
pass,—

Ah! give me a brave battle fought over the glass!
Threaten'd people live long, and the envied man
thrives,

Just as none are so manag'd as bachelors' wives.

What we have we don't want, because why that
we've got;

Your true style of enjoyment 's to have what you've
not:

What eats so delicious as fish not yet catch'd,
Or as fruit in the blossom, or chicken not hatch'd?
'Ten't the dinner to-day, 'tis the pleasure I borrow
While I think on the dinner I'm eating to-morrow;
What's the present, my soul, till the future arrives?
Arrah! give me for management bachelors' wives.

To do what we're able 's a thing so absurd,
Arrah! who'd walk on foot that could fly like a bird?
Don't we see ev'ry moment that lordly thing, man,
Do each nonsense in nature except what he can?
In short, our desires, look from Ireland to Rome,
Are the harvest that's growing, the cloth in the
loom,

The honey we've taken before we've bought hives;
And who'll after this rail at bachelors' wives?

THE CATERER.

I'M a cook for the public,—can suit ev'ry palate
With some sav'ry bonne-bouche, from the soup to
the salad;—

Are you partial to fish? I've for dunces cods' joles,
Carp and crabs for plain-dealers, for toppers good
soles.

I thought I'd some maids, but I made a mistake,—
I've a rich liq'rish old wife for any poor rake;
I've a plaice for a courtier, for jokers I've grigs;
I've gudgeons for quacks, and I've flounders for
Teagues,

Coming, coming!—you'll see that I've told you
no fable,—

This way, if you please, gemmen, dinner's on table.

I've some fine devil'd lawyers, some sinners dis-
guis'd,

Some patriots stew'd, and some gen'als surpris'd;

Then, if cayenne you love, and would wish some-
thing nice,

Lord, I'll roast you a nabob, dear sir, in a trice.
Then for fops, who to make themselves fools take
such pains,

I've a fine thick calf's head, with the tongue and
the brains;

I've mushrooms for upstarts, for Welshmen I've
leeks,

Ducks and drakes for stock-jobbers, and pigeons
for Greeks. Coming, coming, &c.

And then the dessert—I have all sorts of cakes;
I've islands of moonshine, in syllabub lakes;
I've a fig for ill-nature, I've raisins in gluts;
And then, for all those fond of secrets, I've nuts.
Such as through fashion's maze pass their lives in
a dream,

May sicken on trifles, and ice, and whipt-cream;
Vain coxcombs on flumm'ry may feast till they burst;
Then I've got, for your true snarling critic, a crust.
 Coming, coming, &c.

THE SPECTACLES.

You have heard of the man who such virtues pos-
sess'd,

That he wish'd a glass window were plac'd at his
breast,

To the world all his actions as plain to display
As the nose in your face, or the sun at noon-day.
So I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
And read in a trice people's hearts thro' their eyes;
While the catalogue large of their whims I run over,
And of life's motley crew the deceptions discover.
Though my questions are mal-apropos and uncouth,
I, in spite of their teeth, make their tongues to tell
truth.

When a flirting coquette, for fresh conquests agog,
One who loves and adores her treats worse than a
dog,

Gives him rivals she hates, appears vex'd when
she's glad,

For the dear harmless pleasure of making him mad,—
I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
Read her whimsical heart thro' her beautiful eyes:
'As you hope to be married, ma'am, quick an-
swer me;—

Do you hate this man?' 'Lord, what a creature!'
cries she:

'Must I, then, be sincere? Well, I love the sweet
youth

As dear as my life, sir; and now you've the truth.'

To follow up next the coquette with the prude,
Who pretends ev'ry man that regards her is rude;
Who can't abide flirts; rails at each am'rous elf;
Who flirts never, except in the corner, herself;
I put on my spectacles, look mighty wise,
Read her warm yielding heart through her cold
frigid eyes;

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

'Are you the man-hater, good ina'am, you pretend ?'
'And pray who gave you leave to school me, my good friend ?

D'ye expect I shall own that I've yet a colt's tooth ?
Well, I do love young fellows, and that is the truth.'

I could instance a thousand things, various and true,
Where one thing men say, and another thing do ;
Nay, I could dispel all my own anxious fear,
But there is no occasion for spectacles here ;
Nay, were I to wear them, to look e'er so wise,
I could then, but as now, read your hearts in your eyes ;

'Mister Dibdin,' says you, 'we're here on your behalf,

And, while your wit's harmless, and you make us laugh,

You may banish each fear from your mind, for, in sooth,

We shall willing applaud you, and that is the truth.'

LOVE'S LIKENESS.

THE Poet says that love's like fire,
Which kindly heat and joy imparts
For ev'ry purpose and desire
That warms and that expands our hearts :

But, trust this fire, where is the bound
That shall its devastation stay ?

Relentless ruin stalks around,
And horror marks its trackless way :
Thus both we dread, and both admire ;
Thus poets say that love's like fire.

The toper says that love's like wine,
And that its pow'r, 'bove human ken,
Can lift the soul, and so refine

Our joys, that gods might envy men :
But, from this elevation sunk,

The moment reason leaves the feast,
His godship finds a god, when drunk,
Is little better than a beast :

Thus both are beastly, both divine ;
Thus topers say that love's like wine.

Your sportsmen say, love's like the chase,
That leads us many a weary mile,

Through many a rude and dang'rous place,
O'er mound, and hedge, and ditch, and stile :

But when his pleasures with his toil
Are fairly counted, what's the gain ?

Fatigued and tir'd, he makes a coil,
And puts up game not worth the pain :

Thus love's without a goal a race ;
Thus sportsmen say, love's like the chase.

True lovers say, love's like the devil,
Who turns a hundred devious ways,
With saint-like face, and heart of evil,
And smiles the most when he betrays :
Does not the devil take ev'ry hue,
And in all forms and fashions move ?

Is not he black, and white, and blue,
And hot, and cold ?—and so is love :
And thus to love are lovers civil,
As Indians court from fear the devil.

Let carping idiots still condemn,
Where reason bids them most rejoice ;
For if they err, the fault's in them,
And in the objects of their choice :

The lover that shall all excel,
Let him but choose a faithless fair,
His love shall prove a very hell,—

No Lethe to relieve his care :

Let him of reason take advice,
And love shall be a paradise.

LIFE'S HARKAWAY.

LIFE's a general chase, and the world is the field,
Where friends friends hunt, and brothers hunt brothers ;

Where to-day, fairly hunted, to us others yield,
And to-morrow we're hunted by others :

Through calling, profession, and trade, to get rich,
All wrangle, and squabble, and scramble ;

Through wood, dale, and bottom, o'er hedge, stile, and ditch,

Through bush, and through brier, and through bramble :

Then come round me, all hunters—in Life's hark-away,

We have portions of pleasure and sorrow ;
And the man after game that's a hunter to-day
May be game for some hunter to-morrow.

The poor poet, of virtue who'd fain be the friend,
Cries the age is corrupt, and he'll show it ;
But while hunting his brains the world's manners to mend,

Pale poverty hunts the poor poet :
While hunting in battle for glory and fame,
Grim death hunts the soldier and sailor ;
And the heir out of cash, who can start no more game,

Is at last hunted down by his tailor :
Then come round me, &c.

Country'squires dash away, nor their noddles concern

'Bout the world, or its jostlings and crosses ;
Till, at length, to die bottom, Actæons they turn,
Eaten up by their dogs and their horses :

Indiscriminate pleasures who chases in view,
Will to pleasure in time fall a martyr ;
And the bold fortune-hunter, who ran down a shrew,
Will find he was caught by a Tartar :

Then come round me, &c.

The hunk, who hunts riches, is hunted by care ;
Those who joy hunt are hunted by trouble ;
The chymist hunts gold, through fire, water, and air,
And is run down at last by a bubble :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Folly hunts the sour misanthrope close at the heels,
In the moment of folly he's scoffing;
And e'en the death-hunter, in coffins who deals,
Is at last hunted into a coffin.

Then come round me, &c.

Virtuosos hunt butterflies, courtiers levees;
Patriots hunt for the good of the nation;
Hungry gluttons hunt turtle, physicians hunt fees,
And are chas'd, in return, by vexation:
A reciprocal chase are mankind and their joys,
And this maxim obtains the world over;
Then with reason in view, let's hunt pleasure, my
boys,

Till by time we are hunted to cover:

Then come round me, &c.

PERFECTION.

A BARD in yonder corner see:
There's something in this man, says he,—
'Tis true, he cannot write like me,
His wit won't bear inspection,—
'To hit the foolish times was right,
When men neglected genius slight,—
My play, for instance, damn'd first night,—
The manners want correction!

[Certainly they do; and, therefore, so far this man's attempt is meritorious, to be sure. If I had handled the subject, it would have been done in a different sort of a manner; but his bungling wit only proves that his own position is truth—]

For when he takes such foolish fits,
To rail and scoff at would-be wits,
He proves, as hard himself he hits,
That he's not all perfection.

An alderman, 'gainst fools in rage,
Cries, 'Lord, he's right to lash the age;
Old Shakspeare said the world's a stage,—
He merits our protection.'

I lik'd to hear him laugh at fops,
And waists cut short, and flirts, and crops,
Intrigues in churches and at hops,
And Fashion's strange collection:

[And then how I did laugh about the fellows giving a dinner with nothing to eat, ha! ha! ha!—and then he passed a compliment on the City. He ought to be encouraged.]

But when he rails at hoarded pelf,
And turtle-feasts—the stupid elf!
He's wrong: but then he owns, himself,
We can't be all perfection.

Miss Twinkle cries to sister Tab,
'I'm pleas'd he's giv'n you prudes a dab;
But of coquetish airs to blab,
'Twas done without reflection.'
'Well, now,' cries Tab, 'then I protest,
I likes about coquettes the best;
But when of prudes he makes a jest,
The man deserves correction.'

['Well then, now, fait and troth!' said an Irishman, 'tis all mighty well with his mixture, and his hope, his good rascal, his honest flatterer, and the rest of it. Oh! it is all fair game.']

But when he talks, the sland'rous rogue,
That cards and dice are all the vogue,
Fait! tis too much upon the brogue,—
But no one's all perfection.

The will, then, taken for the deed,
I fancy in each face I read
I shall, as heretofore, succeed,
And without much objection.
When I was in the scribbling fit,
Had with my zeal kept pace my wit,
E'en Shakspeare's self had nothing writ
More worthy of protection.

[Nay, big with emulation to merit your applause, had my ability kept pace with my inclination, I should have given my own thesis the lie, and produced a perfect entertainment—]

But ardent wishes will not do:
I, therefore, must rely on you;
And should some little praise be due,
Pass by each imperfection.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL AND RETURN.

THOUGH hard the valiant soldier's life,

They some sweet moments know;
Joy ne'er was yet unmix'd with strife,
Nor happiness with woe.

'Tis hard, when friend, when children, wife,
Reluctant from him part;
While fancy paints the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,

And the loud volley o'er his grave,
The solemn requiem to the brave!

All this he hears,
Yet calms their fears
With smiles, while horror's in his heart:
But when the smiling hour shall come,

To bring him home at last,
How sweet his constant wife to greet!
His children! friends!

And in their circling arms to find amends
For all his sufferings past.

'Tis hard, when, desolation spread,
Death whirls the rapid car,
And those invaded hear and dread
The thunder of the war:
Ah! then, indeed, friend, children, wife,
Have you true cause to fear,—

Too soon, alas! the muffled drum,
The mournful fife,

And the loud volley o'er the grave,
Shall sound sad requiems to the brave,
While those alive,
Faint joy revive,

And blend hope's smile with pity's tear:
But when the smiling hour, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL AND RETURN.

AFFETUOSO.



Though hard the va - liant sol - dier's life, They some sweet mo - ments

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "Though hard the va - liant sol - dier's life, They some sweet mo - ments".

know; Joy ne'er was yet un - mix'd with strife— Joy ne'er was yet un-

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "know; Joy ne'er was yet un - mix'd with strife— Joy ne'er was yet un-".

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL AND RETURN.

mix'd with strife, Nor hap - pi - ness with woe— nor hap - pi -

ness with woe. 'Tis hard, when friend, when chil-dren, wife, Re-

p *cres*

luc - tant from him part; While fan - cy paints the muf - fled drum, The

f *p* *ppp*

mourn - ful life, And the loud vol - ley o'er his grave, The so - lemn

f

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL AND RETURN.

re-qui-em to the brave! All this he hears, - - Yet

mf

This system contains the first three staves of music. The vocal line is on a single treble staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

calms their fears With smiles, while hor - - - - -ror's

dolce *f*

This system contains the next three staves of music. The piano accompaniment features a *dolce* (sweet) section followed by a *f* (forte) section.

in his heart: But when the smi - ling hour shall come, To

vive

This system contains the next three staves of music. The piano accompaniment features a *vive* (vivacious) section.

bring him home at last, How sweet his con-stant wife to greet! His

p

This system contains the final three staves of music on this page. The piano accompaniment features a *p* (piano) section.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL AND RETURN.

chil-dren! friends! And in their cir - cling arms to find a - mends For all his

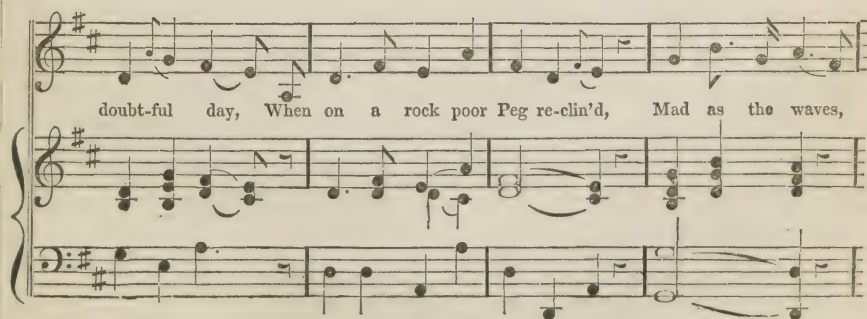
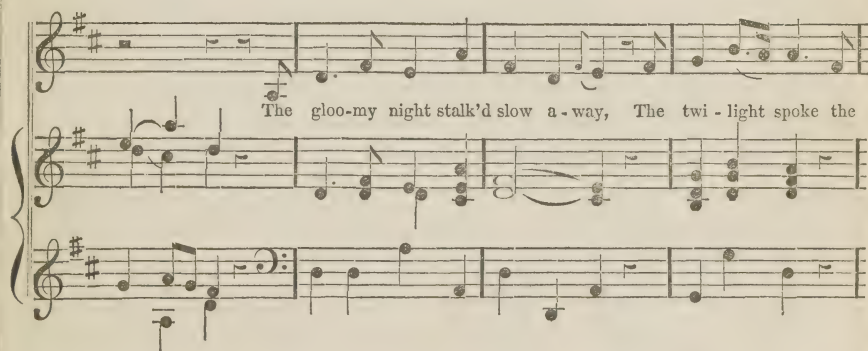
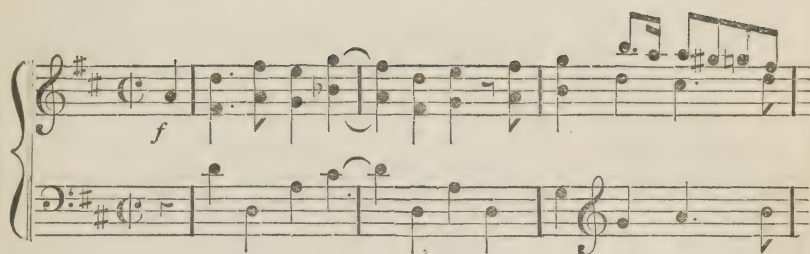
cres *f*

suf - f'rings past.

'Tis hard, when, desolation spread,
 Death whirls the rapid car,
 And those invaded hear and dread
 The thunder of the war:
 Ah! then, indeed, friend, children, wife,
 Have you true cause to fear,—
 Too soon, alas! the muffled drum,
 The mournful fife,
 And the loud volley o'er the grave,
 Shall sound sad requiems to the brave,
 While those alive,
 Faint joy revive,
 And blend hope's smile with pity's tear:
 But when the smiling hour, &c.

MAD PEG.

ANDANTINO.



MAD PEG.

wild as the wind. 'Give me my love!' she fran - tic scream'd; I

The first system of music for 'MAD PEG.' consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'wild as the wind. 'Give me my love!' she fran - tic scream'd; I' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) and a key signature of one sharp. It features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

saw his ghost as by it gleam'd,— I saw his ghost as

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'saw his ghost as by it gleam'd,— I saw his ghost as' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a grand staff and a key signature of one sharp, maintaining the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

by it gleam'd;—I'll dive, I'll search the bri - ny gloom, And

The third system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'by it gleam'd;—I'll dive, I'll search the bri - ny gloom, And' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a grand staff and a key signature of one sharp, maintaining the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

snatch him from his co-ral tomb— and snatch him from

The fourth system of music concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics 'snatch him from his co-ral tomb— and snatch him from' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a grand staff and a key signature of one sharp, maintaining the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

MAD PEG.

his co - - ral tomb: Ah! let me, Fate, his

re - lies save,— True lov - ers should find out one grave,—

one - - - grave, True lov - ers should find out one grave.'

A musical score for a piano piece. The score is written on two staves. The upper staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music consists of a series of notes and rests, ending with a double bar line. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some beamed eighth notes in the upper staff. The lower staff has a few longer notes, including a half note and a whole note. The overall style is simple and melodic.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

MAD PEG.

THE gloomy night stalk'd slow away,
The twilight spoke the doubtful day,
When on a rock poor Peg reclin'd,
Mad as the waves, wild as the wind.
'Give me my love!' she frantic scream'd;
'I saw his ghost as by it gleam'd;—
I'll dive, I'll search the briny gloom,
And snatch him from his coral tomb:
Ah! let me, Fate, his relics save,—
True lovers should find out one grave.'

And now the tempest dims the sky,—
How many ways poor sailors die!
See, see! the stagg'ring vessel splits!
She's lost, like Peg's poor shipwreck'd wits:
No, 'twas in battle that he died;
Would no pow'r turn the ball aside?
I saw it as it rent his heart;
I heard him cry—'And must we part?
For Peggy, ah! these relics save,—
True lovers should find out one grave.'

Where on the deep the cavern yawn'd,
Now, as the purple morning dawn'd,
The surge, in breakers loud and hoarse,
Her love cast up a lifeless corse:
She raves! she screams! her hands she wrings!
The shock returning reason brings;
Reason returns, alas! too late,—
She clasps her love, and yields to fate!
Their mourning friends their relics save,
And these true lovers find one grave.

FASHION'S FOOLS.

THE world still judges by the mien;
For habit holds the yellow glass,
And, through that jaundic'd medium seen,
Shall Wisdom's self for Folly pass.
'Tis not because yon vapid smart
Strays, carelessly, from Reason's rules,
That he hates reason, has no heart;—
'Tis that he's one of Fashion's fools.

The toper, o'er the bowl, his joke
Who vents against his dearest friends,
Next morn would fain the bowl were broke,
And he'd been dumb, to make amends:
For honour well his heart can touch;
He well knows golden Friendship's rules;
His fault is that he drinks too much,—
And thus he's one of Fashion's fools.

The bouncer swears that brown is blue,
And moulds at will dame Nature's law;
And talks of joys he never knew,
And fancies charms he never saw:
'Tis not that he would fain renounce
Fair Truth, and all her sacred rules;
But 'tis that it's genteel to bounce,—
And thus he's one of Fashion's fools.

If merit pine away, forgot,
If rakes at sacred honour sneer,
If wedlock prove no Gordian knot,
And lovers dread to be severe:
'Tis not that men so much delight
To deviate from Honour's rules;
But that it's vulgar to be right,—
And thus they all are Fashion's fools.

Say, what conclusion's to be drawn?
Are we to fancy or to feel,
To live awake or in a yawn,
To be consistent or genteel?
Soon the election may be made—
Let's square our lives by Reason's rules;
So far be Fashion's modes obey'd,
But let us not be Fashion's fools.

THE CRIER.

O yes! O yes! O yes!

Lost, or mislaid,
Or stolen, or stray'd,

The character, the decency, the duty of a youth,
Who was fam'd, till this sad accident, for probity
and truth;

Who assuag'd his parents' sorrows, alleviated their
cares,

And who, with spotless honour, regulated their
affairs:

[This young man, as he came out of his father's
banker's, was beckoned by a lady in a hackney-
coach.—He drove to a jeweller's, where he bought
a diamond necklace. He dined with a roaring
party at a tavern; and, in the evening, was heard
to talk very loud at the Opera. He was next
introduced to a house, not a hundred miles from
St. James's, where it is supposed he could get no
supper, for he was seen at three o'clock in the
morning voraciously to swallow dice and eat cards.]

Who to his wretched parents this misguided youth
will bring,

Besides the satisfaction
Of doing a good action,

Shall receive a sum far more than Indian mines
could e'er afford;—

They shall see the peace and comfort of a family
restor'd—

God save the King!

O yes! O yes! O yes!

Lost, or mislaid,
Or stolen, or stray'd,

The tears of a widow, young, wealthy, and fair,
Who nurs'd a rich old husband half a year with
tender care,

Who lov'd him not for either her convenience or
his pelf;

All which is very true, for she told him so herself.

[This unfortunate young lady was seen, about
three hours after her husband's death, to go to the

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Commons to prove his will, where meeting with a very handsome young proctor, it is supposed the fire of his glances absorbed and dried up the tears of this disconsolate widow; for she has never been seen to cry since but once, and then she was detected with an onion in her pocket-handkerchief.]

Who to this wretched mourner these same precious drops will bring,

Besides the satisfaction

Of doing a good action,

Shall receive a gracious smile, which is all that can be proffer'd,

For they'll be cried no more, nor no greater reward offer'd—

God save the King!

O yes! O yes! O yes!

Lost, or mislaid,

Or stolen, or stray'd,

The knife and fork of an alderman, a counsellor's wig,

The dice-box of a Grecian, a parson's tithe-pig,

The fan of a beauty, her false tooth also,

And a hair-powder license belonging to a beau.

[As these poor sufferers are ruined and deprived of their livelihood by the loss of these respective articles, they being their working-tools, the charitable and humane are humbly requested to take into consideration their forlorn condition.]

And, whoever to these poor people these articles will bring,

Besides the satisfaction

Of doing a good action,

Many thanks shall be given to the charitable donors, .

For they're of very little use to anybody but the owners—

God save the King!

From Christmas Gambols.

JACKY AND THE COW.

THERE were Farmer Thrasher, and he had a cow,
And Gammer were very fond on 'un;
And they'd a son Jacky that made a fine bow,
So they sent 'un a prentice to Lonnon.

Jacky's master a barber and hair-dresser were,
Than some 'squires, 'cod! he thought himself
bigger;

In day through the town he would dress and
cut hair,

And, dress'd out at night—cut a figure.

To ape Jacky's master were all his delight,

The soap-suds and razor both scorning;

He's been tookt by the nose by the same fop at
night,

That he tookt by the nose in the morning.

Now to see the cow moan would have made a cat
laugh,—

Her milk were his food late and early;
And even if Jacky had been her own calf,
She could not ha' lov'd 'un more dearly.

She moan'd, and she groan'd, nor knew what she
did ail,

To heart so she took this disaster;

At last, roaming about, some rogues cut off her tail,
And then sent her back to her master.

'Here 's the kiaw come home, Gammer; come bring
out the pail,—

Poor creature, I'ze glad we have found her:'

Cried Dame, 'Ten't our kiaw,—she's got never a
tail;

Here, Roger, goo take her and pound her.'

'Tis our kiaw, but you zee she's been maim'd by
some brute.

Why, dame, tho'rt a vool—give me patience!'

So to squabbling they went; when, to end the
dispute,

Came home Jacky to see his relations.

His spencer he sported, his hat round he twirl'd

As whistling a tune he came bolt-in,

All bedock'd and belopp'd,—zounds! he look'd
all the world

Like trimm'd bantams, or magpies a moulting.

'Oh dear! 'tis our Jacky; come bring out the ale!'
So Gammer fell skipping around un:

'Our Jacky! why, dam't, he's got never a tail—
Here, Roger, goo take un and pound un.'

'Tis the kick, I say, old one, so I brought it down,
Wore by jemmies so neat and so spunky.'

'Ah, Jacky! thou went'st up a puppy to town,
And now thee be'st come back a monkey.'

Gammer storm'd, Gaffer swore, Jacky whistled
and now

'Twas agreed, without any more passion,

To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow.
Because they were both in the fashion.

ENGLAND'S TREE OF LIBERTY.

WHEN Freedom knew not where to rove.

From conquer'd Greece and groaning Rome
At random driv'n, like Noah's dove,

Without a shelter or a home,

Th' expanded world she view'd, where oest
She might repose her weary foot;

Saw this our isle, set up her rest,

And bade the spreading oak take root;

Bade it adorn the land, and be

Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Thus spoke the goddess—This fair tree,

The tow'ring forest's kingly boast,—

Let my behests kept sacred be,—

This tree shall guard your sea-girt coast:

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Freedom's behests are these—To know
No faction, no cabal, no cause,
From whose pestif'rous breath may grow
Aught 'gainst the monarch, or the laws;
Keep sacred these, the oak shall be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Its friendly arms, that, on their way,
Those succour who its aid implore,
A faithful portrait shall display
Of England's hospitable shore:
Of England's courage this fair tree,
A great example to impart,
To succour law and liberty,
Shall make a rampart of its heart:
Hail, sacred oak! then; deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

Then catch th' enthusiastic strain;
Hail Freedom's tree in fervent hymns,
That freely, on the awful main,
Launches in Britain's cause its limbs
That mighty walls and bulwarks forms,
Whence England's thunder shall be hurl'd;
And, spite of battles and of storms,
That bears our commerce through the world:
Hail, Freedom's shrine! still deign to be
Fair England's Tree of Liberty.

LOVE AT FIFTY.

WHEN I told you your cheeks wore the blush of
the rose,
That the spring was the type of your youth,
That no lily a tint like your neck could disclose,
I made love in the language of truth:
Yet the loveliest rose, once the summer away,
Of its bloom leaves no vestige behind;
But your bloom, when the summer of life shall
decay,
Fresh as ever shall glow in your mind.

See the bee, as from flower to flower he roves,
The sweets of the garden explore,
And, in winter to feast on the banquet he loves,
Lay in his industrious store:
So all your employment, through life's busy day,
Is the sweets drawn from goodness to find;
Reason's feast to supply, and cheat winter away,
From that source of perfection, your mind.

And thus, as the seasons of life pass away,
We enjoy ev'ry various scene;
The spring all expanding, the summer all gay,
The autumn all mild and serene:
You are yet in your summer; but, when on your
head,
While from all admiration you find,
Silver winter its honours shall sacredly shed,
Still summer shall bloom in your mind.

THE PEDLAR.

COME here, come here, my pretty dear,
Leave bus'ness, care, and labour;
Christmas comes but once a year,—
Come, lads and lasses, come, and hear
My merry pipe and tabor:
I sell all sorts of curious wares,
Tapes, garters, ribands, laces;
That give the form enchanting airs,
And set off pretty faces.
And then I've philters, drugs, and charms,
That, when the nymph's deserted,
Shall lure the shepherd to her arms,
And make him tender-hearted.
Come here, come here, &c.

This wonderful love-powder see:
Though ever so hard-featur'd,
To a Venus that converts each she,
By making her good-natur'd:
This eye-water can pow'r dispense
To cure each jealous blindness,
And turn, by gen'rous confidence,
All jarring strife to kindness.
Come here, come here, &c.

When clouds shall wedlock's sky deface,
And dim that brilliant heaven,
Upon your lips this padlock place,
By wary prudence given:
But when, from storms and tempests free,
Th' horizon looks propitious,
From kindness' hand take pleasure's key,
And open scenes delicious.
Come here, come here, &c.

THE MARGATE HOY.

STANDING one summer's day on the Tower Slip,
Careless how I my time should employ,
It popp'd in my head that I'd take a trip
Aboard of a Margate hoy:
I took a few slops, such as shirts and a coat,
For of prog I knew well they'd be stor'd;
Then I hail'd a pair of oars, shov'd off my boat,
And away I dash'd aboard.
['Ah, my dear Commodore! who thought of
seeing you?' 'What, Mrs. Garbage! How is the
Alderman?' 'There is my husband, sir.' 'Pon
my word; and Dicky, I declare.' 'Give me
leave, Commodore, to introduce you to my friends:
Mr. Shadrack, Commodore Kelson—Commodore
Kelson, Mr. Shadrack.' 'Very much at your
sharvice, sir.' 'Miss Minnikin, Commodore
Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Miss Minnikin.'
'Very happy to have the pleasure of knowing you,
sir.' 'Dr. Quibus, Commodore Kelson—Commo-
dore Kelson, Dr. Quibus; Captain Squash, Com-
modore Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Captain
Squash; Sir Phelim O'Drogheda, Commodore

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Kelson—Commodore Kelson, Sir Phelim O'Drog-heda.'—Hollo there! Cast off the painter.—Sit still, ladies and gentlemen.']

So off we went with a flowing jib,
Full of merriment and joy,
The Alderman munching, and prattling his rib.
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate hoy.

Then such glee and good humour, our joy to prolong,
Pervaded us fore and aft;
Some were telling a story, some whistling a song,
As we turn'd in and out 'mongst the craft:
Then we'd talk of our danger, and then we were gay,
Then how we'd astonish the folks
When at Margate arriv'd; then cut out of our way,
To laugh at the watermen's jokes.

['Ho! the ship ahoy!' 'Ay, ay!' 'Pray, have you one Wiseman aboard?' 'No, no.' 'Then you are all fools, heh? 'Ha, ha, ha!' went Miss Minnikin. 'Dat is very coot chokes,' said the Jew. 'Why, I say, Moses,' said the man that was affronted, 'are you a bull or a bear? damme, I thinks you look more like a monkey. And you, Miss Dolly Drylips, take a reef in your periwig, and clap a stopper on your muzzle; clue up the plaits in your jaw-bags, and give your tongue leave of absence. About ship—helm's alee—here she comes.']

So we made t'other tack, and lay gunnel-to,
Which soon gave a damp to our joy;
Miss Minnikin squall'd—'Mine Cot!' cried the Jew.
Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
On board of a Margate hoy.

The company's merriment now out of joint,
And their tattlers not moving so quick,
Scarce right a-head did we twig Cuckold's Point,
But the Alderman 'gan to be sick:
Then we'd like to fall foul of an oyster-smack,
The wind freshing towards the Nore;
Then, stretching too far on the larboard tack,
By and by we came bump ashore.

['Ah, we shall all be cast away! My poor dear pattern cap.' 'Cash'd away! What shall I do to be shaved?' 'Why, faith!' said I, 'I fancy we shall have a touch of the salt water before we get to Margate.' 'Yes, sir,' said the Doctor; 'not that I have any quarrel with death; but I am afraid we shall take in too large a dose.' 'How do you do, Sir Phelim?' 'Arrah! I should be well enough if I was not so cursedly sick.' She rights, she rights!]

Next a gale coming on, we did precious klick,
Which finish'd completely our joy!
'Twas, 'Madam, how d'ye do?'—'Oh! I am mounstrously sick.'

Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate hoy.

And now 'twould have made a philosopher grin,
To have seen such a concourse of muns;
Sick as death, wet as muck, from the heel to the chin,
For it came on to blow great guns;
Spoil'd clothes and provisions now clogg'd up the way,

In a dreary and boisterous night;
While apparently dead ev'ry passenger lay
With the sickness, but more with the fright.
['Oh, oh! I wish I was at home in my bed!' 'Oh, that I was a hundred miles off!' 'Masby upon my shins.' 'Oh, oh! will nobody throw me overboard!' 'Avast, there.' 'Ah, my poor dear pattern cap's blown into the pond!' 'Oh, my soul! what a devil of a sickness!' 'Arrah, stop the ship!—let me out!' 'Sir, would you be so kind as to be after handing me a caudle-cup?' 'Land! land! upon the starboard bow.'

At last, after turning on two or three tacks,
Margate lights soon restor'd all our joy;
The men found their stomachs, the women their clacks.

Sing who so blithe as we,
Who take a voyage to sea,
Aboard of a Margate Hoy.

NED THAT DIED AT SEA.

Give ear to me, both high and low;
And while you mourn hard Fate's decree,
Lament a tale, right full of woe.
Of comely Ned that died at sea.

His father was a commodore;
His King and country serv'd had he;
But now his tears in torrents pour,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother lov'd,
For a right tender heart had she;
And often to strong grief was mov'd,
For comely Ned that died at sea.
His sweetheart, Grace, once blithe and gay,
That led the dance upon the lea,
Now wastes in tears the ling'ring day,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His friends, who lov'd his manly worth,—
For none more friends could boast than he,—
To mourn now lay aside their mirth,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

Come, then, and join, with friendly tear,
The song that, 'midst of all our glee,
We from our hearts chaunt once a year,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

JACKY AND THE COW.

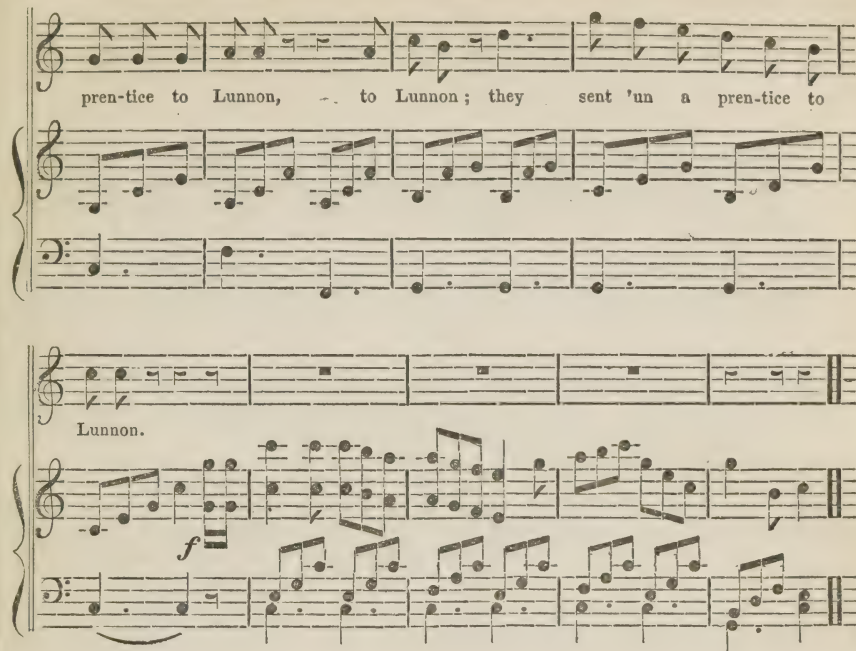
LIVELY.

There were

Far - mer Thrasher, and he had a cow, And Gam-mer were ve - ry fond on 'un;

And they'd a son Jack - y that made a fine bow, And they sent un a

JACKY AND THE COW.



Jacky's master a barber and hair-dresser were,
Than some 'squires, 'cod! he thought himself
bigger; [cut hair,
In the day through the town he would dress and
And, dress'd out at night—cut a figure.

To ape Jacky's master were all his delight,
The soap-suds and razor both scorning;
He's been tookt by the nose by the same fop at
night,
That he tookt by the nose in the morning.

Now to see the cow moan would have made a cat
laugh,—

Her milk were his food late and early;
And even if Jacky had been her own calf,
She could not ha' lov'd 'un more dearly.

She moan'd, and she groan'd, nor knew what she
To heart so she took this disaster; [did ail,
At last, roaming about, some rogues cut off hertail,
And then sent her back to her master.

'Here's the kiaw come home, Gammer; come
bring out the pail,—

Poor creature, I'ze glad we have found her:'
Cried Dame, 'Ten't our kiaw,—she's got never a
tail;

Here, Roger, goo take her and pound her.'

'Tis our kiaw, but you zee she's been maim'd by
some brute.

Why, dame, tho'rt a vool—give me patience!'
So to squabbling they went; when, to end the
dispute,

Came home Jacky to see his relations.

His spencer he sported, his hat round he twirl'd,
As whistling a tune he came bolt-in,
All bedock'd and belopp'd,—zounds! he look'd
all the world

Like trimm'd bantums, or magpies a moulting.

'Oh dear! 'tis our Jacky; come bring out the ale!'
So Gammer fell skipping around un:
'Our Jacky! why, dam't, he's got never a tail—
Here, Roger, goo take un and pound un.'

'Tis the kick, I say, old one, so I brought it down,
Wore by jemmies so neat and so spunky.'

'Ah, Jacky! thou went'st up a puppy to town,
And now thee be'st come back a monkey.'

Gammer storm'd, Gaffer swore, Jacky whistled;
and now

'Twas agreed, without any more passion,
To take Jacky in favour as well as the cow,
Because they were both in the fashion.

LOVE AT FIFTY.

ANDANTINO.

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time, and consists of two staves. The melody begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff starts with a piano (p) dynamic and ends with a forte (f) dynamic. The second staff continues the melody. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

When I told you your cheeks wore the blush of the rose, That the spring was the type of your

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics are: "When I told you your cheeks wore the blush of the rose, That the spring was the type of your". The music is in G major and 6/8 time.

youth, That no li - ly a tint like your neck could dis - close, I made

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "youth, That no li - ly a tint like your neck could dis - close, I made". The music remains in G major and 6/8 time.

love in the lan - guage of truth. But the love - li - est rose, once the

The third system concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "love in the lan - guage of truth. But the love - li - est rose, once the". The music remains in G major and 6/8 time.

LOVE AT FIFTY.

sum-mer a - way, of its bloom leaves no ves - tige be - hind, - of its

bloom leaves no ves - tige he - hind; But your bloom, when the sum-mer of

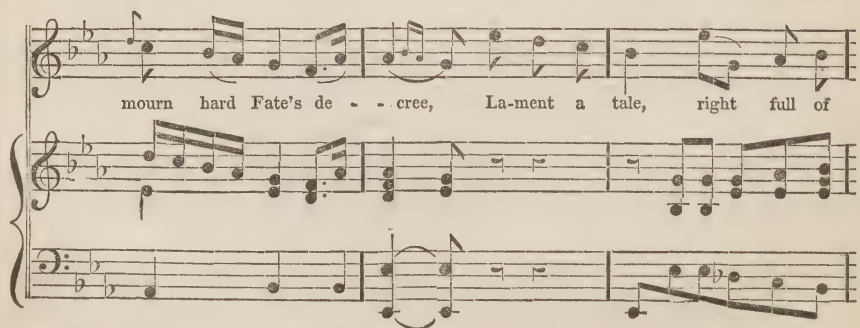
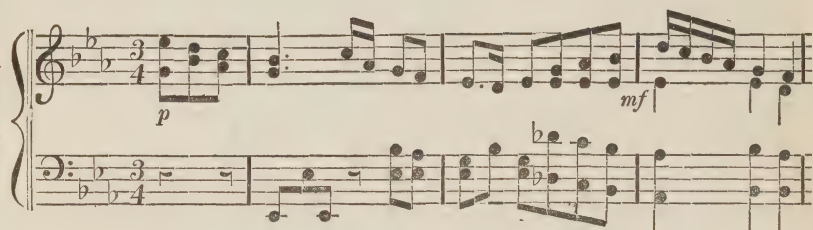
life shall de - cay, Fresh as ev - er shall glow in the mind - - Fresh as

ev - er shall glow in the mind.

[For the remainder of Verses see page 192.]

NED THAT DIED AT SEA.

ANDANTINO.



NED THAT DIED AT SEA.

woe, Of come-ly Ned that died at sea— Of come-ly

Ned that died at sea.

His father was a commodore;
 His King and country serv'd had he;
 But now his tears in torrents pour,
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother lov'd,
 For a right tender heart had she;
 And often to strong grief was mov'd,
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sweetheart, Grace, once blithe and gay,
 That led the dance upon the lea,
 Now wastes in tears the ling'ring day,
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

His friends, who lov'd his manly worth,—
 For none more friends could boast than he,—
 To mourn now lay aside their mirth,
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

Come, then, and join, with friendly tear,
 The song that, 'midst of all our glee,
 We from our hearts chaunt once a year,
 For comely Ned that died at sea.

KICKARABOO.

ALLEGRO.

Poor ne - gro say one ting you

no take of-fence, Black and white be one co - lour a hun-dred years hence; For

when mas-sa Death kick him in - to the grave, He no spare ne-gro, Buck - ra, nor

KICKARABOO.

mas - sa, nor slave. Then dance, and then sing, and the ban-ger thrum thrum, He

The first system of the musical score for 'Kickaraboo'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics 'mas - sa, nor slave. Then dance, and then sing, and the ban-ger thrum thrum, He' are written below the vocal line. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of four measures.

fool - ish to tink what to - mor-row may come,—He fool - ish to tink what to-

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'fool - ish to tink what to - mor-row may come,—He fool - ish to tink what to-'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. This system also consists of four measures.

mor-row may come; Li-ly laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,—Time e-

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'mor-row may come; Li-ly laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,—Time e-'. The piano accompaniment continues. This system consists of four measures.

nough to be sad when you kick - ar - a - boo, kick - ar - a - boo,

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'nough to be sad when you kick - ar - a - boo, kick - ar - a - boo,'. The piano accompaniment concludes with the same rhythmic pattern. This system consists of four measures.

KICKARABOO.

kick - ar - a - boo,— Time e - nough to be sad when you

kick - ar - a - boo.

One massa, one slave, high and low, all degrees,
 Can be happy, dance, sing, make all pleasure him please ;
 One slave be one massa, he good, honest, brave ;
 One massa, bad, wicked, he worse than one slave :
 If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well ;
 If bad, he plague vex you, worse and a hell :
 Let your heart make you merry, then, honest and true,
 And you no care no farthing for Kickaraboo.

One game me see massa him play, him call chess,
 King, queen, bishop, knight, castle, all in a mess ;
 King kill knight, queen bishop, men castle throw down,
 Like card-soldiers him scatter, all lie on a ground.
 And when the game over, king, bishop, tag, rag,
 Queen, knight, all together him go in a bag :—
 So in life's game at chess, when no more we can do,
 Massa Death bring one bag, and we Kickaraboo.

Then be good, what you am, neber mind de degree ;
 Lily flow'r good for somewhat as well as great tree :
 You one slave be no use to be sulky and sly ;
 Worky, worky, perhaps you one massa by'm by.
 Savee good and be poor make you act better part,
 Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart ;
 Though ever so low, do your duty for true,
 All your friend drop one tear when you Kickaraboo.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE LADS OF THE GLEN.

My grandfather's grandfather, valiant and stout,
A Briton, ere lux'ry imported the gout, [rocks,
In the field, in the ball-room, or scamp'ring o'er
Could give chase to the foe, or the fair, or the fox :
A band of choice friends, at the sound of his horn,
Sallied forth, blithe and buxom, to hail the fair morn ;
All lusty, and noble, and true and tried men,
And call'd, for distinction, the Lads of the Glen.

Shall I tell you their names? There was bold
Alfred Howe, [cow ;

Sprung from Guy Earl of Warwick, who hunted a
And then, on his courser, came valiant Sir Hugh,
Born from that London 'prentice two lions that slew:
Next that there devil, Hengist, with target and
gorge, [George ;

Worn, his ancestors write, by the mighty St.
Then Owen ap Rice, who again and again
Had been in at the death with the Lads of the Glen.

Next Percy came on, born of that noble race
Who accomplish'd such wonders at fam'd Chevy
Chase ;

Then Orson, the jolly, a bold daring elf,
Sprung from Arthur—nay, some say, from Nimrod
himself ; [good,

Edwin, Glanville, and Huntingdon, sound men and
The last the great-grandson of bold Robin Hood :
To these add my ancestor, making just ten,
And you'll get the whole list of the Lads of the Glen.

'Tis writ in fair characters, now, in the hall,
What a chase they were led the sly fox to intrall
He ran 'em at length, and then hard at a push,
And now they're miles from him, and now at his
brush :

Till the dogs are so weary, that, panting for breath,
They o'ertake him, but cannot accomplish his death.
Britons spare prostrate foes,—so they loos'd him
again,

To afford future sport for the Lads of the Glen.

Thus, rational pleasure was all their delight :
They'd hunt in the morning, and revel at night ;
Fair truth and pure honour dwelt proud in each
And kind hospitality set up her rest ; [breast,
And from their gay board never yet was the day
When the poor and the hungry went empty away.
Britons all have true hearts ; yet 'tis hard to say
when

We shall e'er see the like of the Lads of the Glen.

Then charge high your bumpers,—in chorus loud
sing ; [King ;

Like true subjects, let's all drink a health to the
He's a sportsman himself, and long, long may the
chase

Give him health to behold his illustrious race :
And would ye, ye Britons, your honour insure,
As firm as your courage, your rectitude pure,
His virtues but emulate ; soon shall, again,
Return the good times of the Lads of the Glen.

LEAP-YEAR.

COME round me, ye lasses, and lend me an ear,—
The almanack says, ninety-six is leap-year.

'Leap-year,' cries our Margery, 'well, numskull,
what then ?'

'Why, wounds, don't the women go courting the men?
And they'll make the best o'nt, and not stand hum
drum,

For they won't get another for eight years to come.
Come, ladies, a truce to each maidenish fear,—
Kiss the fellows, and wish them a happy new year.'

See the sly little toads, how they ogle and grin,—
'That's right, squeeze his hand, chuck un under
the chin ;'

See that shrimp with that giant there prattle and
toy—

'You're a dev'lish fine fellow—nay, don't be so coy :'
Then she smirks, and she pats him, and so this the
trade is ;

'Cod, these leap-years be nice times for the ladies.
That's right—how they snigger, and simper, and
leer !

Kiss 'em up, girls, and wish 'em a happy new year.

Then as there's no Jack but he finds out his Jill,
Who knows, heh ! but I may of love get my fill.
Let 'em come—who's afraid I wounds, as stout as
they be,

I should like for to catch them a courting of me.
She that chooses me out as a person of taste,
I can tell her, will find me not very sham'd-fac'd,—
'What dost tell me?' says I,—'that thou lov'st me,
my dear ?'

Ge's a buss, then, and wish me a happy new year.'

But, wounds ! while I jokes so in this merry fit,
I maunt let my tongue, d'ye see, run 'fore my wit ;
For, howe'er one may laugh 'bout the girls and be
free,

They have more sense by half in these matters
than we.

Give a woman her way, and I'll wager upon her,
She leaves fopp'ry and nonsense, to choose truth
and honour ;

And he may well brag, and his head high up rear,
Whom she kisses, and wishes a happy new year.

Then as each British beauty be constant and loyal ;
So much do they dote on his Majesty royal,
That now they got leave for to do what they please,
'Cod ! if 'twere not for shame, they'd all kiss un to
pieces.

So, as loyalty, truth, and each generous duty,
Be learnt to we men-folks by sweetness and beauty,
Let us not be out-done in our own proper sphere,
But let love merit love, and each year be leap-year.

KICKARABOO.

Poor negro say one ting—you no take offence,
Black and white be one colour a hundred years hence ;
For when massa Death kick him into the grave,
He no spare negro, buckra, nor massa, nor slave.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Then dance, and then sing, and the banjer thrum thrum,

He foolish to tink what to-morrow may come ;
Lily laugh and be fat, de best ting you can do,—
Time enough to be sad when you Kickaraboo.

One massa, one slave, high and low, all degrees,
Can be happy, dance, sing, make all pleasure him
please ;

One slave be one massa, he good, honest, brave ;
One massa, bad, wicked, be worse than one slave :
If your heart tell you good, you all happy, all well ;
If bad, he plague vex you, worse and a hell :

Let your heart make you merry, then, honest and
true,

And you no care no farthing for Kickaraboo.

One game me see massa him play, him call chess,
King, queen, bishop, knight, castle, all in a mess ;
King kill knight, queen bishop, men castle throw
down,

Like card-soldiers him scatter, all lie on a ground.
And when the game over, king, bishop, tag, rag,
Queen, knight, all together him go in a bag :—
So in life's game at chess, when no more we can do,
Massa Death bring one bag, and we Kickaraboo.

Then be good, what you am never mind de degree ;
Lily flow'r good for somewhat as well as great tree :
You one slave be no use to be sulky and sly ;
Worky, worky, perhaps you one massa by'm by.
Savee good and be poor make you act better part,
Than be rich in a pocket and poor in a heart ;
Though ever so low, do your duty for true,
All your friend drop one tear when you Kickaraboo.

FINALE.

COME, all who love
Through pleasure's grove
To take your merry rambles,—
Whose hearts so free
Confirm your glee,—
Join in our Christmas gambols.
See the lads and lasses wind
In mazy lab'rinth dancing,
The harmless feelings of the mind
The gen'ral joy enhancing.
The world's vicissitudes they trace,
As they the figure measure ;
Variety and change of place
Still giving zest to pleasure.

Come all who love, &c.

The merry hunters and the horn
That oft have wak'd Aurora,
T' unloek the treasures of the morn
Through the domain of Flora ;
Next in quaint form, and vestments gay,
Comes many a morris-dancer ;
While bells that ring, and flutes that play,
In merry cadence answer.

Come all who love, &c.

The pipe and tabor's sprightly tone.

The organ's sound sonorous,
The comic bagpipe, and the drone,
Shall join the swelling chorus.
The piercing fife and deafening drum,
For honest hearts recruiting,
To join the mingling sound shall come,
Of singing, fiddling, fluting.

Come, then, who love, &c.

At length the trumpet's cheerful call
Sounds to the feast of pleasure,
When in the hospitable hall
Plenty unloads her treasure.
See Father Christmas pleas'd appear,
To crown our institution ;
While circling goes the humming beer,
In sportive revolution.

Come, then, who love, &c.

From the General Election.

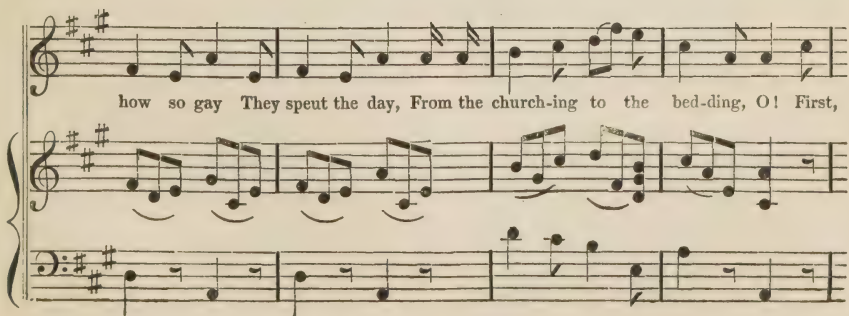
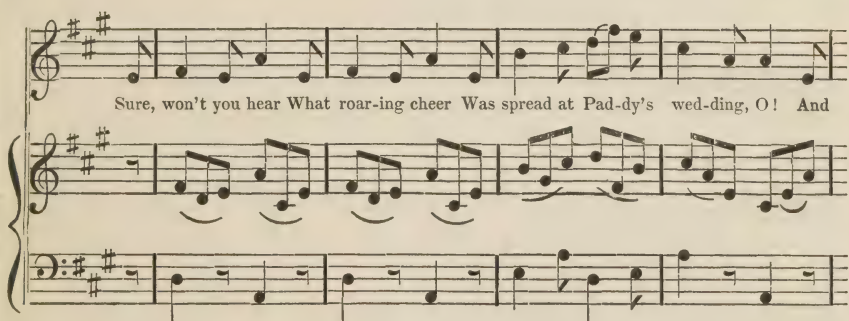
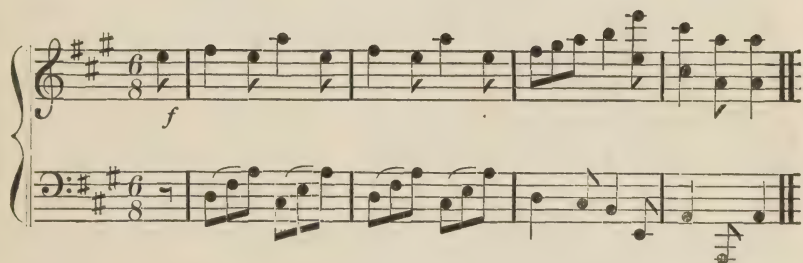
[The cellars of the premises which Dibdin had hitherto occupied in the Strand, were let to a wine-merchant; whose barrels and cellar-men were so sore an annoyance, that, after vainly endeavouring to cure the evil by indicting the whole troop of bottle-washers for a gross assault upon his people, Dibdin determined to remove his quarters altogether. Leicester Place was then just completed, excepting a chasm which seemed exactly fitted for the site of the kind of theatre he desired. In twelve weeks from the laying the first stone, the building was ready for occupation; and on the 8th of October, the season commenced with an entertainment called 'The General Election,' which contained the following songs.]

LOVE'S LESSON.

Nay, never upbraid me that false was each oath,
When to cherish love's flame and be constant I
swore :
You say I meant neither ;—I say I meant both ;
So our quarrel's the sense of a word, nothing more.
On a moment's reflection, you'd surely have found
That love's flame is but lambent, and puff'd out
at will :
Nay, the great globe itself, that so long has turn'd
round,
When time shall have stopp'd its career, will stand
still.
Never ask, then, when lovers tell tales in your ear,
Who is rapt'rous or ardent, but who is sincere.
If the nonsense of love by the letter you take,
Like ideas in dreams, that bewilder the mind,
The undeceiv'd senses, once fairly awake,
Those which substances seem'd fitting shadows
shall find :
Eyes are stars, charms are heav'n ! hear him swear
it aloud
That his love shall, ye gods, to eternity last ;
Stars and heav'n are eclips'd by inconstancy's cloud,
And in one little month love's eternity's past.
Take heed, then, when lovers tell tales in your ear,
Not who's rapt'rous or ardent, but who is sincere.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.



THE IRISH WEDDING.

book in hand, came Fa - ther Quipes, With the bride's dad-da, the bai - ley, O! While

The first system of the musical score for 'The Irish Wedding'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a half note 'book', followed by eighth notes for 'in hand, came', and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes for 'Fa - ther Quipes, With the bride's dad-da, the bai - ley, O! While'. The piano accompaniment provides a rhythmic and harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

all the way—while all the way to church the pipes - - - Struck up a lit so

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'all the way—while all the way to church the pipes - - - Struck up a lit so'. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with eighth notes and chords, while the treble hand plays sustained chords. The key signature remains two sharps.

gay-ly, O!

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with 'gay-ly, O!'. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) in the bass line, indicating a louder section. The system ends with a double bar line. The key signature remains two sharps.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

To be honest, I'm chang'd, since the truth I must own :

I at least speak sincerely, and so you shall find ;
 *What was madness in love now to reason is grown ;
 What enslav'd my fond heart now imprisons my mind ;
 What was passion's now prudence ; what frenzy, delight ;
 What transient, will now last till sense is no more ;
 And all those sweet charms in your mind which unite,
 And that once I but ardently lov'd, I adore.
 Ye fair ! would ye prize, then, this lesson ye hear,
 Believe no protestations but what are sincere.

THE IRISH WEDDING.

SURE, won't you hear
 What roaring cheer
 Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O !
 And how so gay
 They spent the day,
 From the churching to the bedding, O !
 First, book in hand, came Father Quipes,
 With the bride's dad, the bailey, O !
 While all the way to church the pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gayly, O !
 Then there was Mat,
 And sturdy Pat,
 And merry Morgan Murphy, O !
 And Murdock Mags,
 And Tirlogh Skaggs,
 Macloclan, and Dick Dufey, O !
 And then the girls, dress'd out in wifes,
 Led on by Tad O'Reilly, O !
 All jigging, as the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gayly, O !
 When Pat was ask'd
 Would his love last ?
 The chancel echoed wid laughter, O !
 'Arrah, fait !' cried Pat,
 'You may say dat,
 To the end of the world and after, O !'

* They who love to trace 'parallel passages,' may not object to the insertion in this place of Moore's beautiful song, 'Oh, no ! not e'en when first we lov'd,' in which the idea embodied in these two last verses is very tenderly and sweetly expressed and exemplified :

'Oh, no ! not e'en when first we lov'd,
 Wert thou as dear as now thou art, —
 Thy beauty then my senses mov'd,
 But now thy virtues blind my heart.
 What was but passion's sigh before,
 Has since been turn'd to reason's vow :
 And though I then might love thee more,
 Trust me, I love thee better now.

Although my heart, in earlier youth,
 Might kindle with more wild desire,
 Believe me, it has gain'd in trust
 Much more than it has lost in fire.
 The flame now warms my inmost core.
 That then but sparkled on my brow :
 And though I seem'd to love thee more,
 Trust me, I love thee better now.'

Then tenderly her hand he gripes,
 And kisses her gently, O !
 While all in tune the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gayly, O !

Now a roaring set
 At dinner are met,
 So frolicsome and so frisky, O !
 Potatoes galore,
 A skirraig or more,
 And a flowing madder of whisky, O !
 To the bride's dear health round went the swipes,
 That her joys might be nightly and daily, O !
 And still, as they gobbled, the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gayly, O !

And then, at night,
 O what delight
 To see them all footing and prancing O !
 An opera or ball
 Were nothing at all,
 Compar'd to the style of their dancing, O !
 And then to see old father Quipes
 Beat time with his shelly, O !
 While the chanter wid his merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gayly, O !

And now the knot
 So tipsy are got
 They'll all go to sleep without rocking, O !
 So the bridesmaids fair
 Now gravely prepare
 For throwing of the stocking, O !
 And round, to be sure, didn't go the swipes
 At the bride's expense so freely, O !
 While to wish them good night the merry pipes
 Struck up a lilt so gayly, O !

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

WOULDEST know, my lad, why ev'ry tar
 Finds with his lass such cheer ?
 'Tis all because he nobly goes,
 And braves each boist'rous gale that blows,
 To fetch, from climates near and far,
 Her messes and her gear.
 For this around the world sails Jack,
 While love his bosom warms ;
 For this, when safe and sound come back,
 Poll takes him to her arms.

Ere Poll can make the kettle boil
 For breakfast, out at sea
 Two voyages long her Jack must sail,
 Encount'ring many a boist'rous gale. —
 For the sugar to some western isle,
 To China for the tea.
 To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
 Braves dangers and alarms ;
 While grateful, safe and sound come back,
 Poll takes him to her arms.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Morocco shoes her Jack provides,
 To see her lightly tread ;
 Her petticoat, of orient hue,
 And snow-white gown, in India grew ;
 Her bosom Barcelona hides,
 Leghorn adorns her head.
 Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
 To deck his fair one's charms ;
 Thus grateful, safe and sound come back,
 Poll takes him to her arms.

NANCY DEAR.

Why should the sailor take a wife,
 Since he was born to roam,
 And lead at sea a wand'ring life,
 Far from his friends and home ?
 When fate comes riding in the gale,
 And dreadful hurricanes assail
 The tar's astonish'd ear ;
 How could he resolution form,
 How, whistling, mock the roaring storm,
 But for his Nancy dear ?

For battle should the ship be clear'd,
 As death when all is still,
 Save from some tar a murmur's heard,
 Who sighs and makes his will.
 'My watch, my 'bacco-pouch, I give
 To Tom for her, should I not live,
 To my fond heart so near.'
 Nor could he smile, the fight grown hot,
 And, whistling, mock the flying shot,
 But for his Nancy dear.

When hissing flames now reach the sky,
 Now in the ocean dip,
 And, as to climb the shrouds they fly,
 Grasp the devoted ship ;
 How, while a yawning wat'ry grave,
 Sole chance from fire the crew to save,
 Threats, could he calm appear ;
 How quit the vessel scarce afloat,
 How, whistling, board the crowded boat,
 But for his Nancy dear ?

When shipwreck'd, many leagues from home,
 The remnant of the crew
 Bewail some Dick, or Jack, or Tom,
 Who well they lov'd and knew ;
 And while by strangers kindly fed,
 Who, as they hear the story, spread
 Their hospitable cheer,—
 How could he on such mis'ry think,
 Yet, whistling, put about the drink,
 But for his Nancy dear ?

And last, when hungry, faint, and sore,
 Through danger and delay,
 Forc'd, hard extreme, from door to door
 To beg his vagrant way :—

But see ! his toils are all forgot :
 Hark, hark ! within her humble cot
 In accents sweet and clear,
 She sings the subject of her pain,—
 He, whistling, echoes back the strain
 He taught his Nancy dear.

IRISH ECHO.

'GENTLE echo, I'd fain have you to chant wid me.'
 'Well, mister stranger, and what do you want wid me ?'
 'I'm dying for love ; will the nymph be complying ?'
 'Fait ! dere's many in love, but dere's few that are dying.'
 'Will the girl that I marry have plenty of rhino ?'
 'Fait and troth, now, my soul ! how the devil do I know ?'
 'Oh, fie ! stupid echo ! you're greatly to blame,
 To let me go back just as wise as I came.'
 'Will you give me an answer ? I've questions in plenty.'
 'One by one, all together, my soul ! were there twenty.'
 'I shall tempt her, d'ye see, wid my parson, my honey !'
 'Don't you think that 'twere better to tempt her wid money ?'
 'If I marry, d'ye think I'll wear horns on my mazard ?'
 'Fait and troth ! Paddy Whack, now, and that's all hap-hazard.'
 'Indeed ! stupid echo ! you're greatly to blame,
 To let me go back just as wise as I came.'
 'If I marry my love, ah ! how bless'd will it make me !'
 'Arrah ! is't for a conj'r, my soul ! that you take me ?'
 'Shall I wed, or do worse ? come, once more will I try you.'
 'Fait ! that's just as you please, but do worse I defy you.'
 'If a devil, shall I quickly to t'other world drive her ?'
 'Why, she'll die before you, if you chance to survive her.'
 'What a taef of an echo ! you're greatly to blame,
 Still to let me go back just as wise as I came.'
 'You're a devil of an echo !' 'You're a troublesome stranger !'
 'Could I find you, I'd beat you.' 'Arrah, fait ! there's no danger.'
 'Why, you've giv'n me no answer.' 'Yes, ten metaphorical.'
 'Phoo ! phoo ! you're quite stupid.' 'I say I'm an oracle !'
 From whom you would learn, did you reason inherit,
 Not to trust to a sound, but rely on your merit.'
 'Thanks, thanks, gentile echo ! you've not been to blame,
 For now I go back much more wise than I came.'

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

ALLEGRETTO.

Would'st

know, my lad, why ev'-ry tar Finds with his lass such cheer? 'Tis

all because he no-bly goes, And braves each bois-t'rous gale that blows, To

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

fetch, from cli - mates near and far, Her mess - es and her gear. For

this a - round the world sails Jack, While love his bo - som warms, While

love his bo - som warms; For this a - round the world sails Jack, While

love his bo - som warms; For this, when safe and sound come back,—

JACK'S CLAIM TO POLL.

For this, when safe and sound come back, Poll

takes him to her arms, Poll takes him to her arms.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and a more active melody in the right hand, often using triplets and sixteenth notes. The vocal line is simple and follows the lyrics. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Ere Poll can make the kettle boil
 For breakfast, out at sea
 Two voyages long her Jack must sail,
 Encount'ring many a boist'rous gale,—
 For the sugar to some western isle,
 To China for the tea.
 To please her taste, thus faithful Jack
 Braves dangers and alarms;
 While grateful, safe and sound come back,
 Poll takes him to her arms.

Morocco shoes her Jack provides,
 To see her lightly tread;
 Her petticoat, of orient hue,
 And snow-white gown, in India grew,
 Her bosom Barcelona hides,
 Leghorn adorns her head.
 Thus round the world sails faithful Jack,
 To deck his fair one's charms;
 Thus grateful, safe and sound come back,
 Poll takes him to her arms.

NANCY DEAR.

ANDANTINO.

f

Why

should the sai-lor take a wife, Since he was born to roam, And

lead at sea a wand'ring life, Far from his friends and home? When

NANCY DEAR.

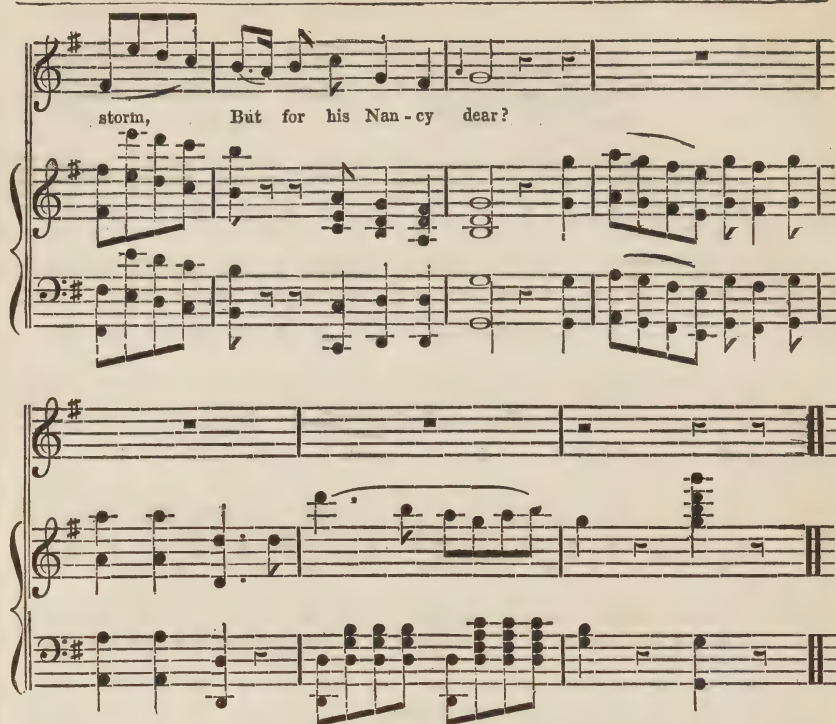
fate comes ri - - ding in the gale, And

dread - - - ful hur - - ri - - canes as - sail The

tar's as - to - - - - nish'd ear; How

could he re - so - lu - tion form; How, whist - ling, mock the roar - ing

NANCY DEAR.



For battle should the ship be clear'd,
 As death when all is still,
 Save from some tar a murmur 's heard,
 Who sighs and makes his will.
 ' My watch, my 'bacco-pouch, I give
 To Tom for her, should I not live,
 To my fond heart so near.'
 Nor could he smile, the fight grown hot,
 And, whistling, mock the flying shot,
 But for his Nancy dear ?

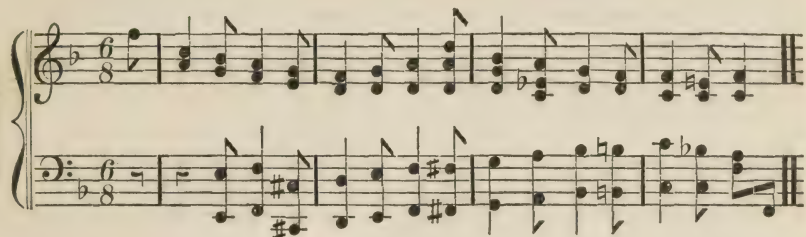
When hissing flames now reach the sky,
 Now in the ocean dip,
 And, as to climb the shrouds they fly,
 Grasp the devoted ship;
 How, while a yawning wat'ry grave,
 Sole chance from fire the crew to save
 Threats, could he calm appear;
 How quit the vessel scarce afloat,
 How, whistling, board the crowded boat,
 But for his Nancy dear ?

When shipwreck'd, many leagues from home,
 The remnant of the crew
 Bewail some Dick, or Jack, or Tom,
 Who well they lov'd and knew;
 And while by strangers kindly fed,
 Who, as they hear the story, spread
 Their hospitable cheer,—
 How could he on such mis'ry think,
 Yet, whistling, put about the drink,
 But for his Nancy dear ?

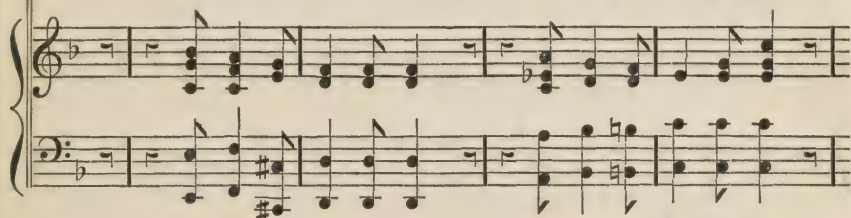
And last, when hungry, faint, and sore,
 Through danger and delay,
 Forc'd, hard extreme, from door to door
 To beg his vagrant way :—
 But see! his toils are all forgot:
 Hark, hark! within her humble cot
 In accents sweet and clear,
 She sings the subject of her pain,—
 He, whistling, echoes back the strain
 He taught his Nancy dear.

ANNE HATHEAWAYE.

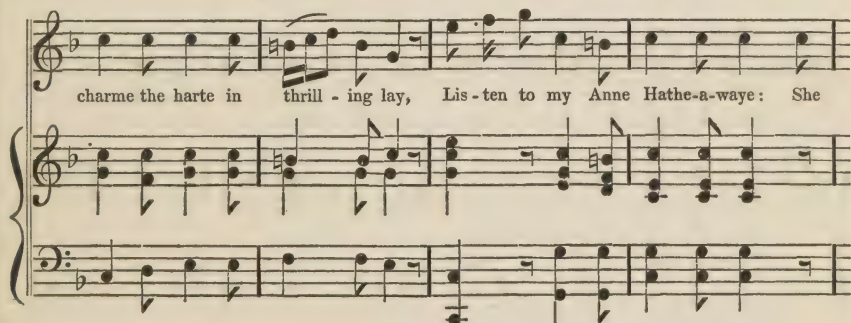
ALLEGRO
MODERATO.



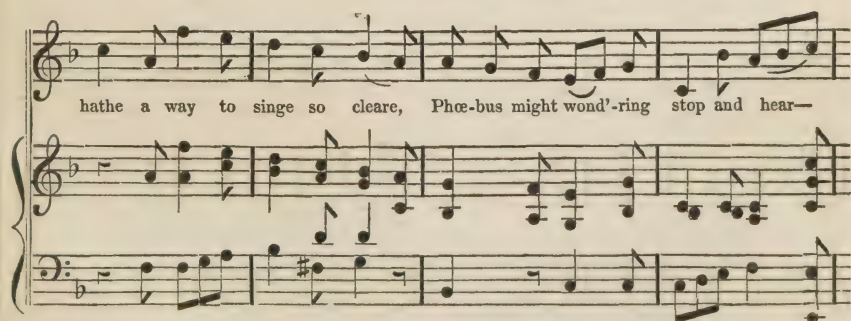
Would ye be taughte, ye fea-ther'd thronge, In love's sweet notes to grace your song, To



charm the harte in thrill - ing lay, Lis - ten to my Anne Hathe-a-waye: She



hathe a way to singe so cleare, Phœ-bus might wond'-ring stop and hear—



ANNE HATHEAWAYE.

Phœ-bus might wond'-ring stop and hear; To melt the sad, make

blithe the gay, And na - ture charm, Anne Hathe a waye,—and na - ture charm, Anne

Hathe a waye, She hathe a waye, Anne Hathe-a-waye: To breathe de - lyght Anne

Hathe a waye.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

THE RUSTIC ORPHEUS.

I IN music delighted e'er sin' I could speak :
 Did a hautboy but hoot, or a fiddle but squeak,
 I was all, as a body may say, in alarms ;
 But when the loud trumpet to our town com'd,
 And the soldiers all march'd, and they fif'd and
 they drumm'd,
 And the sun shone so woundily bright on their
 arms :
 Odds niggers! how grand and how glorious the sight!
 One was deafen'd and stunn'd with the very delight :
 Row dow went the drum, the trumpet cried toot,
 And then they'd make ready, and fire, and shoot.
 But more it does my fancy suit
 To hear the murm'ring dove,
 Or else the notes of the charming flute,
 That feathly,
 Sweetly,
 So makes a body think of love.

I loves horritories, and solos, and tones,
 And concertos, and crashes, and bagpipes, and
 drones ;
 Then for uproars and jews-harps I'm all in a
 rage!
 Then I likes, when with trumpets, salt-boxes, and
 drums,
 So droll and so 'cute Mister Merryman comes,
 And the mountebank doctor appears on the
 stage :
 When to call back the bees, they the frying-pans
 thrum,
 Or the bells loud proclaim that the 'squire's just
 come ;
 I so joyous could listen from morning to night,
 And so 'tis but music, be stunn'd with delight.
 Yet more, &c.

The music of birds calls me up in the morn ;
 The huntsman's hawk-forward is join'd by the horn ;
 Then scarcely the organs at church cease to play,
 When a hugeous crack'd trumpet, and drum hard
 at strife,
 Says the show-folks, and droll Master Punch and
 his wife,
 For three-pence a-piece are just showing away :
 In short, I be nothing but music all o'er ;
 From a pig in a gate, to the creak of a door,
 Or a three-penny whistle, or bladder and string,
 So 'tis music, I always am bless'd as a king.
 Yet more, &c.

ANNE HATHEAWAYE.

[We need hardly remind the reader that Anne Hatheawaye was the maiden name of the wife of Shakespeare. The song was probably written for the Stratford Jubilee, if not actually performed there.]

WOULD ye be taughte, ye feather'd thronge,
 In love's sweet notes to grace your song,
 To charme the harte in thrilling lay,
 Listen to my Anne Hatheawaye :

She hathe a way to singe so cleare.
 Phœbus might wond'ring stop and hear ;
 To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
 And nature charm, Anne Hathe a waye,
 She hathe a waye,
 Anne Hatheawaye ;

To breathe deliyght Anne Hathe a waye.

When envie's breathe and rancour's toothe
 Do soil and bite faire worth and truthe,
 And merite to distress betraye,
 To soothe the soule Anne Hathe a waye :
 She hathe a waye to chase despair,
 To heale all grieve, to cure all care,
 Turne fouleste night to fairest daye ;
 Thou know'st, fonde harte, Anne Hathe a waye,
 She hathe a waye,
 Anne Hatheawaye .
 To make grief bliss Anne Hathe a waye.

Talk not of gemmes the orient list,
 The diamond, topaz, amethyste,
 The emeralde milde, the rubie gaye,—
 Talke of mye gemme, Anne Hatheawaye .
 She hathe a waye, with her bright eye,
 Their various lustres to defie ;
 The jewel she, and the foile they,
 So sweete to looke Anne Hathe a waye ;
 She hathe a waye,
 Anne Hatheawaye ;
 To shame bryghte gemmes Anne Hathe a waye.

But to my fancie were it given
 To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;
 For, though a mortal mayde of claye,
 Angels might love Anne Hatheawaye :
 She hathe a waye so to controule,
 To rapture the imprison'd soule,
 And sweeteste heaven on earth displaye,
 That to be heaven Anne hathe a waye ;
 She hathe a waye,
 Anne Hatheawaye ;
 To be heaven's self Anne Hathe a waye.

THE GOOD OF THE NATION.

AN Englishman's courage, his honour, his fame,
 Like his own and the land's constitution,
 Are in health so robust, and so apt to inflame,—
 We quacks, to prevent involution,
 Claim a privilege humours to thin and deterge,
 By a nostrum yclept botheration,
 And this plethoric habit to bring to death's verge,
 And all for the good of the nation.

Should smiling prosperity beam through the land,
 Golden Ceres profuse in her treasure,
 We bother them with mildews, and blights at com-
 mand,
 And can vermin create at our pleasure :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Then our murrain and rot bother oxen and sheep,
And, that plenty may ne'er have duration,
We have bothering storms that sink ships in the
deep,

And all for the good of the nation.

In circles domestic, lest bliss and content
Should make our good neighbours too happy,
We have philters and drugs ready mix'd up for vent,
To bother their wine and their nappy:
We attack their opinions, endanger their wits,
And by hint, shrug, and prognostication,
We bother old women, throw children in fits.
And all for the good of the nation.

Nor melody, harmony, unison, tune,
In the music of nature excites us;
When for both'r'ing we're in for't, we'd put out
the moon,
And extinguish the sun 'cause he lights us:
So we thus bother on, till sometimes, do you see,
We make for our zeal expiation;
Why, sir, one 'Squire Ketch very near bother'd me,
And all for the good of the nation.

POPE JOAN.

THE board is dress'd; come, deal away:

The trump's a club; come, who's to play?

'You're eldest hand, Miss Griskin!'—'Stay,

I'll play, sir, in a minute;

The three of hearts, and four and five,

And that's a stop, as I'm alive;

And now the nine, and then the ten,

And that I vow's a stop again.

I certainly shall win it;

The king of trumps,—let's see, what's there?—

I take up four;

And now the knave;—well, I declare,

That's just ten more;

I'll win the church, or lose the steeple.'

['Well, now, did you ever see anything like this?

Ten upon the knave!' 'Lord, Miss, did you ever
know a knave that was not rich?' 'Oh, well, if
that's the case—]

I'll play the deuce, and that's a stop;

The four and five, and six and pop,—

I'm out! and so pay the people.'

'Now let me try if I can win;

The trump's a heart,—you're to begin;—'

'The four and five,'—'I can't come in,

'Tis really provoking;

I not a single thing can play;

I shall have for all my hand to pay;

Never was anything so hard,—

I have not e'en a leading card!'

'Nay, 'tis no time for joking.'

'Well, I should like to change my place,—

I've not play'd one;

Eight cards, and ev'ry card an ace!

Of ill-luck what a run;

I shall be a bankrupt, I know.'

['Well, then, I have not a single card in my
hand!'] 'Lord, Madam, you have as many cards as
any body else.' 'How can you joke so, did you ever
see such luck in your life?' 'Well, my love, bad
luck at cards, good luck in a husband.' 'Oh, now
you talk of husbands, who did you say, Madam,
was the happiest couple in the nation?']

'The King and Queen, and that's a stop;

The ace, and deuce, and tray, and pop,—

I'm out! so hand the rhino.'

'Come, don't despair, but try again;

The trump's a spade,—the nine and ten,—

You'll come in soon.'—'The Lord knows when!'

'That venture was a bold one!

'Tis now my turn,—the two, the three.'—

'Well, that's a charming thing for me:

The four, five, six, and seven, and eight.'

'You'll be out quickly at this rate,'—

'Oh, she deals, sir, with the Old One!'

'The game, in spite of all I try,

So turn'd about,

That I can see, with half an eye,

That to be out

I never shall be able.'

['Well, I had matrimony last time,—I shall have
intrigue next, I suppose.' 'The natural conse-
quence, ma'am.' 'I beg your pardon, but what
unfortunate old gentlewoman were you talking
about?']

'The Pope, ma'am, and that's a stop;

And now the two, and three, and pop,—

I'm out, and clear the table.'

THE MAD LOVER.

WHAT if I'm mad! what if, in pain,

I rave, and rage, and reel;

What if my tears, like scalding rain,

Count ev'ry pang I feel;

Hadst thou fall'n victim to the art

Of some false lovely she,

Heav'n in her face, hell in her heart,

Thou hadst been mad like me.

I'm Ætna now,—my bowels burn,—

Demons the lava blow;

And now I'm Caucasus, and turn

A chilling mass of snow.

Fool! why dost laugh? where is the wit

With torture that makes free?

If hapless love thy brain had split,

Thou'dst freeze and burn like me.

On death's dread verge what though I stand,

Yet hold my hated life;

To dash me down no pitying hand,

No poison, cord, or knife;—

Strike to my heart! ah, treach'rous friend,

That wilt not set me free;

Didst thou thus linger near thy end,

Thou'dst long to die like me.

POPE JOAN.

ALLEGRO.

The first system of music is in 2/4 time, marked 'ALLEGRO.' and 'mf'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with a similar rhythmic pattern.

The board is dress'd; come, deal a - way: The trump's a club; come, who's to

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'The board is dress'd; come, deal a - way: The trump's a club; come, who's to' are written below the treble staff. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

play? 'You're el - dest hand, Miss Gris - kin!'—'Stay, I'll play, sir, in a

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'play? 'You're el - dest hand, Miss Gris - kin!'—'Stay, I'll play, sir, in a' are written below the treble staff. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

minute; The three of hearts, and four and five, And that's a stop, as I'm a-

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics 'minute; The three of hearts, and four and five, And that's a stop, as I'm a-' are written below the treble staff. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

POPE JOAN.

live; And now the nine, and then the ten, And that I vow's a stop a-gain. I

This system contains the first musical phrase. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

cer-tain-ly shall win it— I cer-tain-ly shall win it; The

This system continues the musical phrase. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same structure as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

king of trumps,—let's see, what's there?—I take up four:

This system continues the musical phrase. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same structure as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

And now the knave;—well I de-clare, That's just ten

This system contains the final musical phrase on the page. The vocal line and piano accompaniment follow the same structure as the first system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

POPE JOAN.

[Spoken.] 'Well now, did you ever see anything like this? Ten upon the knave!' 'Lord, Miss, did you ever know a knave that was not rich?' 'Oh, well, if that's the case—

more; I'll win the church, or lose the stee-ple.'

I'll

play the deuce, and that's a stop; I'll play the deuce, and that's a stop; The

four and five, and six and pop,—I'm out! so pay the peo-ple.'

mf

[For the remainder of Verses see page 128.]

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE TIE-WIG VOLUNTEERS.

Don't I sing of the lawyers in penalties bound,
 'Stead of stretching of necks, to cut throats?
 Don't you know they have thrown off the wig and
 black gown,
 And manfully put on red coats?
 Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
 Still action and batt'ry's the word;
 Poor blind Justice they first swindled out of her
 scales,
 Now they've swindled her out of her sword.

If the more suits you have the more naked you are,
 Nabb'd at law, and you lose though you win;
 Should a lawyer but once nab a pris'n'er of war,
 Slips of parchment he'd make of his skin.
 Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
 Still cutting and slashing's the word:
 Poor blind Justice, &c.

Then should he a pris'n'er become in war's strife,
 Oh, for pleading, fait! let him alone;
 'Twould be strange he that's pleaded for many a
 queer life,
 Should not know how to plead for his own.
 Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
 Still cunning and craft is the word;
 Poor dear Justice, &c.

Then for risks, 'fait! the devil a diff'rence I spy;
 Both are tutor'd to fight at the leg;
 To be sure, a good bullet may knock out an eye,
 And fait! so may a good addled egg:
 Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
 Still pepp'ring and pelting's the word:
 Poor dear Justice, &c.

And then what a glorious ting, if these elves,
 Sent on service, beyond sea should roam!
 They'd not only, you know, be transported them-
 selves,
 But fait! so would all those left at home:
 Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
 Still ejecting and ousting's the word:
 Poor dear Justice, &c.

Then beat up for recruits in this hon'rab'le corps,—
 Let me tell you none at it should scoff;
 Our property will be secure more and more,
 As the lawyers, my soul, are kill'd off.
 Sing boderum schite, and big wigs with three tails,
 Still action and batt'ry's the word;
 Not contented with swindling poor Justice's scales,
 Now they've swindled her out of her sword.

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.

ONE Negro come from Jenny land,
 Buckra say he buy um,
 Give twenty Joe de owner hand,
 Take um home and try um.

Chingaring, chingaring, never mind,
 No friend, no kind relations,
 One creber fellow, for mankind,
 First invented patience.
 De overseer wid one cart-whip
 So hard he fum and jerk ye,
 Like pea on drumhead make you skip,
 You no worky, worky.

Massa one bit of ground bestow,
 Make negro work a Sunday;
 Soon something good begin to grow,
 Take it away a Monday.
 Chingaring, chingaring, never mind,
 No use to fret about it;
 Buckra yam, but negrokind
 Forc'd to go widout it.
 Nothing to do but lie down flat,
 While overseer he jerk ye;
 No peace, no sleep, no yam, get fat,
 And after worky, worky.

Cudgo for wife young Quashy take,
 She got bamboo for all clothes;
 Lily cuckold massa make,
 Quashy wear a small clothes.
 Chingaring, chingaring, never mind!
 What done can't be prevented:
 Buckra, well, a negrokind
 Wear horns and be contented.
 As much you please you go to play,
 Overseer no jerk ye,
 So four-and-twenty hours a day
 Hard you worky, worky.

Then, 'cause so sweet he lead him life,
 Poor negro come from Jenny,
 Get cruel massa, scolding wife,
 And squalling pickaninny.
 Chingaring, chingaring, never mind!
 No use to make a pother:
 If he can't peace in this world find,
 Some time he go a t'other.
 Then let um wait till that world come,
 Where overseers no jerk ye,
 Meet sissy Quashy, uncle Tom,
 Nor more to worky, worky.

THE SAILOR'S MAXIM.

OF us tars 'tis reported again and again,
 That we sail round the world and know nothing of
 men;
 And if this assertion is made with a view
 To prove sailors know naught of men's follies, 'tis
 true:
 How should Jack practise treach'ry, disguise, or
 foul art,
 In whose honest face you may read his fair heart;
 Of that maxim still ready example to give—
 Better death earn'd with honour than ignobly to live?

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

How can he wholesome truth's admonitions defy,
On whose manly brow never sat a foul lie?
Of the fair born protector, how virtue offend?
To a foe how be cruel? how ruin a friend?
If danger he risk in professional strife,
There his honour is safe, though he venture his life;
Of that maxim, &c.

But to put it at worst: from fair truth could he
swerve,
And betray the kind friend he pretended to serve,
While snares laid with craft his fair honour trepan,
Man betray him to error, himself but a man,—
Should repentance and shame to his aid come toolate,
Wonder not if in battle he rush on his fate;
Of that maxim, &c.

CHEAP EXPERIENCE.

I WERE but in our village a country clown,
A lout for the folks all to mock at;
So I run'd away, and I com'd to town
With a guinea that burn'd in my pocket.

For they told me in Lunnun—'tis true now, indeed,—
They have guineas so rife and so plenty,
That he that were cunning could make them breed,
Till out of one he hatch'd twenty.

With one in the street I went halves in a ring,
So my guinea I gov'd to have all on't;
I thought at least ten pounds 'twould bring,
But they would not give nothing at all on't.

'Here's your guinea,' said one. 'For what?' cried I—
Would ye think it? the reprobate sinner
Said, if I would be guilty of perjury,
That guinea should buy me a dinner.

'You're a nice one,' said I, 'and that I do say;
Why it only myself would be cheating;
You do want for to take my stomach away,
And then for to set me to eating.'

Another com'd by,—'tis true, on my life,—
Said he now, no worse nor no better,
'I'd fain run away with my neighbour's wife,—
Take this guinea, and gave her a letter.'

'Thou'rt a rogue and a fool, and so there's an end;
Where the dickens thy conscience didst harden?
Thoud'st give me a guinea to cheat thy friend
Of a woman that en't worth a varden.'

One would give me a guinea for slipping a card,
To be roguish so much all their boast is;
And one fellow said I mun rob a church-yard,—
Wounds! I trembled for fear of the ghosts.

So the more one zees the more one may
Of good folks that the wicked make fun on;
And, I'cod! ten't for nothing that people do zay,—
'As sure as the devil's in Lunnun.'

So at last I come back, and I know'd they'd all laugh:
'Good folks,' said I, 'though but a ninny,
Better come home a fool than a knave by half,—
My experience has cost but a guinea.'

MEG OF WAPPING.

'Twas Landlady Meg that made such rare flip,—
Pull away, pull away, hearties!
At Wapping she liv'd, at the sign of the Ship,
Where tars meet in such jolly parties.
She'd shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball,
All rigg'd out so gay and so topping;
For she married six husbands, and buried them all,
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say;

What d'ye think of my Meg of Wapping?

The first was Old Bluff with a swingeing large purse;
Pull away, pull away, jolly boys!
He was cast away;—said Meg, 'Who cares a curse?
As for grieving, why, Lord! that's a folly, boys.
The second in command was blear-ey'd Ned;
While the surgeon his limb was a lopping,
A nine-pounder came, and smack went his head,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say;

Rare news for my Meg of Wapping!

Then she married to Sam, and Sam lov'd a sup.
Pull away, pull away, brother!
So groggy Sam got, and the ship blew up,
And Meg had to look for another:
The fourth was bold Ben, who at danger would snile,
Till his courage a crocodile stopping,
Made his breakfast on Ben on the banks of the Nile,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say;

What a fortunate Meg of Wapping!

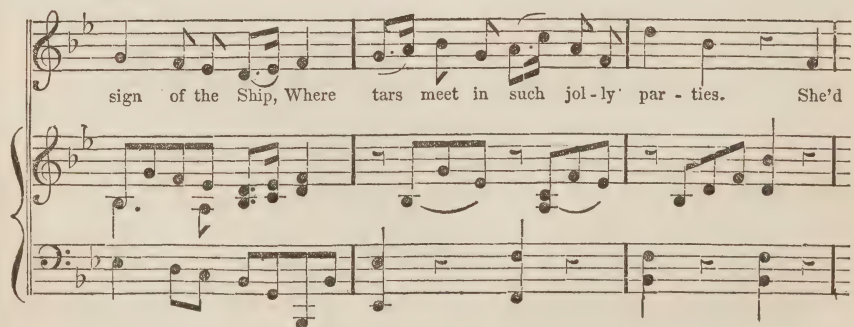
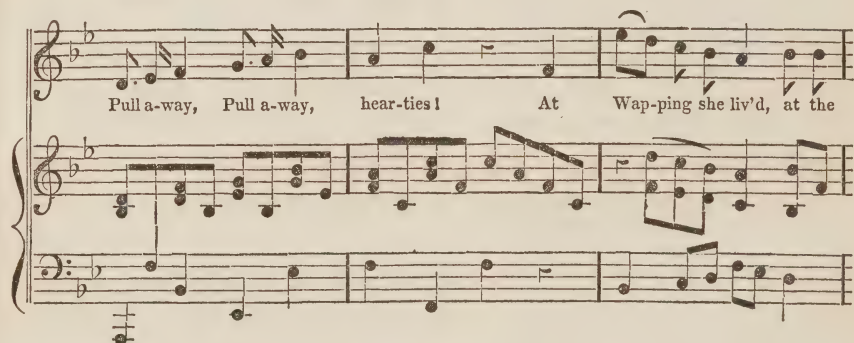
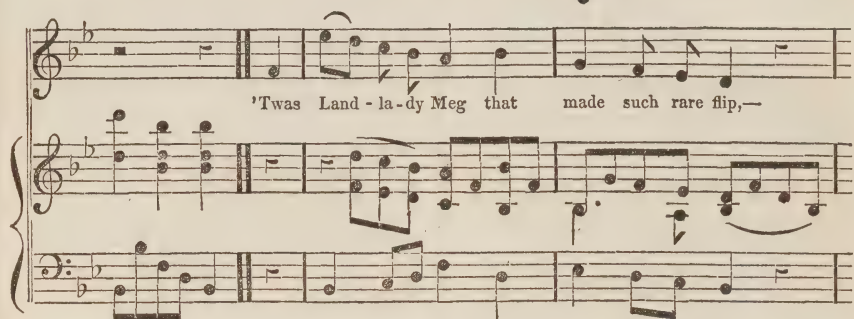
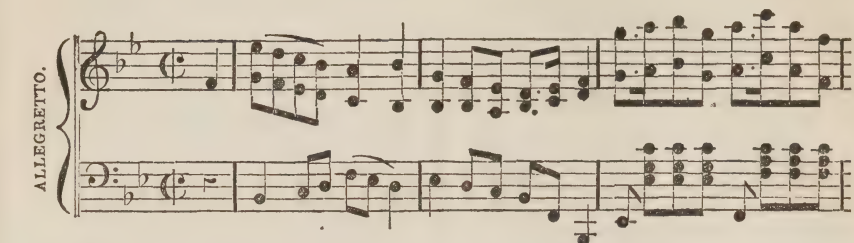
Stay,—who was the fifth? Oh, 'twas Dick so neat;
Pull away, pull away, so merry!
And the savages Dick both kill'd and eat,
And poor Meg she was forc'd to take Jerry!
Death again stood her friend; for, kill'd in a fray,
He also the grave chaunc'd to pop in;
So now with my song I shall soon belay,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
Belay!

The six husbands of Meg of Wapping.

But I did not tell you how that she married sev'n,
Pull away, pull away, so neatly!
'Twas honest Tom Trip, and he sent her to heav'n,
And her strong-box rummag'd sweetly:
For Meg, growing old, a fond dotard prov'd,
And must after a boy needs be hopping;
So she popp'd off—and Tom, with the girl that he
lov'd,—
Pull away, pull away, pull away!
I say,—
Spent the shiners of Meg of Wapping.

MEG OF WAPPING.

ALLEGRETTO.



MEG OF WAPPING.

shine at the play, and she'd jig at the ball, All rigg'd out so gay and so

top - ping; For she mar-ried six hus-bands, and bu - ried them all,

Pull a-way, pull a-way, pull a-way! Pull - - - I say; What d'ye

think of my Meg of Wap-ping.

[For the remainder of Verses see page 133.]

THE SAILOR'S MAXIM.

ANDANTINO.

Of us tars 'tis re - port-ed a - gain and a -

gain, That we sail round the world and know nothing of men; And

if this as - ser - tion is made with a view To prove

THE SAILOR'S MAXIM.

sai - lers know naught of men's fol - lies, 'tis true—to prove sai - lers know

naught of men's fol - lies, 'tis true: How should Jack prac-tise treach'ry, dis-

guise, or foul art, In whose ho - nest face you may read his fair heart, In

whose ho - nest face you may read his fair heart. Of that max-im still rea-dy ex-

THE SAILOR'S MAXIM.

am-ple to give— Better death earn'd with ho-nour, death earn'd with honour, with

ho - nour, Better death earn'd with ho-nour than ig - no - bly to live?

How can he wholesome truth's admonitions defy,

On whose manly brow never sat a foul lie?
 Of the fair born protector, how virtue offend?
 To a foe how be cruel? how ruin a friend;
 If danger he risk in professional strife,
 There his honour is safe, though he venture his life;
 Of that maxim, &c,

But to put it at worst: from fair truth could he swerve,
 And betray the kind friend he pretended to serve,
 While snares laid with craft his fair honour trepan,
 Man betray him to error, himself but a man,—
 Should repentance and shame to his aid come too late,
 Wonder not if in battle he rush on his fate;
 Of that maxim, &c.

CHEAP EXPERIENCE.

VIVACE.

I were

but in our vil-lage a coun-try clown, A lout for the folks all to

p

mock at; So I runn'd a-way, and I com'd to town, With a

f

CHEAP EXPERIENCE.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody consists of three lines of music. The lyrics are printed below the first line of the melody. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

For they told me in Lunnun—'tis true now, indeed,—
They have guineas so rife and so plenty,
That he that were cunning could make them breed,
Till out of one he hatch'd twenty.

With one in the street I went halves in a ring,
So my guinea I gov'd to have all on't;
I thought at least ten pounds 'twould bring,
But they would not give nothing at all on't.

'Here's your guinea,' said one, 'For what?' cried I.
Would ye think it? the reprobate sinner
Said, if I would be guilty of perjury,
That guinea should buy me a dinner.

'You're a nice one,' said I, 'and that I do say;
Why it only myself would be cheating:
You do want for to take my stomach away,
And then for to set me to eating.'

Another com'd by.—'tis true, on my life,—
Said he now, no worse nor no better,

'I'd fain run away with my neighbour's wife,—
Take this guinea, and gave her a letter.'

'Thou'rt a rogue and a fool, and so there's an end;
Where the dickens thy conscience didst harden?
Thoud'st give me a guinea to cheat thy friend
Of a woman that en't worth a varden.'

One would give me a guinea for slipping a card,
To be roguish so much all their boast is;
And one fellow said I mun rob a church-yard,—
Wounds! I trembled for fear of the ghostes.

So the more one zees the more one may
Of good folks that the wicked make fun on;
And, i'cod! ten't for nothing that people do zay,—
'As sure as the devil's in Lunnun.'

So at last I come back, and I know'd they'd all laugh:
'Good folks,' said I, 'though but a ninyy.
Better come home a fool than a knave by half,—
My experience has cost but a guinea.'

MOUNSEER NONGTONGPAW.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

John

Bull for pas-time took a prance, Some time a - go, to peep at France, To

mp

talk of sci - en - ces and arts, And know - ledge gain'd in fo - reign parts. Mon

MOUNSEER NONGTONGPAW.

sieur, ob - se-quious, heard him speak, And an-swer'd John in hea - then Greek; To

all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,— To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw, 'Twas,

Mon-sieur, Je vous n'en - tend pas.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

MOUNSEER NONGTONGPAW.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago, to peep at France;
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
And answer'd John in heathen Greek;
To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
'Twas, *Monsieur, Je vous n'entends pas.*

John to the Palais Royal come,—
Its splendour almost struck him dumb;
I say, whose house is that there here?
Hosse! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur:
What Nongtongpaw again! cries John,—
This fellow is some mighty Don;
No doubt, h'as plenty for the maw:
I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw.

John saw Versailles from Marli's height.
And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
Whose fine estate is that there here?
Stat! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur:
His? What! the land and houses too?
The fellow's richer than a Jew;
On ev'ry thing he lays his claw:
I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw.

Next tripping came a courtly fair;
John cried, enchanted with her air,
What lovely wench is that there here?
Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur:
What! he again? Upon my life!
A palace, lands, and then a wife
Sir Joshua might delight to draw:
I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

But hold,—whose fun'ral's that? cries John:
Je vous n'entends pas: What! is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw, then, from the grave:
His race is run, his game is up;
I'd with him breakfast, dine, and sup:
But since he chooses to withdraw,
Good night t'ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw.

From the Sphinx.

A SALT EEL FOR MYNHEER.

WHY, Jack, my fine fellow, here's glorious news!
Lord, I could have told 'em as much;
That the devil himself durst not stand in their
shoes,
If Duncan fell in with the Dutch!
What heart in the kingdom can now feel dismay?
Nine sail of the line!—not amiss:
While they shrug up their shoulders and snuff it
away,
How the Mounseers will jabber at this!

No! while English bosoms boast English hearts,
We'll tip 'em all round a touch;
While with ardour each starts that nothing can
quench,

We'll bang the Spaniards,
Belabour the Dutch,
And block up and laugh at the French.

Now the French, while in harbour so snug and
so sly,

'Bout their courage they make a fine rout;
If they'd have the whole world not believe it a lie.
Then, damme! why don't they come out?
Because, though they brag that so boldly they feel,
They are all of them trembling for fear,
Lest from Bridport they get such another salt eel,
As brave Duncan prepar'd for Mynheer.

No, while, &c.

Let French, Spanish, and Dutch lay together their
heads,

And of beating the English brag;
That they'll sail up the Thames, take us all in
our beds,

And hoist on the Tower their flag:
'Oui, oui,' cries Mounseer; 'Si Signor,' says the
Don;

Mynheer smokes his pipe and cries, 'Yaw;'
But when Jervis, or Duncan, or Bridport come on,
They are damnably sick in the caw.

No, while, &c.

Your true honest maxim I've heard them commend,
Is the nation you live in to sing:

Where your property, children, your wife, and
your friend,

Are the care of their father the king:
The man then, so bless'd, who disseminates strife,
Deserves, while he sinks in disgrace,
Neither king to protect him, to love him a wife,
Nor children to smile in his face.

No, while, &c.

DUNCAN AND VICTORY.

AGAIN the willing trump of fame
Receives from bounteous Heav'n a claim
Around glad Nature's sons to call,
And wake with wonder the terrestrial ball:
Strike shudd'ring France, and harrow'd Spain,
With Duncan's thunder, and Britannia's reign,
Confirm'd, anew, her empire o'er the main.
Sing, Britons, sing, prizing what Fate has giv'n,
Union, content, and gratitude to Heav'n.

October the eleventh, at nine,
Neptune beheld the British line:
And lest his honours, so long worn,
Should from our ever-conquering flag be torn,
Dismay to France, horror to Spain,
Bade Duncan's thunder great Britannia's reign
Proclaim anew—the sov'reign of the main.

Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Fate warred on that momentous day,—
 Three hours nine ships saw captur'd lay :
 Vain Holland's dream of pow'r's no more !
 Her conquer'd fleet shall grace the British shore.
 Droop, fearful France,—sink, trembling Spain,
 Duncan in thunder great Britannia's reign
 Proclaims anew—the sov'reign of the main.

Sing, Britons, sing, &c.

THE NANCY.

MAYHAP you have heard that, as dear as their lives,
 All true-hearted tars love their ships and their
 wives ;

To their duty like pitch sticking close till they die,
 And who'er wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for why:
 One through dangers and storms brings me safely
 ashore,

T'other welcomes me home when my danger is o'er;
 Both smoothing the ups and the downs of this life,
 For my ship's call'd the Nancy, and Nancy's my
 wife.

When Nancy, my wife, o'er the lawn scuds so neat
 And so light, the proud grass scarcely yields to her
 feet ;

So rigg'd out and so lovely, 't'ent easy to trace
 Which is reddest—her top-knot, her shoes, or her
 face :

While the neighbours, to see her, forget all their
 cares,

And are pleas'd that she's mine, though they wish
 she was theirs.

Marvel not, then, to think of this joy of my life—
 I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy, my vessel, but see her in trim,
 She seems through the ocean to fly, and not swim ;
 'Fore the wind, like a dolphin, she merrily plays,—
 She goes any how well, but she looks best in stays.
 Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she,
 Mountain high, or sunk low in the trough of the sea:
 She has sav'd me from many hard squeaks for my
 life,

So I call'd her the Nancy, 'cause Nancy's my wife.

When so sweet in the dance careless glides my
 heart's queen,

She sets out, and sets in, far the best on the green ;
 So, of all the grand fleet my gay vessel's the flow'r,
 She outsails the whole tote by a knot in an hour.
 Then they both sail so cheerful through life's
 varying breeze,

All hearts with such pilots must be at their ease ;
 Thus I've two kind protectors to watch me through
 life,

My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them who shall
 debar?

Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar ;

Why, ev'rything female from peril to save
 Is the noblest distinction that honours the brave.
 While a rag, or a timber, or compass, I boast,
 I'll protect the dear creatures against a whole host;
 Still grateful to both to the end of my life,—
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

THE LYRIC TEST.

Come, poet, come, thy song rehearse ;
 Bid the Pierian quire,
 With all their magic pow'r of verse,
 Supply thy playful lyre.

Delight me, poet! sing away ;
 Nor, in thy ardour, heed
 Whether thy song be grave or gay :
 Yet, wouldst thou boast my meed,

See that thy theme fair truths impart,
 To sacred honour dear ;
 Give me the song that finds the heart
 Transported through the ear.

It must have love, soft, tender, kind ;
 Love, true as truth can be ;

Love, sweetest essence of the mind,
 Or 'tis no song for me.

Let heav'nly friendship swell thy strain,
 That cheers our little span ;

The link in fair creation's chain
 That man unites to man.

Whate'er thy theme, see it impart
 Truths to fair honour dear ;

Give me the song that finds the heart
 Transported through the ear.

Come, sing of wine,—fill up the bowl ;
 Nor stinted, nor confin'd,
 So wine exhilarate the soul
 To humanize the mind.

And sing of war ; paint the red field
 Where thousands bite the dust,

To stern necessity that yield,—
 But see thy quarrel's just ;
 That so thy theme may truths impart,
 To sacred honour dear :

Give me the song that finds the heart
 Transported through the ear.

And let me laughter round me trace,
 Care's menace to beguile ;
 There's nothing calls the human face
 Celestial, like a smile.

Nay, move the passions! do not fear,
 In humour quaint and droll,
 Till laughter's self a gen'rous tear
 Force from the pitying soul.

Laugh, poet! laugh; but yet impart
 Truths to fair honour dear:
 The song for me must win the heart
 In transport through the ear.

THE NANCY.

ALLEGRETTO.

May - hap you have heard that, as dear as their lives, All true-heart-ed

tars love their ships and their wives, To their du - ty like pitch stick-ing

close till they die; And who - e'er wants to know it, I'll tell 'em for

THE NANCY.

why: One through dan-gers and storms brings me safe - ly a - shore, T'o - ther

The first system of the musical score for 'The Nancy'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'why: One through dan-gers and storms brings me safe - ly a - shore, T'o - ther'.

wel-comes me home when my dan-ger is oer; T'o - ther wel-comes me

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'wel-comes me home when my dan-ger is oer; T'o - ther wel-comes me'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

home when my dan - ger is o'er; Both smooth-ing the ups and the

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'home when my dan - ger is o'er; Both smooth-ing the ups and the'. The piano accompaniment continues.

downs of this life; For my ship's call'd the Nancy, the Nancy, the Nancy,

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: 'downs of this life; For my ship's call'd the Nancy, the Nancy, the Nancy,'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

THE NANCY.

the Nancy, and Nan - cy's my wife; My ship's call'd the

Nan - cy, and Nan - cy's my wife.

When Nancy, my wife, o'er the lawn scuds so neat
 And so light, the proud grass scarcely yields to her feet;
 So rigg'd out and so lovely, t'ent easy to trace
 Which is reddest—her top-knot, her shoes, or her face:
 While the neighbours, to see her, forget all their cares,
 And are pleas'd that she's mine, though they wish she was theirs.
 Marvel not, then, to think of this joy of my life—
 I my ship calls the Nancy, for Nancy's my wife.

As for Nancy, my vessel, but see her in trim,
 She seems through the ocean to fly, and not swim;
 'Fore the wind, like a dolphin, she merrily plays,—
 She goes any how well, but she looks best in stays.
 Scudding, trying, or tacking, 'tis all one to she,
 Mounting high, or sunk low in the trough of the sea:
 She has saved me from many hard squeaks for my life;—
 So I call'd her the Nancy, 'cause Nancy's my wife.

When so sweet in the dance careless glides my heart's queen,
 She sets out, and sets in, far best on the green;
 So, of all the grand fleet my gay vessel's the flow'r,
 She outsails the whole tote by a knot in an hour.
 Then they both sail so cheerful through life's varying breeze,
 All hearts with such pilots must be at their ease;
 Thus I've two kind protectors to watch me through life,
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

Then these hands from protecting them who shall debar
 Ne'er ingratitude lurk'd in the heart of a tar;
 Why, ev'rything female from peril to save
 Is the noblest distinction that honours the brave!
 While a rag, or a timber, or compass, I boast,
 I'll protect the dear creatures against a whole host;
 Still grateful to both till the end of my life,—
 My good ship the Nancy, and Nancy my wife.

ALL'S ONE TO JACK.

CON SPIRITO.

Though moun-tains high the

bil-lows roll, And an-gry o-cean's in a foam, The sai-lor gai-ly slings the bowl,—The

sai-lor gai-ly slings the bowl, And thinks on her he left at home— and thinks on

ALL'S ONE TO JACK.

her he left at home. Kind love his guard-ian spi-rit still, His mind's made up, come

what come will: Tem-pests may masts to splin-ters tear, Sails and rig-ging

go to rack,—Sails and rig-ging go to rack, So she loves him he loves so dear, 'Tis

all one to Jack.

[For remainder of Words see next page.]

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

TRUE GLORY.

WHAT is glory? what is fame?
 That a shadow, this a name,
 Restless mortals to deceive:
 Are they renown'd, can they be great,
 Who hurl their fellow-creatures' fate,
 That mothers, children, wives, may grieve?
 Ask smiling honour to proclaim
 What is glory, what is fame;
 Hark! the glad mandate strikes the list'ning ear;
 'The truest glory to the bosom dear
 Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear.'

What are riches, pomp, and pow'r?
 Gewgaws that endure their hour,
 Wretched mortals to allure;
 Can greatness reach the idly vain,
 Indulging in the princely fane,
 Deaf to the mis'ries of the poor?
 Ask smiling reason to proclaim
 What is glory, what is fame;
 Hark! the sweet mandate strikes the list'ning ear:
 'The truest glory to the bosom dear
 Is when the soul starts soft compassion's tear.'

ALL'S ONE TO JACK.

THOUGH mountains high the billows roll,
 And angry ocean's in a foam,
 The sailor gaily slings the bowl,
 And thinks on her he left at home.
 Kind love his guardian spirit still,
 His mind's made up, come what come will:
 Tempests may masts to splinters tear,
 Sails and rigging go to rack,
 So she loves him he loves so dear,
 'Tis all one to Jack.

His friend in limbo should he find,
 His wife and children brought to shame,
 To ev'rything but kindness blind,
 Jack signs his ruin with his name.
 Friendship the worthy motive still,
 His mind's made up, come what come will;
 The time come round, by hell-hounds press'd,
 Goods, clothes, and person, go to rack;
 But, since he succour'd the distress'd,
 'Tis all one to Jack.

Once more at sea prepar'd to fight,
 A friendly pledge, round goes the can;
 And though large odds appear in sight,
 He meets the danger like a man.
 Honour his guardian spirit still,
 His mind's made up, come what come will;
 Like some fierce lion, see him go
 Where horror grim marks the attack!
 So he can save a drowning foe,
 'Tis all one to Jack.

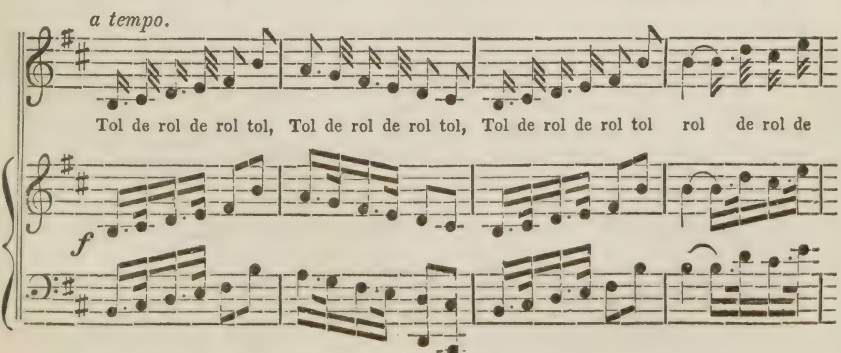
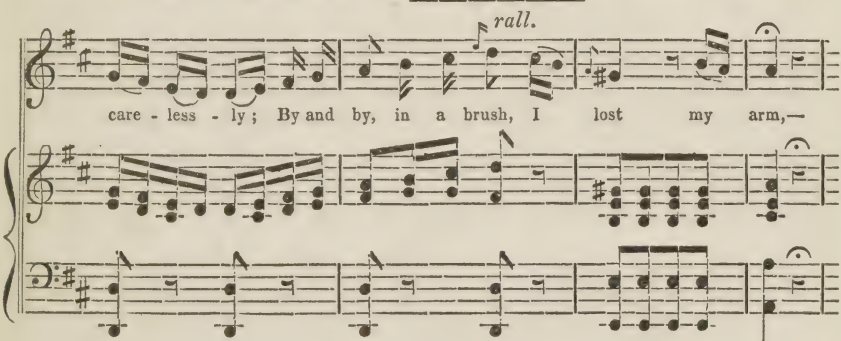
And when at last—for tars and kings
 Must find in death a peaceful home—
 The shot its sure commission brings,
 And of poor Jack the time is come,—
 Cheerful his duty to fulfil,
 His mind's made up, come what come will;
 The cannon's pois'd, from its fell jaws
 A fatal shot takes him aback;
 But, since he died in honour's cause,
 'Twas all one to Jack.

SMITHFIELD BARGAINS.

COME round me, ye husbands—come round me, ye
 wives,—
 The thing's settled and done for the rest of your lives:
 No more shall ye wedlock a slavery call,—
 Little Smithfield, my soul, shall unmarry you all.
 Come away, then, in troops, without further ha-
 ranguing;
 The same destiny waits upon marriage and hanging:
 Then our minds from what torment the news must
 relieve!
 When your neck's in the halter you'll get a reprieve.
 Ye young people who post to the blacksmith have
 been,
 And, the honeymoon over, your folly have seen,
 If the fetters of Hymen he forg'd you'd fain doff,
 Come to Smithfield, my soul, and we'll soon knock
 'em off.
 What's the fun of that pleasure for ever that's
 smarting?
 Sure, when folks live asunder, they'd better be
 parting.
 Just come and be sold, all your strife 'twill relieve,—
 Tho' your neck's in the halter, you'll get a reprieve.
 See old Gripus and Hunks lay together their pates;
 Let's marry our children,—I mean our estates;
 These they call Smithfield bargains; and shall I be
 told,
 That where anything's bought it ought not to be
 sold?
 Then, if fair and above board the sale we connive at,
 En't it better than sell it by contract in private?
 Come, then, wives, and be sold; great's the joy
 you'll receive,
 When your neck's in the halter, to get a reprieve.
 No more the learn'd counsel lamenting, we'll see,
 Those profligate manners that bring him his fee;
 Doctors' Commons, my soul, now hard commons
 affords,
 And Smithfield shall kick out a bill in the Lords.
 Let them all 'bout crim. con. and their damages
 battle,—
 Smithfield's sure the true place for the sale of
 horn'd cattle:
 Come, then, wives, and be sold,—great's the joy
 you'll receive,
 Tho' you've mounted the ladder, to get a reprieve.

TOL DE ROL.

ALLEGRO.



TOL DE ROL.

ri! So says I,— 'Twas well 'twas no worse harm,— 'Twas

The first system of the musical score for 'TOL DE ROL.' It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a rest followed by the lyrics 'ri! So says I,—'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

well 'twas no worse harm,— Well, man's but man, and there's an end; And

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a rest followed by the lyrics 'well 'twas no worse harm,—'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

since 'tis so, E'en let it go;— I ne'er shall lift it 'gainst a

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has a rest followed by the lyrics 'since 'tis so, E'en let it go;—'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

friend.

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line has a rest followed by the lyrics 'friend.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

Marriagesometimes, Iown, has delight without end:
This I've nothing to do with; I only contend
In this traffic of carcasses truth says, we ought
That at Smithfield to sell that at Smithfield was
bought.

If in wedlock you're pleasure and comfort possess-
ing,

As dear as your vitals, ah, cherish the blessing!
If a halter alone can your mis'ries relieve,
Come to Smithfield, my soul, and you'll get a re-
prieve.

TOL DE ROL.

[This song is sometimes call'd—'Well, it's no worse.']

I WENT to sea all so fearlessly,
Broach'd my grog all so carelessly;
By and by, in a brush, I lost my arm,
Tol de rol, de rol de ri!

So says I,—

'Twas well 'twas no worse harm,—
Man's but man, and there's an end;
And since 'tis so,
E'en let it go;

I ne'er shall lift it 'gainst a friend.'

Next, a squall a tempest led off,
Enough to blow the devil's head off;
I got spilt, and that way lost my leg:

Tol de rol, de rol de ri!

So says I,—

'I must now be forc'd to beg:
Well, man's but man,—that's all I say;
So, in this plight,
If I can't fight,
For certain I can't run away.'

So, as if Old Nick was in it,
Something happen'd ev'ry minute;
Till, at last, poor I! they dous'd my glims;

Tol de rol, de rol de ri!

So says I,—

'Why, I've lost my eyes and limbs:
Well, the sails of life by time are furl'd!
'Twas Fate's decree,

That I mayn't see

The treach'ry of this wicked world.'

Things grew worse still, and worse;
Fortune, I had cause to curse her;
Coming home, I found I'd lost my wife:

Tol de rol, de rol de ri!

So says I,—

'I'd rather lost my life;
But we're all mortal—she was old:
Then why take on?

If so be she's gone,

I ne'er again shall hear her scold.'

Now laid up in Greenwich quarter.
Chatham chest my right, by charter
Being old, I've lost all but my tongue;

Tol de rol, de rol de ri!

So says I,—

'Twas not so when I was young;

But then,' says I again, 'you dunce!
Be fear afar
From ev'ry tar,—
Damme! a man can die but once.'

THE LABOURER'S WELCOME HOME.

THE ploughman whistles o'er the furrow,
The hedger joins the vacant strain,
The woodman sings the woodland thorough,
The shepherd's pipe delights the plain:

Where'er the anxious eye can roam,
Or ear receive the jocund pleasure,
Myriads of beings thronging flock,
Of Nature's song to join the measure;
Till, to keep time, the village clock
Sounds sweet the lab'rer's welcome home.

The hearth swept clean, his partner smiling,
Upon the shining table smokes
The frugal meal; while, time beguiling,
The ale the harmless jest provokes:
Ye inmates of the lofty dome,
Admire his lot—his children, playing,
To share his smiles around him flock;
And faithful Tray, since morn, that straying,
Trudg'd with him, till the village clock
Proclaim'd the lab'rer's welcome home.

The cheering fagot burnt to embers,
While lares round their vigils keep,
That Pow'r that poor and rich remembers,
Each thanks, and then retires to sleep:
And now the lark climbs heav'n's high dome,
Fresh from repose, toil's kind reliever;
And furnish'd with his daily stock,—
His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,—
He travels, till the village clock
Sounds sweet the lab'rer's welcome home.

CAPTAIN WATTLE AND MISS ROE.

DID you ever hear of Captain Wattle?
He was all for love, and a little for the bottle.
We know not, though pains we have taken to in-
quire,
If gunpowder he invented, or the Thames set on fire;
If to him was the centre of gravity known,
The longitude, or the philosopher's stone;
Or whether he studied from Bacon or Boyle,
Copernicus, Locke, Katerfelto, or Hoyle;—
But this we have learn'd, with great labour and pain,
That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him again.

Than sweet Miss Roe none e'er look'd fiercer:
She had but one eye, but that was a piercer.
We know not, for certainty, her education,—
If she wrote, mended stockings, or settled the
nation;
A cards, if she lik'd whist and swabbers, or voles,
Or at dinner lov'd pig, or a steak on the coals;

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Whether most of the Sappho she was, or Thalestris;
Or if dancing was taught her by Hopkins, or Vestris:
But, for your satisfaction, this good news we obtain,
That she lov'd Captain Wattle, and he lov'd her again.

When wedded, he became lord and master, depend on't;
He had but one leg, but he'd a foot at the end on't,
Which, of government when she would fain hold the bridle,
He took special caution should never lie idle;
So, like most married folks, 'twas 'My plague!' and 'My chicken!'

And sometimes a-kissing, and sometimes a-kicking;
Then, for comfort, a cordial she'd now and then try,
Alternately bugging, or piping her eye;—
And these facts of this couple the hist'ry contain;
For when he kick'd Miss Roe, she kick'd him again.

LOVE'S PROBATION.

'Tis said that love, the more 'tis tried,
Grows firmer, and lasts longer;
And when distress the knot has tied,
'Tis closer knit, and stronger.
She who with love's best joys would fain
That Fate should thus regale her,
Must share the peril and the pain
That mark the gallant sailor.

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,
Deep sorrow to dissemble,
To shudder at each low'ring sky,
At ev'ry breeze to tremble,
While neither wishes, pray'rs, nor tears,
To ease her mind avail her,—
These dreadful trials speak her fears
Who loves a gallant sailor.

And now, her mis'ries to refine,
To Fate she's forc'd to yield him;
For, with swoll'n eyes, she spells the line
Where newspapers have kill'd him:
This is the last of her alarms;
Cease, lovers, to bewail her;—
He comes! and in her trembling arms
She holds her gallant sailor.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TOPING.

Some say toppers should never get mellow,
That a drunken man's a stupid fellow;
For if 'tis true that he always sees double,
He's twice his neighbour's portion of trouble.
But an argument soonest admits of digestion,
When you take the pleasant side of the question;
And if our lives by this standard we measure,
He's twice his neighbour's portion of pleasure.
Then all get drunk if you wish to be happy,—
To shun pleasure that courts you is stupid and sappy:

Drink away! you'll be nobly repaid for your labour,—
Why, 'twill make you as happy again as your neighbour.

Suppose, while you're racking your piamater,
You've not cash enough to pay the waiter;
Why, what's to do? get drunk, you ninny,—
'Twill make ten and sixpence appear like a guinea.
Then, if to do good you receive satisfaction,
How charming to think that, for ev'ry kind action,
Of conferring two you'll have the employment:
And can any man show me a sweeter enjoyment?
Then all get drunk, &c.

Since friendship's so rare and so bright a jewel,
To the fire of life that so kindly adds fuel,
With wine make your clay so moist, and so supple,
Instead of one friend, why you'll meet with a couple;
Then, when you come home with the drink in your nappers,

How sweet of two wives to hear the clappers!
But that would be covetous out of season;
For one wife at a time is enough, in all reason.
Then all get drunk, &c.

Thus, were the world drunk, 'twould double their pleasure:

The drunken miser would double his treasure;
A city feast would have double the covers;
And ladies would double the list of their lovers:
With two sparks would miss be to Scotland eloping;
Parsons find two tithe-pigs, could we catch them a-toping;
The drunkard two bowls, as he's drinking and roaring;
And if you were all drunk, you'd my song be encoring.
Then all get drunk, &c.

THE COUNTRY CLUB.

Now we're all met here together,
In spite of wind and weather,
To moisten well our clay,
Before we think of jogging,
Let's take a cheerful noggin,—
Where's the waiter? ring away;
Bring the glees and the catches,
The tobacco-pipes and matches,
And plenty of brown stout;
Get the glasses: ere we start 'em,
Let's proceed secundem artem,—
Let the clerk all the names read out.

['Gentlemen of the Quizzical Society, please to answer to your names—Farmer Scroggins: 'Why, I be here.' 'Dr. Horsleach: 'Here.' 'Parson Paunch: 'Here.' 'Tailor Tit: 'Here.' So he goes on for about twenty. At last, you hear,—
'Are you all assembled?' 'All, all, all, all, all.']

'So, here's to you, Mister Wiggins;
Here's to you, Mister Figgins;
So put the beer about.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

'Come, tell us what the news is,
Who wins and who loses;
Of the times, what do people say?'
'Hard, hard, the landlord racks us,—
Then we've such a load of taxes.'
'Indeed! well! and how goes hay?'
'Why, now, there's Master Wiseman,
He told the exciseman,
That the cause of this pother an' rout'—
'Order! order! and sobriety!
The rules of the society,
Let the secretary read 'em out.'

['Every member of this society that spills his liquor in his neighbour's pocket shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society that sings his neighbour's wig with his pipe shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society that refuses to laugh at a good joke shall forfeit twopence. Every member of this society who reproaches his neighbour with coming to distress by unavoidable misfortunes shall forfeit twopence.' 'Mr. President, I move that this forfeit be a shilling.' 'And I second the motion.' 'Are you all agreed?' 'I am, unanimously.' 'A noble resolution.' 'D'ye think so?']

'Why, then, here's to you, Mr. Figgins;
Here's to you, Mr. Higgins;
So put the beer about.'

And now the potent liquor
Not even spares the vicar;
But in all their noddles mounts;
While, among this set of queerers,
All talkers and no hearers,
Each his fav'rite tale recounts;—
The soldier talks of battle,
The grazier sells his cattle,
Conversation to provoke;
Till the juice of the barrel
Begets some curious quarrel,
While the company's lost in smoke.

['Upon my soul, neighbour, I had no hand in the death of your wife; it was all in the way of business.' 'Nay, but, doctor, 'twere a cursed un-neighbourly thing of you; not that the woman were any sitch great things, but to put a body to sitch an expense.' 'Why, you don't tell me so! killed fifteen with your own hand!' 'Fifteen, by my laurels.' 'D'ye hear that, butcher?' 'Hear it, yes: but I'll lay in what he dares, he has not killed so many as I have, by hundreds.' 'Powder my whiskers!' 'Come, come, gentlemen,' says the bellows-maker, 'no breezes!' 'Let me exhort you to temperance,' says the parson. 'Amen,' says the clerk. 'That's right,' says the undertaker; 'let us bury all animosity.' 'Now, that's what I like,' said the fiddler; 'I like to see harmony restored.' 'D'ye, though? You like to see harmony restored—why then—']

'Here's to you, Mr. Higgins;
Here's to you, Mr. Higgins;
So put the beer about.'

GIVE AND TAKE.

True friendship, my jewel, 's but little defin'd;
But the devil a bull you'd be making,
If 'twere measur'd and squar'd by that rule of the mind,
That the people call giving and taking:
If you tell me I've humour, and wit, and all that,
D'ye think in your praise I'll be colder?
Arrah, fait! if for scratching my back you'd be at,
To be sure, I won't tickle your shoulder:
Sure, mutual indulgence true pleasure secures,—
If you joke, fait! why should I not banter?
Get astride of my hobby-horse—I shall mount yours,
And at a rare rate,
For the give and take plate,
Full gallop we'll go in a canter.

Arrah, nonsense! says you, with your bodder and game,
D'ye fancy that I'll be believing?
Night and day, black and white, fire and frost, are the same,—
How de devil can taking be giving?
Why suppose, now, Dame Fortune should choose, in her mirth,
To heap on you more than your measure;
Give the surplus away to some person of worth,
And you'd take—fait! a great deal of pleasure.
Through the world give and take all true pleasures combine;
For a joke, fait! I'll give you a banter;
Let me ride your hobby-horse, you shall mount mine, &c.

Why, en't give and take, with the fair, a fair tax?
If she's cooing, fait! you must be billing;
And it's nat'ral enough: just permit me to ax,
Sure, en't twelpence the change for a shilling?
You must praise this man's telegraph—that man's balloon,
If you'd have your due share of carney;
A true friend, without stockings, would walk to the moon,
If you'd feed him with plenty of blarney.
And the maxim's the same, fait! with every quiz;
In my joke, by my troth! there's no banter:
Let him ride your hobby-horse, you shall mount his, &c.

Take and give, give and take, ev'ry man has his price,
And you'll buy him, fait! if you're but trying;
And buying and selling, however you're nice,
After all, is but selling and buying.
Take and give, give and take, then, my soul! while you live,
But don't a mistake now be making,—
Only get the consent of your heart when you give,
And, fait! great's the delight you'll be taking.
Observe, then, this rule in all human affairs,—
The rest is but bodder and banter;
Let them mount your hobby-horse, you shall ride theirs, &c.

THE LABOURER'S WELCOME HOME.

MODERATO.

mf

The ploughman whis - tles o'er the fur-row, The hed - ger joins the

va - cant strain, The wood - man sings the wood - land tho-rough, The

THE LABOURER'S WELCOME HOME.

shep-herd's pipe de - lights the plain, The shep-herd's pipe de - lights the plain: Wher-

e'er the anx-i-ous eye can roam, Or ear re-ceive the jo - cund pleasure, the

jo - cund plea-sure, My-riads of be - ings throng-ing flock, Of Na - ture's

song to join the mea-sure, to join the mea-sure; Till, to keep

THE LABOURER'S WELCOME HOME.

time, the vil - lage clock, the vil - lage clock Sounds sweet the lab'-rer's

wel - come home.

mf

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, also in one flat and common time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a recurring motif of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are placed below the voice staff. The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano and a sustained note in the voice.

The hearth swept clean, his partner smiling,
 Upon the shining table smokes
 The frugal meal; while, time beguiling,
 The ale the harmless jest provokes:
 Ye inmates of the lofty dome,
 Admire his lot—his children, playing,
 To share his smiles around him flock;
 And faithful Tray, since morn, that straying,
 Trudg'd with him, till the village clock
 Proclaim'd the lab'rer's welcome home.

The cheering fagot burnt to embers,
 While lares round their vigils keep,
 That Pow'r that poor and rich remembers,
 Each thanks, and then retires to sleep:
 And now the lark climbs heav'n's high dome,
 Fresh from repose, toil's kind reliever;
 And furnish'd with his daily stock,—
 His dog, his staff, his keg, his beaver,—
 He travels, till the village clock
 Sounds sweet the lab'rer's welcome home.

LOVE'S PROBATION.

ANDANTINO.

p

The piano introduction consists of two staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTINO'. The music features a flowing melody in the right hand with many beamed sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

'Tis said that love, the more 'tis tried, Grows firm - er and lasts

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note 'Tis, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues the flowing texture from the introduction.

long-er; And when dis - tress the knot has tied, 'Tis clo - ser knit, and

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a more complex rhythmic pattern with many beamed notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic foundation.

stron-ger. She who with love's best joys would fain That fate should

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with a half note 'stron-ger. The piano accompaniment continues with the same flowing pattern.

LOVE'S PROBATION.

thus re - gale her, Must share the pe - - ril and the

pain, Must share the pe - ril and the pain, Must share the pe - ril

and the pain That mark the gal - lant sai - lor.

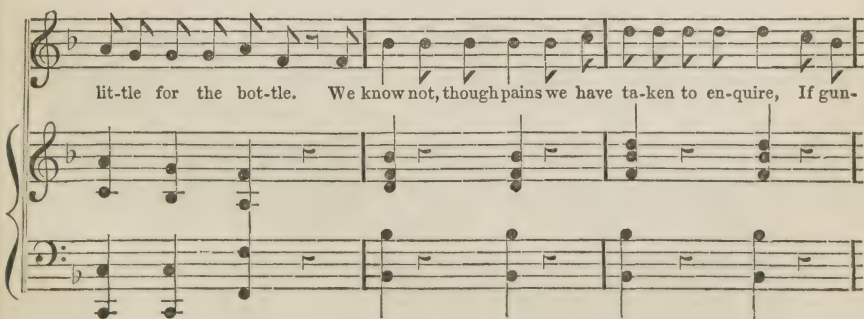
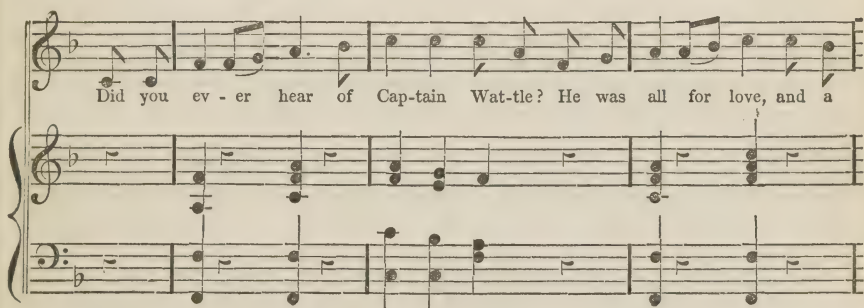
Repeat 1st Sym.

To hope in vain, in vain to sigh,
 Deep sorrow to dissemble,
 To shudder at each low'ring sky,
 At ev'ry breeze to tremble,
 While neither wishes, pray'rs, nor tears,
 To ease her mind avail her,—
 These dreadful trials speak her fears
 Who loves a gallant sailor.

And now her mis'ries to refine,
 To Fate she's forc'd to yield him;
 For, with swell'd eyes, she spells the line
 Where newspapers have kill'd him:
 This is the last of her alarms;
 Cease, lovers, to bewail her;—
 He comes! and in her trembling arms
 She holds her gallant sailor.

CAPTAIN WATTLE.

ALLEGRETTO.



CAPTAIN WATTLE.

pow-der he in-vent-ed, or the Thames set on fire; If to him was the cen-tre of

gra-vi-ty known, The lon-gi-tude, or the phi-lo-so-pher's stone, Or

whe-ther he stu-died from Ba-con or Boyle, Co-per-ni-cus, Locke, Ka-ter-

fel-to, or Hoyle;— But this we have learn'd. with great

CAPTAIN WATTLE.

la - - bour and pain, That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she lov'd him a gain— a-

gain

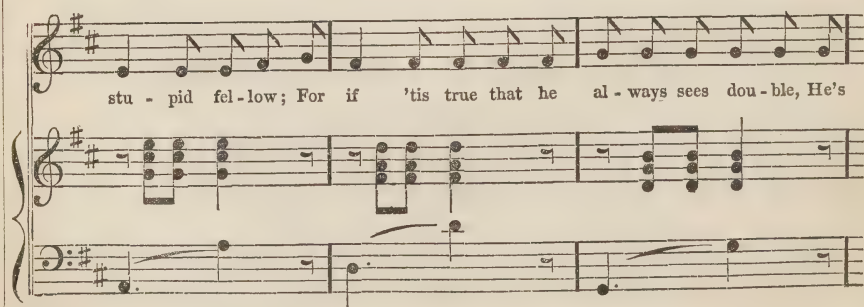
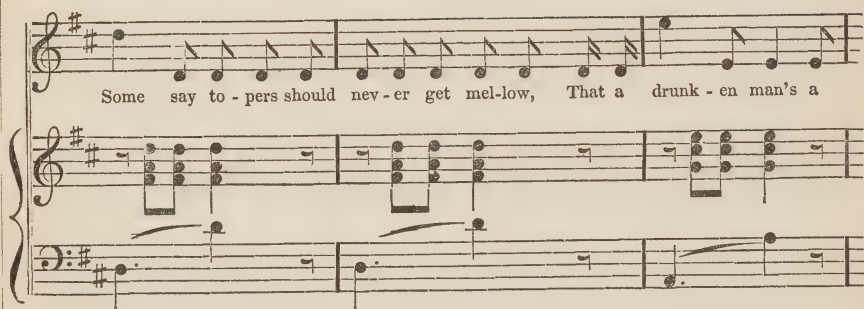
That he lov'd Miss Roe, and she

lov'd him a-gain.

[For remainder of Words see p. 153]

THE ADVANTAGES OF TOPING.

ALLEGRO.



THE ADVANTAGES OF TOPING.

twice his neigh-bour's por-tion of trou-ble— He's twice his neigh-bour's

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "twice his neigh-bour's por-tion of trou-ble— He's twice his neigh-bour's".

por-tion of trou-ble. But an ar-gu-ment soon-est ad-mits of di-ges-tion, When you

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "por-tion of trou-ble. But an ar-gu-ment soon-est ad-mits of di-ges-tion, When you".

take the plea-sant side of the ques-tion; And if our lives by this

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "take the plea-sant side of the ques-tion; And if our lives by this".

stand-ard we mea-sure, He's twice his neigh-bour's por-tion of plea-sure. Then

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "stand-ard we mea-sure, He's twice his neigh-bour's por-tion of plea-sure. Then".

THE ADVANTAGES OF TOPING.

all get drunk if you wish to be hap-py,— To shun plea-sure that courts you is

stu - pid and sap - py. Drink a - way! Drink a - way!

Drink a-way! you'll be no - bly re - paid for your la - bour,— Why, 'twill

make you as hap-py a - gain as your neigh-bour.

[For remainder of Verses see p. 154.]

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

FREEDOM'S CONTRIBUTION.

[This song refers to the memorable public contribution, raised, after the failure of the then recent treaty for a peace with Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to carry on the war with vigour and efficiency. It was commenced at a public meeting convened in the Royal Exchange, Feb. 9, 1798, by Edward Kemble, Esq., an eccentric but highly respectable merchant, the father of the present member for East Surrey. For several weeks, he attended daily at an elevated desk in the Quadrangle of the Exchange for the purpose of receiving subscriptions. Being an ultra-Royalist, the Republicans of that day much ridiculed his zeal. He was a very tall fat man, and they sometimes, in derision, called him '*Baby*' Kemble, and sometimes '*Elephant*' Kemble. The contribution eventually amounted to 2,826,823*l.* exclusive of 139,332*l.* 15*s.* transmitted from the British Settlements in the East and West Indies, America, &c.]

ALL who of Britons bear the name,
And love the constitution,
Rank forward in the list of fame, *
And join our contribution.
Round with the glass ! let ev'ry health
Show frantic France her error,
Now, while our courage and our wealth
Her threats convert to terror.
Hark ! union's drum, with cheerful sound,
Cries, 'Join the contribution !
Let ev'ry Briton rally round
The King and Constitution.'

Health to the King, the Lords, and those
Who represent the nation ;
Nor may the trust we there repose
Experience variation :
But of their government display
Proportion in each feature :
True as the elements, that sway
The government of nature.

Hark ! union's drum, &c.

To the army health ! their pay who yield,
In this their country's quarrel,
To purchase nobly, in the field,
A never-fading laurel.
Health to our tars ! who gave so free
Their mite,—while they defy 'em,—
To drive the French into the sea,
And all that may stand by 'em.

Hark ! union's drum, &c.

Health to those churchmen ! from these Turks
To save the constitution,
Who to their faith have added works,
And join'd the contribution.
Health to each lawyer who bestows
His fees with satisfaction,
Forcible entry to oppose
With battery and action !

Hark ! union's drum, &c.

Health to the merchants of this land !
To stem this rude commotion,
Who nobly give, with lib'ral hand,
Still to command the ocean :

And health to ev'ry artisan,
And ev'ry child of labour,
Who, in this crisis, to a man,
Joins to protect his neighbour !
Hark ! union's drum, &c.

Then, Britons ! join with hand and heart,—
Come, trample on oppression ;
To save the whole, bestow a part
Of each man's fair possession :
Till vict'ry ample justice brings,
Of joy to fill our measure ;
And lovely peace, with silken wings,
Returns with ev'ry pleasure.
Hark ! union's drum, &c.

MISS MUZ THE MILLINER, AND BOB THE BARBER.

NOTED for lasses kind and sweet,
The neighb'ring hamlets us'd to name us ;
And then, good-natur'd, trim, and neat,
Our little town for lads were famous.
All went on quietly and well ;
We dress'd on holydays and highdays,
And listen'd careful to church-bell,
On Sundays, Saints' days, and Good Fridays :
Till, on a sudden, came from town—
I wonders how we gave um harbour—
Two toads, to turn us upside down,—
Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

Away these devils went to work :
The men this fine Miss Muz run arter ;
And as for Bob, the terrible Turk !
He courted ev'ry mother's durtur.
For Miss were dress'd, from head to feet,
So white, and slim, and fine, and smirking,
Zummut, d'y'e zee, like a white sheet,
That I have zeed um stand at kirk in.
Then he'd so dress, and zing, and play,
That ev'ry creature gov'd um harbour ;
Till through the town 'twas who but they,
Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

Short coats and trowsers now must deck
The clumsy limbs of ev'ry bumpkin,
While a towel form'd about the neck
A double chin, just like a pumpkin ;
Till all the stumping awkward boors
Became such cap'ers and such jig-tails !
I've heard of dancing-dogs for sures,
But we have dancing clowns with pigtails.
Such stuff might make the devil sick ;
I wonders how they gov'd um harbour ;
But all the tippy and the kick
Were Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

The women's hair seem'd gnaw'd by rats,
Instead of ringlets, careless flowing ;
The pretty streamers on their hats
Were turn'd to posies all a blowing :

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

With flurigs, befloun'd and twirl'd,
 See, while in crowds their fans they dandles,
 So white, they look for all the world
 Just like a walking pound of candles.
 And then to see each bumpkin gape,
 Agog such stupid stuff to harbour;
 Dear! dear! 'tis so genteel to ape
 Miss Muz the milliner, and Bob the barber.

At last we found that all this pride,
 These flappets, trinkets, beads, and lockets,
 Were not fit sport for clowns;—beside,
 It fairly emptied all our pockets.
 And so the plough that had stood still,
 The wheat in barn that wanted thrashing,
 The lazy team, the idle mill,
 We took to as a better fashion.
 The nine days' wonder o'er, each clown
 Resolv'd no more reproach to harbour:
 And so we hooted out of town
 Miss Muz the Milliner, and Bob the barber.

THE KISS.

THOUGH, ladies, to you I my verses inscribe,
 Yet the kiss that I sing my fair truth should not
 bribe;

Prepare, then, a few honest strictures to hear,
 On that theme that you ought both to love and to
 fear:

'Twixt nature and honour, that causes such strife,
 Lest your bliss it destroy, or insure it for life;
 As reason you hold, or from prudence depart,
 For, remember, a kiss is the seal of the heart.

While your joy I promote, and your int'rest revere,
 Let me warn you 'gainst those who at virtue can
 sneer;

Whose motives no firm bond of honour secures,—
 A reproach to their own sex, who vilify yours.
 Of this precipice rude should you stand on the brink,
 Lest you luckless leap forward, ah! tremble and
 think;

From the flattering ruin indignantly start,
 Nor sign with your lips, lest you seal with your heart.

But when delicate passion, attentively kind,
 Alive in the heart, and confirm'd in the mind—
 When, open as day, manly love stands reveal'd,
 You gain in concession, and triumph to yield;
 Hesitation were prudery,—your happiness sign;
 Honour sanctions the terms, and the contract's
 divine:

While Cupid cries slyly, still topping his part,
 'Add a generous kiss—'tis the seal of the heart.'

MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

YE maids and ye bachelors, come in a ring,—
 My ditty to you I'm addressing:
 Arrah! join me in rapturous chorus, and sing
 That life you have found such a blessing:

Of wedlock, my soul, to keep out of the snares,
 Oh, ye devils, you're getting a treasure;
 For since staying single gets rid of the cares,
 Never seem to be minding the pleasure:
 Then far from your bosoms may sorrow be hurl'd!
 What though in your views you've miscarried?—
 A single life's the best life in the world,
 When the people won't let you get married.

How charming, in search of delight while you roam,
 On others' delight to be pond'ring;
 For you've pleasure enough, and are always at
 home,

Except that you're wretched and wand'ring:
 Then you know dere's no envy nor malice that
 lurks

To give your kind neighbours a handle;
 Maids and bachelors, always the devil and his works
 May defy to accuse them of scandal:
 Then far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd;
 For though in your views you've miscarried,
 A single life's the best life in the world,
 When the people won't let you get married.

There's a bachelor,—ax him to whisper aloud
 With the ladies sure what was the matter:
 This was poor, that was ugly, conceited, and proud;
 And for t'other, he could not come at her.
 And then he'll be talking of foxes and grapes,
 And then of the devil and the water;
 Fait! each offspring of Adam his grandsire apes,
 And each woman's her grandmother's daughter:
 Well, then, far from your pillows may sorrow be
 hurl'd;

What though in your views you've miscarried?—
 A single life's the best life in the world,
 When it is not your fate to get married.

Ye maidens, with you, fait! I'll never dispute,—
 I know that our sex are uncivil;
 That each man's an ape, and a bear, and a brute,
 And into the bargain a devil:
 And that being the case, my advice is to you,
 With hopes and with fears while you tingle,
 If you've tried to be married, and find it won't do,
 Sure, had not ye better live single?

Arrah! far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd;
 Never mind that your views have miscarried;—
 A single life's the best life in the world,
 If they'd only just let you get married.

Then don't be attempting your reasons to bring,
 In this case to prove me a ninny;
 Fait and troth! now, a shilling's a very good thing,
 When a jontleman can't get a guinea.
 And just on this principle I ground my song,
 As a tribute to Venus's myrtle:
 A hungry alderman, fait! won't be wrong,
 To eat steaks when he cannot get turtle.
 Then far from your pillows may sorrow be hurl'd,
 Even though in your views you've miscarried;—
 A single life's the best life in the world,
 If you'll only except being married.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

A LAUGH AT THE WORLD.

THEIR risible muscles in action to keep,
As bowls of rich nectar they quaff'd,
Lest the fumes of the liquor should lull them asleep,
The Celestials form'd Momus, and laugh'd:
Scarcely out of his egg-shell, he set them in glee,
While bon-mots, jests, and quibbles, he hurl'd;
Nor mortal, nor god, from his ridicule free,
He took a fair laugh at the world.

So henceforward will I, when old Gripe I behold,
Brooding, guinea to guinea to add;
I'll encourage his heir to purloin all his gold,
And laugh as the miser grows mad:
Since Time's leaden dart, from which none shall
go free,

We know not how soon may be hurl'd;
No moment to lose, while the world laughs at me,
I'll merrily laugh at the world.

At the poor ruin'd spendthrift, so weak and absurd,
I'll laugh as I see him despond;
I'll laugh at the idiot who took his friend's word,
When he ought to have taken his bond:
At each age, sex, condition, at ev'ry degree,
Shall my arrows sarcastic be hurl'd;
And still, as the tittering world laughs at me,
Will I merrily laugh at the world.

THE GARDENER.

A GARD'NER I be, and that is my trade:
I sell all sorts of vegables ready made,—
Rare garden stuff, yarbs, flowers, and fruit,
Ev'ry taste, and fancy, and palate, to suit;
As through the streets with my cart I go,
Gee up, gee ho!

'I say,' cries one, 'you fellow, hip!'
I twigs un quickly for a snip.
'What d'ye sell? my friend,' cries he;
'Cut out and make up, to fit me,
Something to suit my palate.' 'Why,
Let's see what I ha' got,' says I:

[I don't know, Master Tailor;]
'I've cabbages ho! for a gard'ner be I,
And cabbages I cry.'

I sells you fine posies to set out the shops;
I've cockscorns for ladies, and daisies for fops;
For fashion's gay train I've the flow'r of a day,
And for truth, sempervivum, that ne'er shall decay:
Come buy, as through the streets I go,
With my gee up, gee ho!

A counsellor comes, and he looks so big,
I twigs un quickly by his wig;
'Of nose-gays, friend, what are your sorts?'
I wants to take one to the courts;
Something that suits me I 'd fain buy.'
'Something that suits you, sir?' says I.

[Why, I supposes you means when you get your
wig on.]

'I've devils-in-the-bush! for a gard'ner be I,
And posies I cry.'

Then for all sorts of dishes, in all sorts of garbs,
To deck out the table, I've plenty of yarbs:
I've sav'ry for aldermen, sage for their wives,
Balm for mis'ry, and thyme to amend all your livers.
Come buy, as through the streets I go,
With my gee up, gee ho!
The 'poticary comes, with a simpering phiz;
By his big wig and his cane I know the quiz;
He shakes his head, his shoulders shrugs:
'I wants some yarbs to mix with drugs,
Some new experiment to try.'

'Why, doctor, I've nothing new,' says I:
[Only the old story over again.]
'Deadly nightshade, ho! for a gard'ner be I,
And nightshade I cry.'

Then I've every fruit, as in season it comes:
I've apples for Eves, and for citizens plums;
For false friends I have medlars, a fig for disgrace,
And sour grapes for patriots turn'd out of place.
Come buy, as through the streets I go,
Gee up, gee ho!
Then round me they come as blithe as grigs,—
What suits 'em all I quickly twigs:
For cherries, lovers crowd my cart;
I've black-heart, white-heart, bleeding-heart.
Then here's an article to buy!
The picture of his Majesty,—
Nonpareils, ho!
A good subject be I, and I loves his Majesty;
And his picture, the nonpareil, I cry.

From the Tour to the Land's End.

[This piece was the result of a tour which the author took, partly for pleasure, and partly to popularize his songs in the provinces. While Dibdin's active mind gathered materials for a new entertainment, the trip was profitable to him in other respects.]

NELSON AND WARREN.

[The battles referred to in this song were, that of the Nile, Aug. 1, 1798, and that fought by Sir John Borlase Warren, off Tory Island, on the north coast of Ireland, on Oct. 12, 1798. The song tells the number of ships of the line taken, &c. in the former battle: in the latter, the French squadron destined for the invasion of Ireland was defeated, and the Hoche, of 84 guns, and five frigates, were captured. The two ships which escaped at the battle of the Nile, were the *Genereux*, of 74 guns, and the *Guillaume Tell*, of 86 guns. Both of them were afterwards taken in the Mediterranean: the first on Feb. 18, 1800, and the other on the 31st of March following, by portions of the fleet which Nelson commanded.]

I SAY, my heart, why, here's your works!
The French have it now with the gravy;
Why, what between the English and Turks,
They'll lose both their army and navy.
Bold Nelson went out with determinate view
To keep up our national glory;
So of thirteen large ships he left Mounseer two,
Just to tell the Direct'ry the story.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Then of England, and England's brave tars, let us sing,

As true as the keel to the kelson ;
Let 's be loyal to honour, to truth, and the king,
And drink to the Navy and Nelson.

To destroy, burn, and sink, his orders were ;
And by heart he so perfectly got 'em,
That some he took, some blow'd up in the air,
And some he sent to the bottom :
So you see the despatches was easily stow'd,—
'Twas no use with a hist'ry to charge 'em ;
He'd occasion for only the old-fashion mode,—
Taken, burnt, and destroy'd, as per marjum.
Then of England, &c.

So ' Ship to ship' was next the word ;
Master Brueys, how sweet they did sarve him !
For when a bold Briton sits down to his bird,
He pretty well knows how to carve him :
Thus with one of his precious limbs shot away,
Bold Nelson know'd well how to nick 'em ;
So as for the French, 'tis as much as to say,—
We can tie up one hand, and then lick 'em.
Then of England, &c.

But with France 'tis all up,—they are meeting their fate ;
They've thrown down their basket of crock'ry ;
And vengeance like this will o'ertake, soon or late,
All who make of religion a mock'ry.
Then of England, that wonderful country, sing ;
Where we've thousands of joy, if we need 'em ;
Mild laws that protect us, a Protestant King,
Lovely women, grog, biscuit, and freedom.
Then of England, &c.

But while we're about it, let 's loudly blend
The names of bold Nelson and Warren ;
And be thankful to Heav'n there must soon be an end
To wars, both domestic and foreign.
While Fame shall sing out the glad news with a smile,
Let the thundering roar of our cannon
Speak our valorous acts, from the mouth of the Nile
All the way to the banks of the Shannon.
Then of England, &c.

BEAUTY'S BANNER.

SINCE love is the hero's best duty,
And the brave fight to merit the fair,
How sweet, when commanded by beauty,
He flies, ev'ry danger to dare :
Hark ! hark ! the loud drum
Cries,—Come, come, come, come !
Another Britannia appears ;
And while England's banners she gracefully rears,
And sweetly addresses the band,
And beauty and brav'ry salute,
And the flute mocks the trumpet—the trumpet the flute,

The heroes receive the dear pledge from her hand,
And swear that they'll well
Hostile boasters repel,
Till honour and safety give peace to the land.

Thus the hero may well wear his armour,
And, patient, count over his scars ;
Venus' dimples, assuming the charmer,
Shall smooth the rough furrows of Mars.
Hark ! hark ! &c.

Then round with the health of the donor,
While angels might look and approve ;
Since love is the hero's best honour,
Let each hero do honour to love.
Hark ! hark ! &c.

THE LADY'S DIARY.

LECTUR'D by Pa and Ma o'er night ;
Monday, at ten, quite vex'd and jealous ;
Resolv'd in future to be right,
And never listen to the fellows :
Stitch'd half a wristband, read the text,
Receiv'd a note from Mrs. Racket :
I hate that woman !—she sat next,
All church-time, to sweet Captain Clacket.
Tuesday, got scolded, did not care ;
The toast was cold, 'twas past eleven ;
I dream'd the captain through the air
On Cupid's wings bore me to heaven :
Pouted and din'd, dress'd, look'd divine,
Made an excuse, got Ma to back it ;
Went to the play,—what joy was mine !
Talked loud, and laugh'd with Captain Clacket.

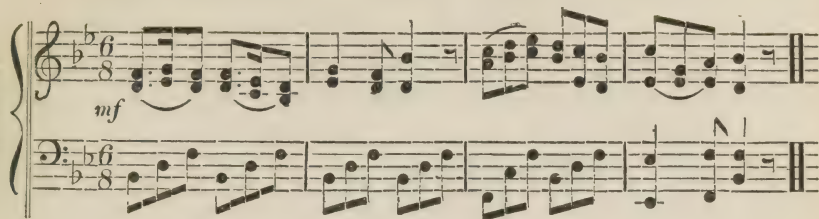
Wednesday, came down, no lark so gay,—
'The girl's quite alter'd,' said my mother ;
Cried Dad, 'I recollect the day
When, dearee, thou wert such another :'
Danc'd, drew a landscape, skimm'd a play ;
In the paper read that widow Flacket
To Gretna Green had run away,
The forward minx ! with Captain Clacket.

Thursday, fell sick—'Poor soul, she'll die !'
Five doctors came, with lengthen'd faces ;
Each felt my pulse ; 'Ah me !' cried I,
'Are these my promis'd loves and graces ?'
Friday, grew worse : cried Ma, in pain,
'Our day was fair—Heav'n ! I do not black it ;
Where's your complaint, love ?'—'In my brain.'
'What shall I give you ?'—'Captain Clacket.'

Early next morn a nostrum came,
Worth all their cordials, balms, and spices ;
A letter,—I had been to blame ;
The captain's truth brought on a crisis.
Sunday, for fear of more delays,
Of a few clothes I made a packet,
And, Monday morn, stepp'd in a chaise,
And ran away with Captain Clacket.

THE LADY'S DIARY.

ALLEGRETTO.



Lec - tur'd by Pa and Ma o'er night; Mon-day, at ten, quite vex'd and

jea - lous; Re - solv'd in fu - ture to be right, And nev - er lis - ten,

ne - ver lis - ten, and ne - ver lis - ten to the fel - lows: Stitch'd half a

THE LADY'S DIARY.

wrist - band, read the text, Re - ceiv'd a note from Mis - tress Rack-et: I

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "wrist - band, read the text, Re - ceiv'd a note from Mis - tress Rack-et: I".

hate that wo - man! she sat next, I hate that wo - man! she sat next, All

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hate that wo - man! she sat next, I hate that wo - man! she sat next, All".

church - time, to sweet Cap - tain Clack-et, Cap - tain Clack-et,

This system contains the third line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "church - time, to sweet Cap - tain Clack-et, Cap - tain Clack-et,".

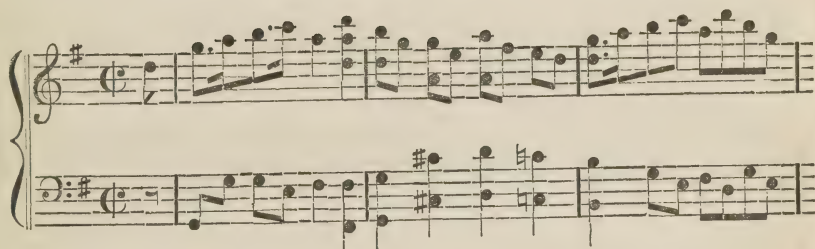
Cap - tain Clack-et; All church - time, to sweet Cap - tain Clack-et.

Repeat 1st Sym.

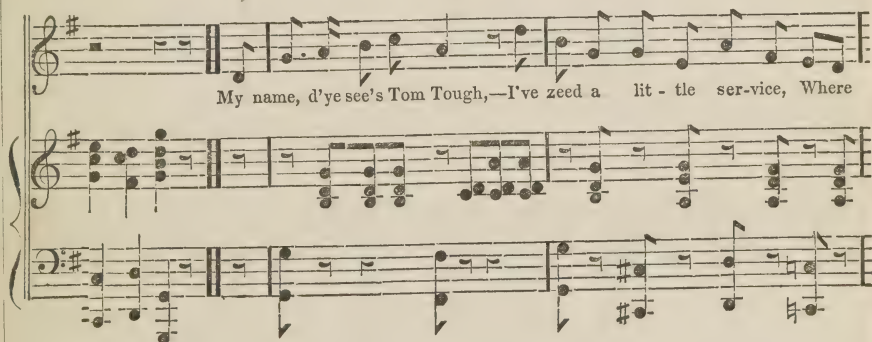
This system contains the fourth line of the song and a repeat instruction. The lyrics are: "Cap - tain Clack-et; All church - time, to sweet Cap - tain Clack-et." The instruction "*Repeat 1st Sym.*" is written above the final measure of the system. The system concludes with a double bar line.

TOM TOUGH; OR, YO HEAVE HO!

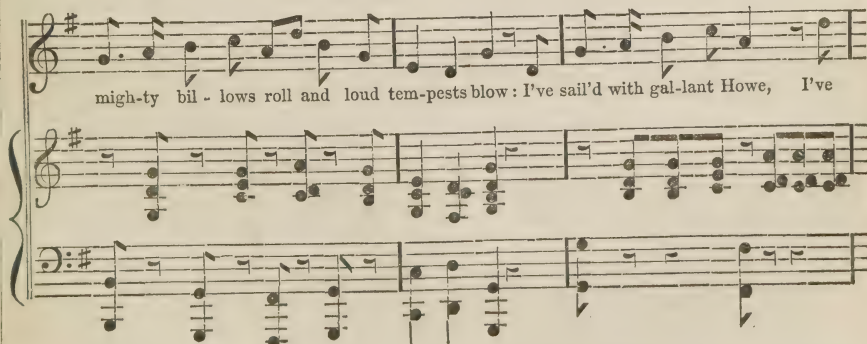
ANDANTINO.



My name, d'ye see's Tom Tough,—I've zeed a lit - tle ser-vice, Where



migh-ty bil - lows roll and loud tem-pests blow : I've sail'd with gal-lant Howe, I've



TOM TOUGH.

sail'd with no - ble Jer-vis, And in va-liant Dun-can's fleet I've sung out —

Yo heave oh! Yet more shall ye be know - ing: I was

cox-'en to Bos - ca - wen, And e - ven with brave Hawke have I

no - bly fac'd the foe. Then put round the grog, So we've

TOM TOUGH.

that and our prog, We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing—

p

Yo heave ho! We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing—

cres *f*

Yo heave ho!

dim *p*

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was sniv'ling seed on the beech below,
I'd like to catch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see,
to thank her,

But I brought my sorrows up with a—Yo heave ho!
For sailors, though they have their jokes,
And love and feel like other folks,
Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seiz'd the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And, in spite of tears and sighs, sung out—Yo
heave ho!

But the worst on't was that time when the little
ones were sickly,
And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;
The word was gov'd to weigh, so sudden and so
quickly, [heave ho!
I thought my heart would break as I sang—Yo

For Poll's so like her mother,
And as for Jack her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly face the foe;
But in Providence I trust,
For you see, what must be must; [heave ho!
For my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out—Yo
And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe;
But old ships must expect in time to be out of
commission,
Nor again the anchor weigh with—Yo heave ho!
So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs:
My boys shall well avenge my wrongs,
And my girls shall breed young sailors nobly for to
face the foe;
Then to country and king
Fate no danger can bring,
While the tars of Old England sing out—Yo heave ho!

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

TOM TOUGH; OR, YO HEAVE HO!

My name, d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've zeed a little service,

Wheremighty billows roll and loud tempests blow:
I've sail'd with gallant Howe, I've sail'd with noble Jervis,

And in valiant Duncan's fleet I've sung out—

Yo heave ho!

Yet more ye shall be knowing!

I was coxen to Boscawen, [foe.

And even with brave Hawke have I nobly fac'd the

Then put round the grog,

So we've that and our prog,

We'll laugh in Care's face, and sing—Yo heave ho!

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,

And she was sniv'ling seed on the beech below,

I'd like to cotch'd my eyes sniv'ling too, d'ye see,
to thank her,

But I brought my sorrow up with a—Yo heave ho!

For sailors, though they have their jokes,

And love and feel like other folks,

Their duty to neglect must not come for to go;

So I seiz'd the capstan bar,

Like a true honest tar, [ho!

And in spite of tears and sighs, sung out—Yo heave

But the worst on't was that time when the little
ones were sickly,

And if they'd live or die the doctor did not know;

The word was gov'd to weigh, so sudden and so quickly,

I thought my heart would break as I sung—Yo

For Poll's so like her mother, [heave ho!

And as for Jack her brother,

The boy, when he grows up, will nobly face the foe;

But in Providence I trust,

For you see, what must be must;

So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out—Yo
heave ho!

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,

For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe;

But old ships must expect in time to be out of
commission,

Nor again the anchor weigh with a—Yo heave ho!

So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs:

My boys shall well revenge my wrongs,

And my girls shall breed young sailors nobly for to
face the foe;

Then to country and king

Fate no danger can bring,

While the tars of Old England sing out—Yo heave ho!

THE WIG GALLERY.

Walk in, walk in, each beau and belle;

Here wisdom, virtue, truth, we sell;

Nay, think not I a falsehood tell,—

I deal not, sir, in rallery;

I deal in wigs, a curious ware,

In which gray, red, black, brown, and fair,

May suit their features to a hair,

In this our gay wig gallery.

The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig!

When portly parsons claim their pig,

Or guttling aldermen look big,

I do not say they are not wise,—

I only say, in vulgar eyes,

The wisdom 's in the wig.

See in this jazy what a twirl,—

'Twill suit a young or ancient girl;

Sly Cupids lurk in every curl;

The riband Venus' zone is:

Rouse then, old man, throw by your staff!

Regard not how your neighbours laugh,

When but a guinea and a half

Can make you an Adonis.

The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig!

Be of the ton a natty sprig,

The thing, the tippy, and the twig,

Nor heed who are the truly wise;

For, after all, in vulgar eyes,

The wisdom 's in the wig.

Cries Verjuice, pointing at the play,

'Is that your wife intriguing, pray?'

'Oh no! my lovey's hair is gray,—

That woman's hair is flaxen:'

Then say, who would not be a wife,

To lead an unsuspected life,

And cure all foul and jealous strife,

By wearing of a caxen?

The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig!

Then hey for fun, and rig, and gig,—

Who for dull morals cares a fig?

'Tis useless to be truly wise,

For, after all, in vulgar eyes,

The wisdom 's in the wig.

Thus arm'd, your lovers do not spare:

At will a hedgehog or a bear,

A Friesland hen, a Flanders mare,

Whate'er you wish, will suit us;

The lawyer's flaws shall find a patch,

A bob the knowing head shall thatch,

The hen-peck'd husband wear a scratch,

His wife a monstrous Brutus.

The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig!

Who'd in the mines of learning dig,

Or Heliconian potions swig,

Or study to be truly wise?

When, after all, in vulgar eyes,

The wisdom 's in the wig.

ADVICE.

Old Mary, her poor husband dead,

And buried but a week,

Tir'd of her fate, with hobbling gait

The parson went to seek.

'I'll tell you, sir,' says she, 'the truth:

My poor man's dead and gone;

Our servant John's a comely youth,—

Ought I to marry John?'

The parson cried, who quickly knew
 She'd not his counsel hear,
 'The proverb tells you what to do,
 This knotty point to clear.
 'As the fool thinks,
 So the bell tink's:'

So, when the bells shall ring anon,
 Take care you don't mistake the sound;
 They'll tell you, as the peal goes round,
 If you should marry John.'

Now Mary listens to each bell:
 'Hey! that's a knell that toll'd;
 'Tis not for me, thank Heav'n!—Well, well,
 I'm not yet quite so old.
 But of a burying should you think,
 They say a wedding's near:
 I hope the bells will sweetly tink
 That I should wed my dear.'
 At length the ringers rouse her hopes,
 And all her senses charm;
 And as they singly pull the ropes,
 Her aged blood gets warm:
 But 'as the fool thinks,
 So the bell tink's:'

And now the sprightly peal comes on,
 While Mary, as they tug away,
 Cries, 'Lovely bells! how plain they say,
 Do, Mary, marry John.'

Now at both ends the candle's burn'd;
 She's beggar'd to a souse;
 Each thing is topsy-turvy turn'd,
 Out of the window goes the house.
 'I cannot this distress survive;
 What scandal and disgrace!
 Would my first husband were alive,
 Or I were in his place!
 A curse upon the fatal day
 I listen'd to the bells,
 That took my reason quite away,
 Just like so many spells;
 But 'as the fool thinks,
 So the bell tink's:'

Why, what must I be thinking on,
 To fancy, as they rang away,
 The bells so stupid were, to say
 That I should marry John!

Straight to the parson Mary goes,
 And thickly lays it on:
 'You are the cause of all my woes,—
 You married me to John.'
 'Nay, nay, to lay the blame on me,
 Good Mary, is unkind;
 I never yet advis'd the sea,
 A woman, or the wind.
 Hark, hark, the bells are ringing now!
 They sound with might and main;
 I what they say can hear—Canst thou?'
 'I hear 'em, sir, too plain:
 But 'as the fool thinks,
 So the bell tink's:'

But folly 'twas that set me on,
 Intent upon my foolish freak;—
 They cry, as plain as they can speak,
 Don't, Mary, marry John.'

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

LIKE *Ætna's* dread volcano see the ample forge
 Large heaps upon large heaps of jetty fuel gorge,
 While, salamander-like, the pond'rous anchor lies,
 Glutted with vivid fire through all its pores that flies:
 The dingy anchorsmiths, to renovate their strength,
 Stretch'd out in death-like sleep, are snoring at
 their length,

Waiting the master's signal when the tackle's force
 Shall, like split rocks, the anchor from the fire di-
 vorce;

While, as old *Vulcan's* Cyclops did the anvil bang,
 In deaf'ning concert shall their pond'rous ham-
 mers clang,

And into symmetry the mass incongruous beat,
 To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
 British fleet.

Now, as more vivid and intense each splinter flies,
 The temper of the fire the skilful master tries;
 And, as the dingy hue assumes a brilliant red,
 The heated anchor feeds that fire on which it fed.
 The huge sledge-hammers round in order they ar-
 range,

And waking anchorsmiths await the look'd-for
 change,

Longing with all their force the ardent mass to
 smite,

When issuing from the fire, array'd in dazzling
 white;

And, as old *Vulcan's* Cyclops did the anvil bang,
 To make in concert rude their pond'rous hammers
 clang,

So the misshapen lump to symmetry they beat,
 To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
 British fleet.

The preparations thicken! with forks the fire they
 goad;

And now twelve anchorsmiths the heaving bellows
 load,—

While, arm'd from ev'ry danger, and in grim array,
 Anxious as howling demons waiting for their prey,
 The forge the anchor yields from out its fiery maw,
 Which, on the anvil prone, the cavern shouts—
 Hurraw!

And now the scorch'd beholders want the pow'r to
 gaze,

Faint with its heat, and dazzled with its pow'rful
 rays;

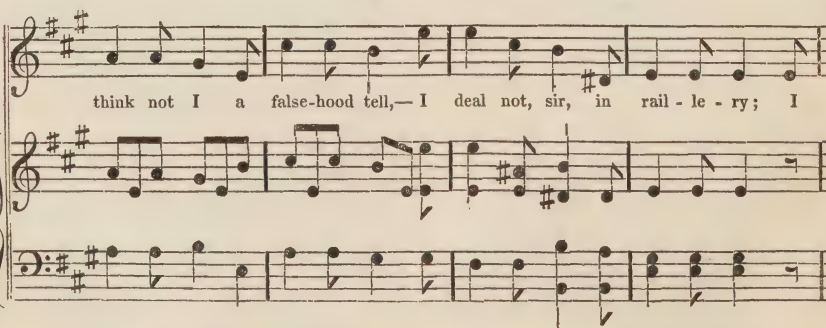
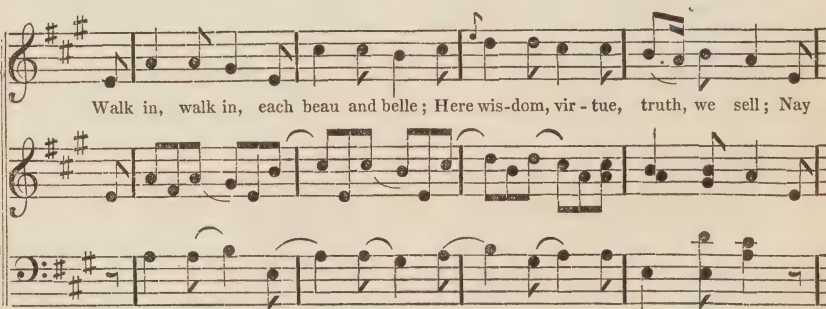
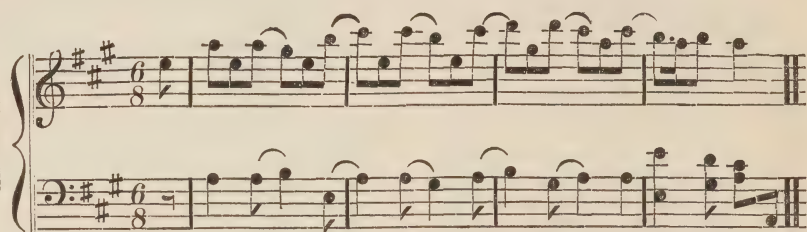
While, as old *Vulcan's* Cyclops did the anvil bang,
 To forge *Jove's* thunderbolts, their pond'rous ham-
 mers clang:

And, till its fire's extinct, the monstrous mass they
 beat,

To save from adverse winds and waves the gallant
 British fleet.

THE WIG GALLERY.

ALLEGRO.



THE WIG GALLERY.

deal in wigs, a cu-rious ware, In which gray, red, black, brown, and fair, May

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "deal in wigs, a cu-rious ware, In which gray, red, black, brown, and fair, May".

suit their fea-tures to a hair, In this our gay wig gal - le - ry. The

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "suit their fea-tures to a hair, In this our gay wig gal - le - ry. The".

wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig! The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig! When

This system contains the third line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig! The wig's the thing,—the wig! the wig! When".

port - ly par - sons claim their pig, Or gut - tling al - der - men look big, I

This system contains the fourth line of music. It concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "port - ly par - sons claim their pig, Or gut - tling al - der - men look big, I".

THE WIG GALLERY.

do not say they are not wise,—I on - ly say, in vul-gar eyes, The

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "do not say they are not wise,—I on - ly say, in vul-gar eyes, The".

wis-dom's in the wig— The wis-dom's in the wig, the wig, the wig, the wig—The

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "wis-dom's in the wig— The wis-dom's in the wig, the wig, the wig, the wig—The". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

wis-dom's in the wig, the wig, the wig, the wig—The wis-dom's in the wig!

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: "wis-dom's in the wig, the wig, the wig, the wig—The wis-dom's in the wig!". The piano accompaniment continues.

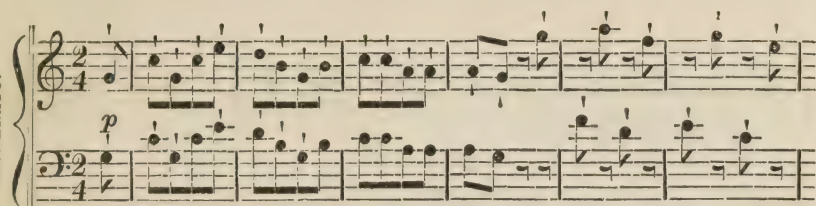
p *f*

This system contains the final line of music on this page. It includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The music ends with a double bar line.

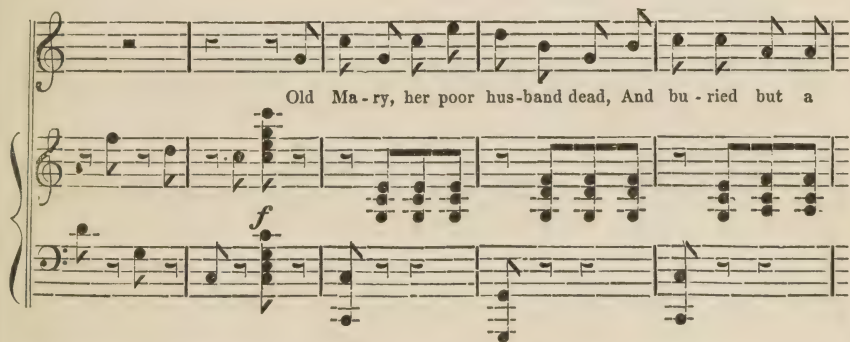
[For remainder of Words see p. 176.]

ADVICE.

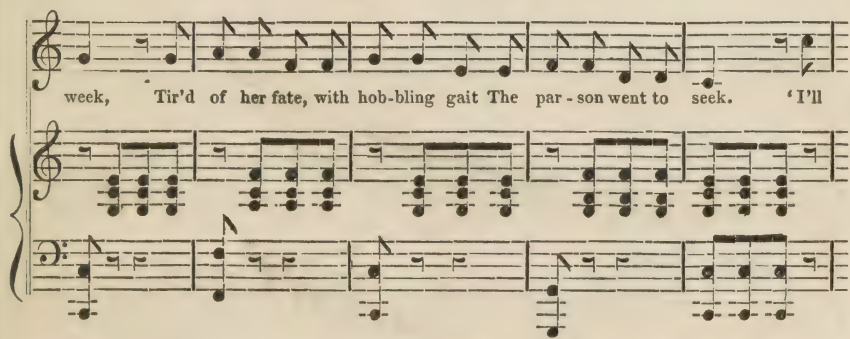
MODERATO.



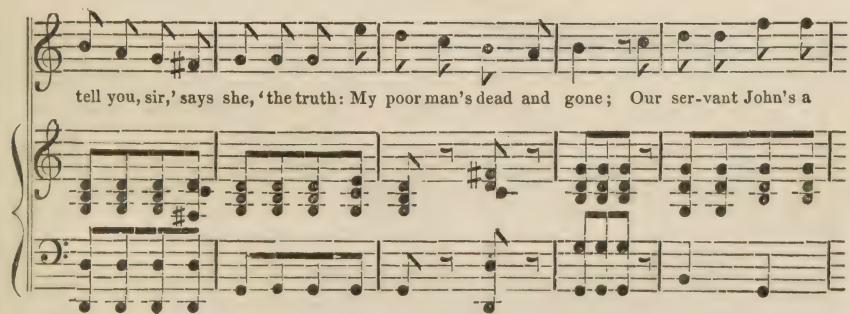
Old Ma-ry, her poor hus-band dead, And bu-ried but a



week, Tir'd of her fate, with hob-bling gait The par-son went to seek. 'I'll



tell you, sir,' says she, 'the truth: My poor man's dead and gone; Our ser-vant John's a



ADVICE.

come-ly youth,—Ought I to mar - ry John? The par - son cried, who

The first system of musical notation for the song 'ADVICE.' It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: 'come-ly youth,—Ought I to mar - ry John? The par - son cried, who'.

quick-ly knew She'd not his coun - sel hear, 'The pro - verb tells you

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'quick-ly knew She'd not his coun - sel hear, 'The pro - verb tells you'.

what to do, This knot - ty point to clear. 'As the fool thinks,

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'what to do, This knot - ty point to clear. 'As the fool thinks,'

so the bell tinks; As the bell tinks, So the fool thinks.' So, when the

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'so the bell tinks; As the bell tinks, So the fool thinks.' So, when the'.

ADVICE.

First system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The vocal line has the lyrics "bells shall ring a - non, So when the bells shall ring a - non, Take". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "care you don't mis - take the sound, They'll tell you as the". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal textures.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "peal goes round, If you should mar-ry John, If you should". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics "mar-ry John." followed by a double bar line. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line, ending with a double bar line. Dynamics *p* and *f* are marked in the piano part.

[For remainder of Words see p. 176.]

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

RISOLUTO.

f

ff

Like Æt-na's dread vol - ca - no,

ff

see the am-ple forge Large heaps up - on large heaps of jet-ty fu-el

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

gorge, While, Sa-la-man-der-like, the pon-d'rous an-chor lies, Glut-ted with

8va

vi-vid fire through all its pores that flies—with vi-vid fire through all its

pores that flies: The din-gy an-chor-smiths, to re-no-vate their strength, Stretch'd

p

out in death-like sleep, are snor-ing at their length, Wait-ing the mas-ter's

pp *f*

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

sig - nal when the tac - kle's force, Shall, like split rocks, the an - chor from the

fire di - vorce — Shall, like split rocks, the an - - - - chor

from the fire di - vorce - - from the fire di - vorce; While, as old Vul - can's

Cy - clops did the an - vil bang, In deaf - - ning con - cert shall their

THE ANCHORSMITHS.

pon-d'rous ham-mers clang— clang clang clang clang clang clang clang clang

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'pon-d'rous ham-mers clang— clang clang clang clang clang clang clang clang'.

clang clang clang clang clang clang clang, And in - to sym-me-try the mass in-con-gruous

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'clang clang clang clang clang clang clang, And in - to sym-me-try the mass in-con-gruous'.

beat, to save from ad-verse winds and waves the gal-lant Bri-tish fleet.

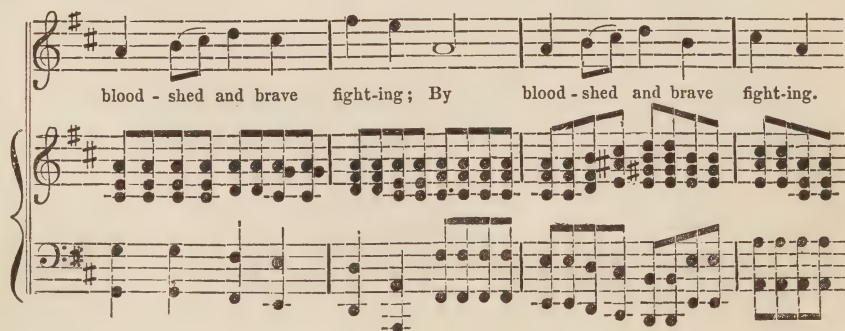
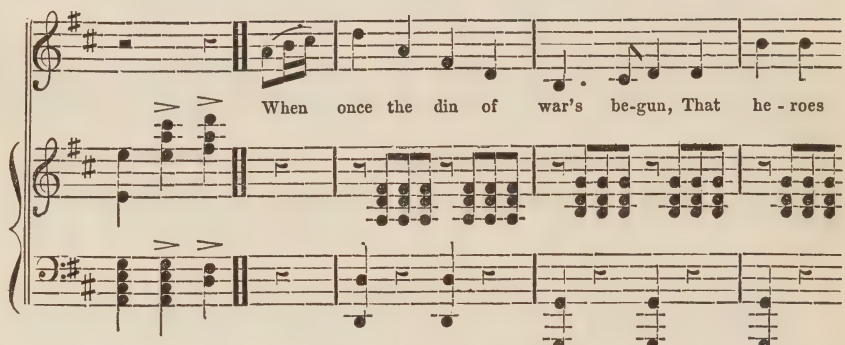
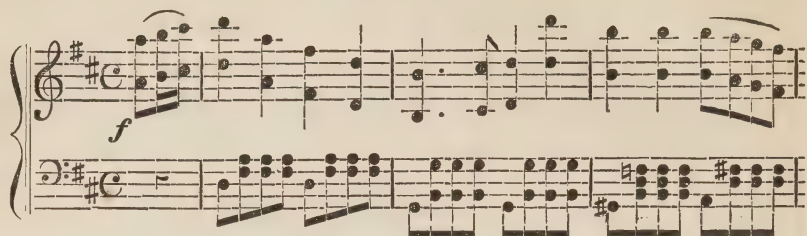
The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'beat, to save from ad-verse winds and waves the gal-lant Bri-tish fleet.'

[For remainder of Words see p. 177.]

The fourth system concludes the page with a final musical phrase. The lyrics are '[For remainder of Words see p. 177.]'.

MAGNANIMITY.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.



MAGNANIMITY.

The trum-pet sounds! The co-lumns

mf

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal line (treble clef) has a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 4/4. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed below the piano staff.

march; Friends from dear friends are sun-der'd; Pre-par'd is the tri-

p *f*

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note F#4, and a half note E4. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern. Dynamic markings of *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) are present.

um-phal arch, And the fall'n foe is plun-der'd; Pre-par'd is the tri-

p

This system contains the next two staves. The vocal line continues with a half note D4, a quarter note C#4, and a half note B3. The piano accompaniment continues. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.

um-phal arch, And the fall'n foe is plun-der'd. All this, I own, de-

p

This system contains the final two staves. The vocal line continues with a half note A3, a quarter note G3, and a half note F#3. The piano accompaniment continues. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present.

MAGNANIMITY.

First system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "serves a name, And tru - ly in the rolls of Fame Pour-trays a". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "mark-ing fea - ture, Pour-trays a mark-ing fea - ture: Yet give me". Above the vocal staff, the instruction *ad lib.* is written. The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the piano staff towards the end of the system.

Third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "brav - 'ry from the heart, Yet give me brav - 'ry from the heart,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

Fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "From self di - vest-ed, and a - part Ex - ceed-ing mor-tal na-ture; That". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the piano staff towards the end of the system.

MAGNANIMITY.

rush - es through de - vour - ing waves, through de - vour - ing

waves, And, like a guar-dian an-gel, And, like a

guar-dian an-gel, like a guar-dian an-gel, like a guar-dian an-gel,

Repeat 1st Sym.

saves A sink-ing fel-low creature, A sink-ing fel-low crea-ture.

[For remainder of Words see p. 193.]

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

LAUGHING PROHIBITED.

To prove pleasure but pain, some have hit on a project,

We're duller, the merrier we grow ;
Exactly the same unaccountable logic,
That talks of cold fire and warm snow :

For me, born by nature
For humour and satire,

I sing, and I roar, and I quaff ;

Each muscle I twist it,—

I cannot resist it,

A finger held up makes me laugh :

For since pleasure's joy's parent, and joy begets mirth,

Should the subtlest casuist or soph upon earth

Contradict me, I'd call him an ass and a calf ;

And boldly insist, once for all,

That the only criterion of pleasure's to laugh,

And sing toll de roll loll de roll loll.

Vainly bountiful Nature shall fill up life's measure,

If we're not to enjoyment awake ;

Churls that cautiously filtrate and analyze pleasure

Deserve not that little they take.

For me, who am jiggish,

And funny, and giggish,

Such joys are too formal by half :

I roar and I revel,

Drive care to the devil,

And hold both my sides while I laugh.

For since pleasure's, &c.

I hate all those pleasures we're angling, and squaring,

And fitting, and cutting, by rules ;

And, damme !— dear me, I beg pardon for swearing,—

All that follow such fashions are fools.

They may say what they list on't :

But of life I insist on't

That pleasure's the prop and the staff,

That sets every muscle

In a comical bustle,

And tickles one into a laugh.

For since pleasure's, &c.

THE CONVERTED RAKE.

DICK HOPEFUL, from an honest stock

Born, his kind parents' hopes to mock,

Who chose him out a lovely mate,

But he, resolv'd to brave his fate,

Spurn'd at content, and went to sea :

' Damme,' says Dick, 'no wife for me !

'Twere better brave the tempest's strife ;—

Who's such a fool to value life ?'

Mad as the winds, to sea he went ;

Nor was there danger ever sent,

By sickness, water, fire, or air,

Combin'd, but he'd a precious share :

Till shipwreck'd, flush'd with drink, at night,

He saw a female and a light ;

'Twas her who long'd to be his wife ;—

' For once,' said he, 'I value life.'

The thankless wretch next swore, and reel'd,

That night he'd die, or she should yield ;

And now, on force and outrage bent,

Her window scal'd ; but mark th' event !

He found her on her knees at prayer

That Heav'n might make him still its eare,

Protect him from the tempest's strife,

And teach him how to value life.

Confounded at the scene he saw,

He stood immoveable with awe ;

And he, before who knew not shame,

A contrite penitent became.

Next morn he led the nuptial band,

She yielded up her willing hand :

She's call'd the pattern of a wife,

And Dick knows how to value life.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

THE Titans are conquer'd : fair Virtue, that wept,

Is releas'd, and foul Vice fled away ;

' Let a being,' cried Jove, 'be created, yclept

Mighty Fame, to commen'rate the day :

To her let the trumpet of Clio be giv'n,

The glad news to the world to proclaim ;

On that land that in virtue best emulates heav'n,

Be erected the Temple of Fame.'

With the mandate her car cut through ether like light,

She proclaiming aloud, as she drove,

' Stop where wisdom, and goodness, and courage unite ;

Nor till then, says the fiat of Jove :'

Hard, hard was the task ; neither country nor clime

Could this heavenly union claim :

And she saw that remote were the space and the time

To erect the fair Temple of Fame.

Greece and Rome had their Temples to Fame in their day ;

But their reign, that soon came, as soon pass'd ;

Nations born but to flourish, and then to decay,

Boast not fanes that for ever shall last.

Egypt, India, Chaldea, and others around,

That for science and arts had a name,

Claim'd aright, but materials were not to be found

To erect the fair Temple of Fame.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

At length our fair island appear'd to her sight,
As mists grow to land from the sea ;
She cried, as its bosom she press'd with delight,
' This henceforward my dwelling shall be.
Wisdom, courage, and worth, thy inheritance giv'n,
In a line from the gods hither came ;
On this isle, that in virtue best emulates heav'n,
Be erected the Temple of Fame.'

MAGNANIMITY.

WHEN once the din of war's begun,
That heroes so delight in,
Armies are conquer'd, cities won,
By bloodshed and brave fighting.
The trumpet sounds ! the columns march ;
Friends from dear friends are sunder'd ;
Prepar'd is the triumphal arch,
And the fall'n foe is plunder'd.
All this, I own, deserves a name,
And truly in the rolls of Fame
Pours a marking feature :
Yet give me brav'ry from the heart,
From self divested, and apart,
Exceeding mortal nature ;
That rushes through devouring waves,
And, like a guardian angel, saves
A sinking fellow-creature.

In equal balance to maintain
The barriers of each nation,
Thus ever did stern Fate ordain
Slaughter should thin creation.
The trumpet sounds ! his native land
Each tries to save from slav'ry ;
While in the contest, hand in hand,
Walk clemency and brav'ry.
All this, I own, deserves a name,
And stands in the records of Fame
A truly marking feature :
Yet give me brav'ry from the heart,
From self divested, and apart,
Type of celestial nature,
That rushes, &c.

SMILES AND TEARS.

THE weather, the land, and all those that dwell in it,
Like our minds, that are chequer'd by hopes and
by fears,
In rapid succession change every minute,—
A constant rotation of smiles and of tears.
But the smiles and the tears, the same motive re-
vealing,
Though opposite, similar passions excite ;
One the offspring of bounty, the other of feeling,
Take different tracks to the road of delight.
When pants the parch'd earth, as its wounds re-
quire healing,
For the show'r to put forward fresh blossoms
and leaves,
Nature, parent to all, with affectionate feeling,
Benignly shed tears as its wants she relieves :

And when kindly refresh'd, as new beauties are
springing,
And the sun in rich smiles glads the gratified sight,
Thankful birds on the glistening verdure are singing,
And the smiles and the tears expand equal delight.
And so, 'twixt friend and friend ; when a heart-
wounding sorrow
Resolution o'ercomes, and sinks deep in the mind,
From the tears of a friend flatt'ring comfort we
borrow,
For the motive's sincere, and the action is kind :
Nor when friendship's warm efforts o'ercome the
vexation,
Do our smiles, howe'er grateful, more pleasure
excite ;
For they both have their source in the same sweet
sensation,
And convey to the mind the same gen'rous delight.

THE CORNISH MINERS.

WAV, measter, damn tha ! whoa beest thee?
Doan't titter, zur, but hire ma :
I wedden't a bin so plain and vree,
But thy discourse do tire ma.
Great as thee beest, tha canst not doine
At veasts in London zitty,
Or zlobber zaace, or guzzle wine,
Till zitch as I parmitty.
Then zee me, doant dispoise a friand,
Akiaze theeist little higher,—
The oak's best kept away from wind,
That's shelter'd by the brier.
But when tha com'st to London town,
And art lavishun thy shiners,
Tell um zum vartie thee's left down
'Mongst sturdy Cornish miners.
Now who be I, and who beest thee ?
The coal that's dug to warm tha,—
The tar that shippen zends to zee,
That voreign voo may'nt harm tha,—
The tin that makes thy pots and pans,
Thy cullinders and kettles,
Thy snuffers, candlesticks, and cans,
And kivvers for thy victuals,—
Who digs vor't, does thee think, but I ?
Don't grin—theest not become it !
No varsel mite below the sky
But dammut's good for zummut.
So when, &c.
If thee of sweethearts hast a score
To pamper up thy fally,
Why I've a hundred, zur, and more,
And aal in lovely Mally.
But, vaith and saule ! I be so loath
To treat thee naulens vaulens,
Theed'st know else, He that made us boath
Made happiness vor all on's.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Then haume, and tell 'em, vaath and suare,
All they that gold bewitches,
That zum be richer, thof they 'm poor,
Than zum that rauls in riches.
So when, &c.

THE BARREL-ORGAN.

I co in London about de street,
Wid my organ all so ready;
I look at de window where dey meet,
De gentleman and de lady.
De midshipman wid de pretty girl,
He say for a tune are you willing;
So I pull out de stop, and I grind and I twirl,
And all to get an odd chilling.

[*Plays the Sailor's Journal.*]

So I play de tune you see just do,
To set dem a cooing and billing;
So I leave 'em togeder to bill and coo,
And walk off wid de chilling.

Den I come and I hear a corset nize,
De hose all hell and te devel;
I find out some roaring ranting boys,
Dat holloa, and hoop, and revel:
To give all de vine and de money away,
For a tune I find 'em so willing:
So I pull out de stop, and I chind, and I play,
And all for to get an odd chilling.

[*The Advantage of Topping.*]

So dey cry out 'Bravo, sharming, fine,'
And to come down de cash they so willing;
So into my mouse I pote de vine,
And into my pocket de chilling.

Den de hoseband so fond, and so kind de vifes,
Dey say mine tear and mine tarling;
Den presently turn de fondness to strifes,
And dey cross, and scolding, and snarling.
I try vat I can some tune to find,
To set 'em a cooing and billing:
So I pull out de stop, and I chind, and I chind,
And all for to get an odd chilling.

[*Captain Wattle and Miss Roe.*]

So ven dey hear Captain Wattle Miss Roe,
It set dem a cooing and billing:
Den in search of some oder away I go,
But first I pocket de chilling.

STRAWBERRIES.

SURE, don't they call me Strawberry Pat?
And don't I cry to give folks pleasure?
I packs them neat, and you may say dat,
For a pint of them fills a pottle measure;
And then, to be sure, I lets pass by
The world, and all its curious bobberies.
Ah, see that lover there so sly!
[Ah, by my soul! and it's one of my own coun-
trymen; to be sure, they don't make love in all

manner of shapes.—Strawberries, my dear Madam!
dey are like your own sweet face, the true maiden's
blush. 'Get along with yourself, Sir, will you?'
'Arrah! it's get along I must! Oh, de taef! he
has not a shilling to pay for the pottle.' 'What's
that you are saying, Sir?']

What am I saying? Arrah! strawberries!
Fine strawberries!
And they're all so round,
So fine, so sound,
They're all my scarlet strawberries.

See Pat Mac Farlin, as he sings,
And swears, and flatters, the rogue so neat is!
'Ten't long, fait! since they clipp'd his wings,
And drumm'd him out of the land of poratees.
By my soul! and Pat's grown no small fool,—
He's up to the world, and all its bobberies.

See that romp, there, from the boarding-school.—
[Ah, the taef! he'll be after running away widge
her to Gretna Green. The poor baby! and the
papa will so pity her, and the maiden aunt so abuse
her! Ah! why the devil would you be turning the
people's house topsy-turvy? Had not you better,
Lovey, go home to your mamma?' 'What's that
you are saying, Sir?']

What am I saying? Arrah! strawberries, &c.

Look at Murdock Murphy, all so gay,
A dasher amongst the host of Pharaoh;
Arrah, fait! 'twas only t'other day
That he cried—'Live pigeons all so rare O!'
But times are alter'd: Murdock now
With other pigeons makes fine bobberies;
To that widow hear him swear and vow:

[Oh, by my soul! and he lays it on pretty tick.
'Ah! don't now be boddering about your first hus-
band; sure, en't I worth nineteen of the likes of
him?'—'But, my dear Sir Murdock!'—'Sir Mur-
dock! Oh, the taef! if he has not benighted him-
self! I'll tell you what it is, my sweet lady: he'll
be squandering away all the fortune your first hus-
band was so long squeezing out and scraping to-
gether.' 'Take that, you scoundrel!' 'Now, does
he mean the blow that he gave me, or the guinea?
Fait! I tink I may as well take both of them.'
'What are you saying, Sir?' 'I say, are you sure
it's a good one?']

What am I saying? Arrah! strawberries! &c.

TRUE COURAGE.

WHY what's that to you if my eyes I'm a wiping?
A tear is a pleasure, d'ye see, in its way;
'Tis nonsense, for trifles, I own, to be piping,
But they that ha'n't pity, why I pities they.
Says the captain, says he—I shall never forget it—
'If of courage you'd know, lads, the true from
the sham,
'Tis a furious lion in battle, so let it;
But, duty appeas'd, 'tis in mercy a lamb.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one
not caring,

Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe!—why he'd eat him alive.

But when that he found an old pris'ner he'd
wounded,

That once sav'd his life, as near drowning he swam;
The lion was tam'd, and, with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend, Jack or Tom, I should rescue from
danger,

Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all;—'tis the poor wounded stranger;
And the poorer, the more I shall succour distress:
For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And peril defy, as a bugbear, a flam;
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more by compassion, when turn'd to
a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same motion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same
end:

And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his
friend.

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

NANCY.

You ask how it comes that I sing about Nancy
For ever, yet find something new;—
As well may you ask why delight fills the fancy
When land first appears to the crew.
When, safe from the toils of the perilous ocean,
In each heart thanks of gratitude spring;
Feel this, and you'll have of my joy a faint notion,
When with rapture of Nancy I sing.

You and I Nature's beauties have seen the world
over,
Yet never knew which to prefer;
Then why should you wonder that I am no rover,
Since I see all those beauties in her?
Why, you'll find about ships all you've known and
been hearing,
On their different bearings to bring;
Though they all make their ports, they all vary in
steering;—
So do I, when of Nancy I sing.

Could a ship round the world, wind and weather
permitting,
A thousand times go and come back,
The ocean's so spacious, 'twould never be hitting
For leagues upon leagues the same track:

So her charms are so num'rous, so various, so clever,
They produce in my mind such a string,
That, my tongue once let loose, I could sing on
for ever,
And vary the oft'ner I sing.

Shall I tell you the secret? You've but to love
truly,—

Own a heart in the right place that's hung;
And, just as the prow to the helm answers dully,
That heart will lend words to the tongue:
No art do I boast of, no skill I inherit,—
Then do not of my praises ring;
But to love and to nature allow all the merit
That taught me of Nancy to sing.

LOVE TURNED MUSIC-MASTER.

Love great Achilles taught to sew,
Made Bully Hercules turn spinner,
And Proteus Jove a-courting go,
Who knew so well the way to win her:
For me, though mad for all the fair,
Not one would pity my condition,
Smile on my fate, or chase my care,
Till, taught by Love, I turn'd musician.
Now, gods and men surpassing all,
I tip them pretty well the go-by;
Lead yielding females at the call
Of my flute, my trumpet, horn, or hautboy.
The blacksmith's daughter's heart I got;
For while Love blew the flame, to warm her,
I the iron struck while yet 'twas hot,—
On the anvil play'd, and won the charmer.

With a devotee I fell in love,
With heav'nly mind, and face of Gorgon;
And, while her thoughts were plac'd above,
To win her heart I play'd the organ:
To win Doll Gob, the cook, for life,
The salt-box, lord! how I did thump it!
Then for the trumpeter, and his wife,—
He play'd the horn, and I the trumpet.

The sexton's daughter lov'd me well,
And oft my am'rous song kept time in;
For none like me e'er toll'd a knell,
Or set the merry bells a chiming.
Miss Hop would foot it, toe and heel,
And in the ball-room toil and labour;—
So, to win her heart, a highland reel
I learn'd upon the pipe and tabor.

Welsh Win to gain, the harp I'd strum;
The bagpipes conquer'd Irish Katty;
And 'twas the sprightly fife and drum
That won the heart of lovely Patty.
Then, lovers, try no other wit,
Success in courtship to insure you:
By the tarantula, Love, when bit,
Sweet music shall completely cure you.

SMILES AND TEARS.

ALLEGRETTO.

The

wea-ther, the land, and all those that dwell in it, Like our minds, that are che-quer'd by

hopes and by fears, In ra-pid suc-ces-sion change ev-e-ry mi-nute,—A

SMILES AND TEARS.

con-stant ro-ta-tion of smiles and of tears,— A con-stant ro-ta-tion of

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

smiles and of tears. But the smiles and the tears, the same

This system contains the next two staves of music. The lyrics continue from the previous system. The musical notation follows the same format as the first system.

mo-tive re-veal-ing, Though op-po-site, si-mi-lar pas-sions ex-cite—the

This system contains the third and fourth staves of music. The lyrics continue. The musical notation follows the same format.

smiles and the tears, the same mo-tive re-veal-ing, Though op-po-site, si-mi-lar

This system contains the fifth and sixth staves of music. The lyrics continue. The musical notation follows the same format.

SMILES AND TEARS.

pas-sions ex-cite; One the off-spring of boun-ty, the o - ther of feel-ing, Take

dif-fer-ent tracks to the road of de-light—One the off-spring of boun-ty, the

o - ther of feel-ing, Take dif-fer - ent tracks to the road of de-light.

When pants the parch'd earth, as its wounds require
 healing, leaves,
 For the show'r to put forward fresh blossoms and
 Nature, parent to all, with affectionate feeling,
 Benignly sheds tears as its wants she relieves:
 And when kindly refresh'd, as new beauties are
 springing, sight,
 And the sun in rich smiles glads the gratified
 Thankful birds on the glistening verdure are singing,
 And the smiles and the tears expand equal delight.
 And so, 'twixt friend and friend; when a heart-
 wounding sorrow
 Resolution o'ercomes, and sinks deep in the mind,
 From the tears of a friend flatt'ring comfort borrow
 For the motive's sincere, and the action is kind:
 Nor when friendship's warm efforts o'ercome the
 vexation, excite;
 Do our smiles, howe'er grateful, our pleasures
 For they both have their source in the same sweet
 sensation, light.
 And convey to the mind the same gen'rous de-

THE CORNISH MINERS.

MODERATO.

Why, meas-ter, damn tha! whoa beest thee? Doan't tit - ter, zur, but hire ma: I

wedden't a bin- so plain and vree, But thy discourse do tire ma. Great as thee

beest, tha canst not doine At veasts in Lon-don zit-ty, Or zlob - ber zaace, or

THE CORNISH MINERS.

guz - zle wine, Or zlob-ber zaace, or guz - zle wine, Till zitch as I par - mit-ty.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "guz - zle wine, Or zlob-ber zaace, or guz - zle wine, Till zitch as I par - mit-ty."

Then zee me, doant dis - poise a frind, A - kiazee theest lit - tle high - er, — The

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "Then zee me, doant dis - poise a frind, A - kiazee theest lit - tle high - er, — The". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

oak's best kept a - way from wind, That's shel - ter'd by the bri-er; The

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "oak's best kept a - way from wind, That's shel - ter'd by the bri-er; The". The piano accompaniment continues.

oak's best kept a - way from wind, That's shel-ter'd by the bri-er. But when tha

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "oak's best kept a - way from wind, That's shel-ter'd by the bri-er. But when tha". The piano accompaniment continues.

THE CORNISH MINERS.

com'st to London town, And art la - vishun thy shi - ners, Tell um zum var - tie

thee's left down 'Mongststur-dy Cor - nish mi - ners, 'Mongststur-dy Cor - nish mi -

ners, 'Mongststur-dy Cor - nish miners, 'Mongststur - dy Cor - nish mi - ners.

Repeat 1st Sym.

Now who be I, and who beest thee?

The coal that's dug to warm tha,—
The tar that shippen zends to zee,
That voreign voe may'nt harm tha,—
The tin that makes thy pots and pans,
Thy cullinders and kettles,
Thy snuffers, candlesticks, and cans,
And kivvers for thy victuals,—

Who digs vor't, does thee think, but I?

Don't grin—theest not become it!

No varsel mite below the sky

But dammut's good for zummut.

So when, &c.

If thee of sweethearts hast a score

To pamper up thy fally,
Why I've a hundred, zur, and more,
And aal in lovely Mally.

But, vaith and saule! I be so loath
To treat thee naulens vaulens,

Theed'st know else, He that made us boath
Made happiness vor all on's.

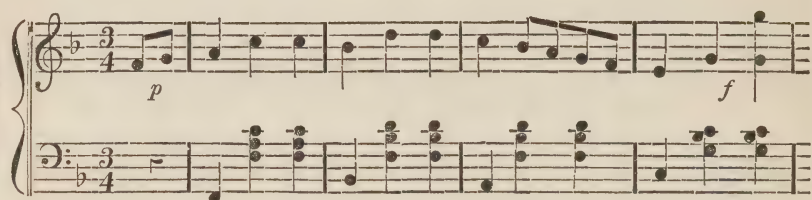
Then haume, and tell'm, vaath and suare,
All they that gold bewiches,

That zum be richer, thof they'm poor,
Than zum that rauls in riches.

So when, &c.

TRUE COURAGE.

ALLEGRETTO.



Why what's that to

mf

you if my eyes I'm a wip-ing? A tear is a plea-sure, d'ye

TRUE COURAGE.

see, in its way; 'Tis non - sense, for tri - fles, I own, to be

The first system of the musical score for 'True Courage'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'see, in its way; 'Tis non - sense, for tri - fles, I own, to be'.

pip-ing, But they that han't pi - ty, why I pi - ties they. Says the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'pip-ing, But they that han't pi - ty, why I pi - ties they. Says the'.

cap-tain, says he - I shall nev-er for-get it - 'If of cou-age you'd

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'cap-tain, says he - I shall nev-er for-get it - 'If of cou-age you'd'.

know, lads, the true from the sham, 'Tis a fu - ri - ous li - on in bat - le, so

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'know, lads, the true from the sham, 'Tis a fu - ri - ous li - on in bat - le, so'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'cres' (crescendo) marking.

TRUE COURAGE.

let it,— a fu - ri - ous li - on in bat - tle, so let it; But

du - ty ap - peas'd,— du - ty ap - peas'd,— But du - ty ap -

peas'd, 'tis in mer - cy a lamb.'

There was bustling Bob Bounce, for the old one not caring,

Helter skelter, to work, pelt away, cut and drive;
Swearing he, for his part, had no notion of sparing,
And as for a foe!—why he'd eat him alive.

But when that he found an old pris'ner he'd wounded, [swam,

That once sav'd his life, as near drowning he
The lion was tam'd, and, with pity confounded,
He cried over him just all as one as a lamb.

That my friend, Jack or Tom, I should rescue from danger,

Or lay my life down for each lad in the mess,
Is nothing at all;—'tis the poor wounded stranger;
And the poorer, the more I shall succour distress'

For however their duty bold tars may delight in,
And perils defy, as a bugbear, a fiam;
Though the lion may feel surly pleasure in fighting,
He'll feel more compassion, when turn'd to a lamb.

The heart and the eyes, you see, feel the same emotion,
And if both shed their drops, 'tis all to the same end:

And thus 'tis that ev'ry tight lad of the ocean
Sheds his blood for his country, his tears for his friend.

If my maxim's disease, 'tis disease I shall die on,—
You may snigger and titter, I don't care a damn!
In me let the foe feel the paw of a lion,
But the battle once ended, the heart of a lamb.

NANCY.

MODERATO.

mf

You ask how it comes that I sing a - bout Nan - cy For

ev - er, yet find something new; → As well may you ask why de-

light fills the fan - cy When land first ap - pears to the crew. When,

f

NANCY.

safe from the toils of the pe-ri-lous o - cean, In each heart thanks of gra-ti-tude

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "safe from the toils of the pe-ri-lous o - cean, In each heart thanks of gra-ti-tude".

spring, In each heart thanks of gra - ti-tude spring; Feel this, and you'll

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "spring, In each heart thanks of gra - ti-tude spring; Feel this, and you'll". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left and right hands.

have of my joy a faint no - tion, When with rap - ture of Nan - cy I

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: "have of my joy a faint no - tion, When with rap - ture of Nan - cy I". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and single notes.

sing; Feel this, and you'll have of my joy a faint no - tion, When with

This system contains the fourth line of music. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics: "sing; Feel this, and you'll have of my joy a faint no - tion, When with". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

NANCY.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "rapture of Nan - cy I sing, When with rap-ture of Nan - cy I sing." The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one sharp. The first system of piano accompaniment features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. The second system of piano accompaniment features a melody in the treble staff and a bass line in the bass staff. The tempo marking "mf" (mezzo-forte) is placed below the first system of piano accompaniment.

You and I Nature's beauties have seen the world over,
 Yet never knew which to prefer;
 Then why should you wonder that I am no rover,
 Since I see all those beauties in her?
 Why, you'll find about ships all you've known and been hearing,
 On their different bearings to bring;
 Though they all make their ports, they all vary in steering;—
 So do I, when of Nancy I sing.

Could a ship round the world, wind and weather permitting,
 A thousand times go and come back,
 The ocean's so spacious, 'twould never be hitting
 For leagues upon leagues the same track:
 So her charms are so num'rous, so various, so clever,
 They produce in my mind such a string,
 That, my tongue once let loose, I could sing on for ever,
 And vary the oft'ner I sing.

Shall I tell you the secret? You've but to love truly,—
 Own a heart in the right place that's hung;
 And, just as the prow to the helm answers duly,
 That heart will lend words to the tongue:
 No art do I boast of, no skill I inherit,—
 Then do not of my praises ring;
 But to love and to nature allow all the merit
 That taught me of Nancy to sing.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE CHRISTENING.

GUSTAVUS Frederick Richard's young Newcome's name;

The sponsors have promis'd that, while he is young,
They'll teach him the devil and his works to shame,
And, when he grows up, the vulgar tongue;
And, see! the procession from church the street fills,
Led on by the parson with his rosy gills;
And now they're come home, and the wit flies about,
Old niggardly Care by Good-Humour's kick'd out.

['Let me look at the pretty little creature—Oh! bless his innocent heart; mammy's eyes and daddy's nose to a T. I never saw such a sensible little creature in my life.' 'Why, yes: I think he'll make a very good match for my Georgina Carolina Helena Virginia Gridelina Cosmopolita Maria Mopsy.' 'La! Madam, why what a vast number of children you must ha' got!' 'Goth, Vandal, and Hottentot.' 'What's that? more of 'em?' 'No, no, Neighbour: it is my wife's only daughter.' 'What, with all that string? Why, if I was the girl, and people were to go droo sitch a catalogue with me, I wish I may die, if I should not think they were calling me names. Liddle, liddle, liddle, liddle! Oh! the dear little creature! Oh! I wish I was married, and had such a sweet little child as you.']

So at it go the clacks, not a tittle heard that's spoke,
And he's the greatest wit who can crack the loudest joke;
All talking away, and nobody listening,—
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening!

Now the fiddles are tuning, and up stand the throng:
Miss calls a cotillon, her ma an aleamong;
In a jig Madame Lump wants her limbs to reveal,
And Alderman Ninepin would fain take a reel;
Widow Hobble a minuet begs she may walk:
Thus they glide, and they hop, and they skip, and they stalk,
Till—Silence there! silence! they twenty times bawl,
And a country dance quickly reconciles all.

['Stay, stay, stay, stay! Before the dance begins, I move that all the gentlemen salute the ladies.' 'Lord, now, what a parcel of nonsense! how can you be so stupid! I beg you won't come near me.—Well, then, better give a fool a kiss than be troubled with him.' 'My dear Miss, shall I have the inexpressible and undescribable pleasure, honour, felicity, delight, and satisfaction?'—'No, Sir: I desire you'll get about your business. I did not know I came here to be affronted.' 'Lord, Miss, how can you be so frumpish?—the Captain only asked you for a civil salute.—I assure you I shall not make such a fuss about it.'—'Places! places!']

Figure in, hands across, right and left, and now hey!
So they skip, and they jump, and they foot it away,

Nor to fiddles, nor themselves, nor to anything listening,—
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening!

Now the fans and the handkerchiefs soon go to pot:
'I'm all in a muck'—'I'm prodigiously hot;'
'Some hartshorn and water! I'm fainting, I vow;—
So they give her the brandy—'Well, how are you now?'

'I'm prodigiously better,—you are a good soul!—
'Wash it down with some negus'—'Well, give me the bowl.'

And now the gay dance to the supper gives place;
The guests take their seats, and the parson says grace.

['I move that every gentleman sits next his partner.—Come, Miss Clack, what shall I help you to?—Shall I add a little to your abundance?' 'Now, you think I have a great deal of tongue.' 'Oh no, my love, I meant brains.' 'Miss Jazey, the Doctor drinks your health.' 'Lord, how could you do so?—pulling me by the sleeve.—I've thrown the mustard into the gooseberry tart.' 'Thank you, Doctor.' 'Pray, Sir, is there any public news?'—'I tell you it's all a parcel of nonsense and stuff—eighteen thousand killed and wounded!—For my part, I have too much charity to believe it.' 'Well, these are excellent puffs.' 'Oh, Sir, the newspapers are full of them.' 'Upon my word, Ma'am, you make capital punch. I propose a toast: Here's the young Christian's health, and may he give us as good punch as this at the christening of his first boy.'—'And as handsome a fee!'—'That of course.' 'And now Doctor Drencher's health and song.' 'I'll give you, Gentlemen, Death and the Lady!' And thus the song and the glass and the jest go round,—
Till in 'Old Care begone,' 'Hearts of Oak,' 'Derry down,'
And 'If Love's a sweet Passion,' their cares they all drown;
Singing, bellowing, and laughing, and nobody listening,—
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening.

THE INQUEST.

THE inquest is set; for the tea-things they call;
Miss Crab gave the kind invitation:
Miss Verjuice, Miss Razor, Miss Spleen, and Miss Tiff,
Miss Hartshorn, Miss Scowl, and Miss Mump,
and Miss Miff,
Miss Cholic, Miss Nose, and Miss Nerves, and Miss Gall,

As a jury, delib'rate in grand consultation,
Not over such stuff as affairs of the nation.
But over their neighbours' reputation.

['Silence! You declare, by your forewoman,
that you will, without hesitation, fear, or favour,

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

rend, tear, split, tatter, fritter, transmogrify, torture, and disjoint the reputations, indifferently, of friends, foes, strangers, neighbours, young, old, rich, poor, married, single, handsome, ugly, short, or tall; and that you return an account of all the vices, absurdities, failings, caprices, follies, foibles, faults, weaknesses, attachments, hobby-horses, wanderings, and backslidings, without hesitation, fear, favour, partiality, or affection, as aforesaid. And this you, by your forewoman, say, and so you say all.']

Take the oath, kiss the cup,

And thus, at each sup,

As of folly, and whim, and caprice make a handle,
While round go the muffins, the tea, and the scandal.

Like a torrent let loose, now away go their tongues,

Swift as winds, and as light as a feather;

New bonnets, the opera, Bath waters, the hour,
The auctions, the nation, the beasts in the Tower;
And as, in succession, they stretch out their lungs,

The country, black pins, matadores, and the weather,

In glorious confusion they jumble together,

And scandal let go to the end of its tether.

['How d'ye like your tea?' 'Vastly good—where do you buy it?' 'I buy it at Congo's.'

'Oh, yes, I recollect—the people that broke. Sad business that of the wife!' 'Oh terrible!—shocking woman for intrigues—I knew her from a girl, always as amorous as a cat upon pantiles.—And it is impossible to find her out: she has as many wigs as would serve to disguise a highwayman between Hounslow and Bagshot. Sad example for the daughter! Great pity, pretty girl.'

'Pretty!—why, Lord, Ma'am, she's flat-footed and hopper-hipped. Sad thing for the father, if you will.' 'Very true; but Lord, Ma'am, what can you expect from such people,—no fashion in life. The fellow was porter to an oil-shop,—used to carry out train oil, pickled herrings, zoobditty match, and wax flambeaux. I'll tell you a comical circumstance.' 'No! true; well, that's delightful! ha, ha, ha, haw!' and—]

Thus they sip and they sip,

Have their friends on the hip,

And of foibles, and faults, and caprice make a handle,
While round go the muffins, the tea, and the scandal.

The tea is remov'd;—and now, grave and demure,

The case-bottles are rang'd so judicious:

Noyeau, ratifie, à la teinture vermeille,

Eau d'or, de mille fleurs, fleur-de-lis, sans pareille,

And every scarce and expensive liqueur,

They sip, and they sip, and each sip find delicious,

Till they get rather whimsical, queer, and capricious,

And their tongues, if't be possible, grow more malicious.

['Bless me, I don't know what I was thinking of. I have a sort of vertigo,—only look at Miss Cholic

—she certainly had a little drop before she came out, otherwise you see it is impossible. As for me, now, who am not accustomed to these things, a thimbleful turns me quite topsy-turvy.' 'Well, Ladies, suppose we go to cards?' 'With all my heart; but I shall insist upon your keeping your foot in your shoe. I don't name any body, but I know people that hold up their fingers behind their fans.' 'And I, Madam—for I plainly see you mean me—I know of people too, that when they are a little non se ipse'—'I desire, Ma'am, you'll make no reflections. I never indulge myself to an improper degree. I have heard of your huskyba, to be sure.' 'Yes, Ma'am, and tasted it, too.' 'Why, yes, I once took a tea-spoonful, just to oblige you.' 'Yes, and a bumper just to oblige yourself.' 'Well, I declare this is beyond bearance.—Huskyba! indeed.' Here Miss Nerves declared she should go into hysterics. At last the company interfered: Miss Crab said there was nothing sour in her disposition; Miss Gall said she did not like bitter invectives; Miss Cholic said it gave her pain that her friends should fall out in this manner; at which Miss Razor entreated leave to notice, that if she had said anything keen or cutting, she begged pardon, and was sorry for it. This was accepted as an apology, and the company resumed their good-humour.]

And they sip and they sip,

Have their friends on the hip,

And of foibles, and faults, and caprice make a handle,
While round goes the room, the liquor, and the scandal.

THE ITALIAN MUSIC-MASTER.

Io sono moosic maestro, jose come de St. Fiorenza:
Che sell de English poples ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la;
Che teash de pretty laty de shak and de cadenza,
Che mak so moshe astonitch de papa and de mamma.
I teash all de sort to surprize de grand mato,
L'aria si dolce, il flauto obligato;
De recitativa accompagnamenti,
Che kive soshe great telight to all te cognoscenti.
De capriccio ad libitum, il penseroso,
De presto, and den alla larga doloroso;
De noisy bravura so tintamar keeping,
And den d'adagio che set you all a sleeping.
L'allegro si gai, le grand maestuso,
Pastorelle si gentil, te mad furioso;
And good many more ting for fee in de mano,
That give good English cash for bad note Italiano.

And den dey sob and sigh away,

And faint away and die away,

And faint and sob and sigh,

And turn up de vite of de eye,

Like de dying magpie.

['So, ven he very great rapture look ope to heaven can't see no more, I take the opportunity squeeze the young laty by te hand; I say, 'My tear angel,

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

you most smile telight a fool in my eye. It is impossible to resist a me fu, my lofe, you see.]

Io sono, &c.

So den there come de fist, de turtle, and de pies,
And laugh and hollow, and make some noise ;
The goose and the mustard,
The boobun, de custard,
And den after dey dine
They drink all sort de vine.

So the alderman wid him jelly
He stuff his great belly

We go at it ding dong ;

*Monseer, I knock you down for song ;'

'Si Signor, vat sall I sing ?'

'Any ting you please :—' 'Vat any ting ?'

[I cot soshe a crate cold, I too my pest. John, don't make so noise.]

I meet one pretty kirl ; Isay, 'Mine lofe and mine tear,

I vish you please little vipster in your ear ;'

So she say, 'Outlandish fellow!' vid an air so scorn-fool,

'I von't love you at all, Sir,—I shall lofe mine Jacky Bull.

Den I say, 'Mine lofe and mine life, consent to ko wit me,—

I show you von grand ting so fine in my cuntry,
Vid my friend Italiano, who always make a rule
To spend the English guinea, and laugh at Jacky Bull.'

Vat you tink te little devil say ?—She won't take such a prance,

'Whereabout, Sare, your cuntry, since Italy gone to France ?

Beside, you cheat, you leach che trop of when you full ;—

Little England I say for ever, and honest Jacky Bull.'

Den come again de noise bravo ! encore !

De Italian set de table in a roar,

While English merit he stay out de door.

[Yes, to be sure, for you see by dis time I ket very goot foot de family. I bring de letter to de gentleman from de French danseuse, and to de lady from de fine flashy beau ; but one day you see devilish pad ting, de monkey pick out my pocket in de presence de shentelman de letter address to de laty. Oh diavolo ! he kick me out of de house, swear I was de worse moosic maestro che ever compose. Bote I don't mind dis ; I ket to anoder family, where I shake de shentelman by de hand, salute de laty, shoke de shambermaid under de shin, introduce master Jacky to de opera-girl. To be sure, it is all very true, every body know dis. I make de hose my home, I too vat I please ; how can it be otherwise ? Because

Io sono, &c.

From the King and Queen.

THE INVASION.

[The allusions of this song are to the threatened invasion of England by Bonaparte. It was in anticipatory commemoration of this event, that the column at Boulogne was erected, which was recently surmounted by the statue of Bonaparte, amidst a series of fêtes perfectly *à la Française*.]

THE French are all coming, for so they declare ;

Of their floats and balloons all the papers advise us :

They're to swim thro' the ocean and ride on the air,

In some foggy ev'ning, to land and surprise us.

Their army's to come and plant liberty's tree,

Call'd the army of England,—what matchless presumption !

Let them come ; those who meet not with agues at sea

Will on shore first get fevers, and then a consumption.

Poor fools ! by the finger of Fate they're invited :

For our freedom and laws,

Come on, in this cause ;

They no longer are Britons who are not united.

The old women and children report such strange things

Of their grand preparations, their routs, and their rackets ;

One army, they tell us, is furnish'd with wings,

And another's accoutred, they say, in cork jackets !

Well, so much the better,—their luck let 'em try ;

Come here how they will, we shall damnably nim 'em :

Ten't the first time, my lads, we have made the

French fly ;

And as to their jackets, we'll curiously trim 'em.

Poor fools ! &c.

Then they'll fasten a rope from the Land's End to France,

On which, when their wonderful project's grown riper,

They'll all to the tune of the carmagnot dance,

Determin'd to make Jack Rosbiff pay the piper.

But let 'em take care we don't come athwart haue ;

If we should, they'll just fancy the devil has got 'em ;

For they'll get from their horses so decent a toss,

That capsiz'd will soon send them 'a dance to the bottom. Poor fools ! &c.

Yet who knows how far their mad liberty scheme May succeed ? of man's wrongs the suppos'd pancea :

They have often come here, kill'd us all—in a dream, And afterwards ate us all up—in idea.

And let 'em dream on, that they're cutting our throats ;

Till, devoted to danger they're little aware on,

They wake from their sleep, change their flat-bot-tom'd boats

For a voy'ge o'er the Styx in the boat of old Charon.

Poor fools ! &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

But jesting apart, we their pride must chastise ;
 Tho' we'd no other hold on our hearts and our duty
 Than their insolent boast that they 'll seize, as their
 prize,

In their purse English gold—in their arms Eng-
 lish beauty.

English beauty for them !—The infernals scal'd
 heaven,

That soon hurl'd to fate their audacious malignity ;
 So shall they, to their fate by a virtuous frown driven,
 Own that females of Britain possess British dig-
 nity. Poor fools ! &c.

Then rouse, Britons, rouse ! while this vapouring crew
 Are deluding their own and belying our nation,
 Let us, noble, unanimous, loyal, and true,
 To their folly give pity, their threats indignation.
 Our freedom 's not riot, nor uproar run wild,
 To honour, to virtue, to dignity treason ;
 A rational blessing, just, temp'rate, and mild ;
 The freedom of England 's the freedom of reason.
 Poor fools ! &c.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

Of all Heav'n gave to comfort man,
 And cheer his drooping soul,
 Show me a blessing, he who can,
 To top the flowing bowl.
 When am'rous Strephon, dying swain,
 Whose heart his Daphne stole,
 Is jilted, to relieve his pain,
 He seeks the flowing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,
 The knell begin to toll,
 They mourn awhile, then, for relief,
 They seek the flowing bowl.
 The tar, while swelling waves deform
 Old Ocean as they roll,
 In spite of danger and the storm,
 Puts round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way
 Works like the purblind mole,
 Still comfort for the loss of day
 Finds in the flowing bowl.
 It gives to poets lyric wit,
 To jesters to be droll :
 Anacreon's self had never writ,
 But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay, then, sons of earth ;
 To Bacchus, in a shoal,
 Come on, the volunteers of mirth,
 And by the flowing bowl
 Become immortal, be ador'd,
 'Mongst gods your names enrol :
 Olympus be the festive board,
 Nectar the flowing bowl.

GRIZZLE.

'Twas one morning in May, the weather but queer,
 Rather hazy, a sort of a mizzle,
 When with a love-song I was shot through the ear
 By a maid, and her name it was Grizzle :
 The Graces might dance to the tune of her song,
 All warbling and running her rigs,
 With a bucket of wash as she tripp'd it along,
 Just going to feed the pigs—tig, tig, tig :

Then to hear the old sow ask the little pig,
 ' My love, have you got enough ?'
 And the little pig crying out ' Oui, oui, oui,'
 Speaking French, to show her breeding, d'ye see :
 Why a bench of judges might have shook their wigs
 To hear the likes of the fun and the rigs,
 While lovely Grizzle was feeding the pigs.

The next time I saw her was at the barn-door,
 Dress'd in petticoat, sleeves, and a boddice ;
 ' What art thou,' said I, ' for I'm not very sure,—
 Art a fairy, a witch, or a goddess ?'
 The Muses in vain would describe her in song,
 ' Stead of nine had they seventy pens,
 As graceful the barley she scatter'd along,
 All feeding the cocks and the hens.

Coop biddy, coop biddy, cup !
 Then to see all the chickens come tumbling up,
 While Chanticleer cried to his hens, Clook, clock,
 clock, clock, clock, clock,
 Took, took, took, took, took, took, took, took,
 Not the hens and the cocks, nor the cocks and the
 hens,
 Though their tails and their wings were all made
 into pens,
 Could e'er describe Grizzle while feeding the hens.

To Grizzle I'm married,—so bless'd ne'er was man !
 We have children the best part of twenty ;
 So we try to maintain 'em as well as we can,
 While content turns our pittance to plenty.
 If the great their dependents and parasites own,
 So do we ; for the dogs and the cats
 Come flattering round for a scrap or a bone,
 While we're feeding our sweet little brats.
 Diddle, liddle, liddle, come then in lap ;
 Then I awkwardly burn the child's mouth with the
 pap ;
 Then to hear the sweet music, Yah, yah, yah, yah,
 yah, yah, yah, yah,
 Hush, hush, hush, hush, hush, come to mamma.
 [' Maiw, bow wow,'—oh ! he has let his sister fall ;
 you little dog, I'll knock your brains out.]
 Bless'd with children and wife, and my dogs and
 my cats,
 Throw settlements, titles, and deeds to the rats !
 Give me my sweet little Grizzle while feeding her
 brats.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

VIVACE.

Of all Heav'n gave to com - fort man, And cheer his droop - ing soul, Show

me a bless - ing, he who can, To top the flow - ing bowl. To top the

flow - ing bowl. When am' - rous Strephon, dy - ing swain, Whose heart his Daph - ne

THE FLOWING BOWL.

stole, - - - - - Whose heart his Daph-ne

stole, Is jilt-ed, to re-lieve his pain, He seeks the flow-ing bowl; the flow - -

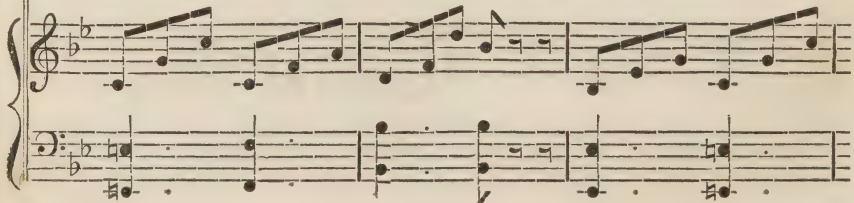
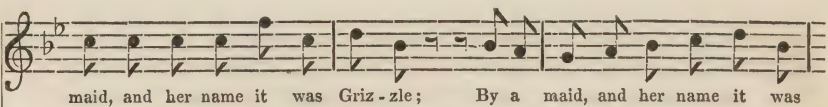
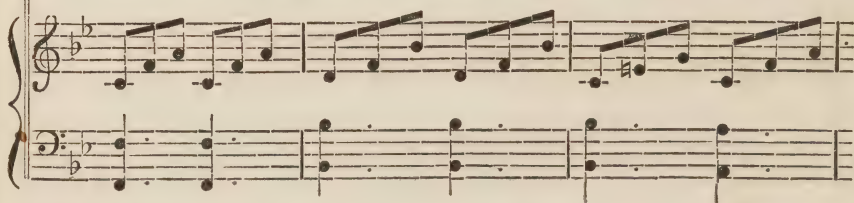
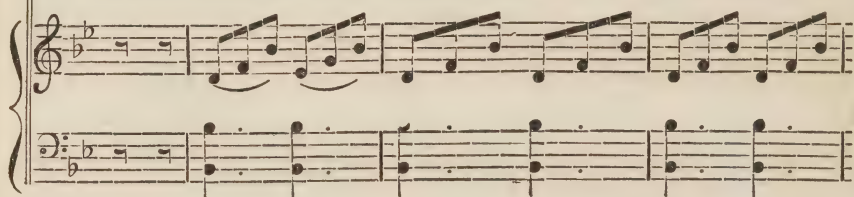
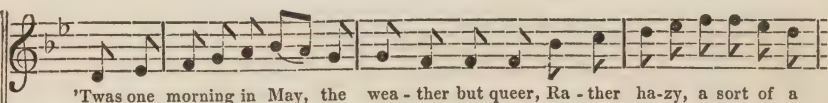
- - - - - ing bowl, the flow-ing

Repeat 1st Sym.

bowl,, the aow - - ing bowl; He seeks the flow - - ing bowl.

GRIZZLE.

ALLEGRETTO.



GRIZZLE.

Griz - zle: The Gra - ces might dance to the tune of her song, All

The first system of the musical score for 'GRIZZLE.' It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple harmonic accompaniment in the left hand.

war - bling and run - ning her rigs; With a buck - et of wash as she

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'war - bling and run - ning her rigs; With a buck - et of wash as she'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern.

tripp'd it a - long, Just go - ing to feed the pigs; With a bucket of

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'tripp'd it a - long, Just go - ing to feed the pigs; With a bucket of'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

wash as she tripp'd it a - long, Just go - ing to feed the pigs— tig, tig, tig:

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'wash as she tripp'd it a - long, Just go - ing to feed the pigs— tig, tig, tig:'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

GRIZZLE.

Then to hear the old sow ask the lit - tle pig, 'My love, have you got e-

The first system of musical notation for the song 'GRIZZLE.' It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'Then to hear the old sow ask the lit - tle pig, 'My love, have you got e-

nough?' And the lit-tle pig cry out 'Oui, oui, oui,' Speaking French, to

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'nough?' And the lit-tle pig cry out 'Oui, oui, oui,' Speaking French, to. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

show her breed-ing, d'ye see; Speak-ing French, to show her breed-ing, d'ye

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'show her breed-ing, d'ye see; Speak-ing French, to show her breed-ing, d'ye'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

see: Why a bench of jud - ges might have shook their wigs, To hear the

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'see: Why a bench of jud - ges might have shook their wigs, To hear the'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

GRIZZLE.

likes of the fun and the rigs, While love - ly Griz - zle,

love - - - ly Griz - zle, Griz - zle, Griz - zle, While

love - ly Grizzle was feeding the pigs, was feed - ing the

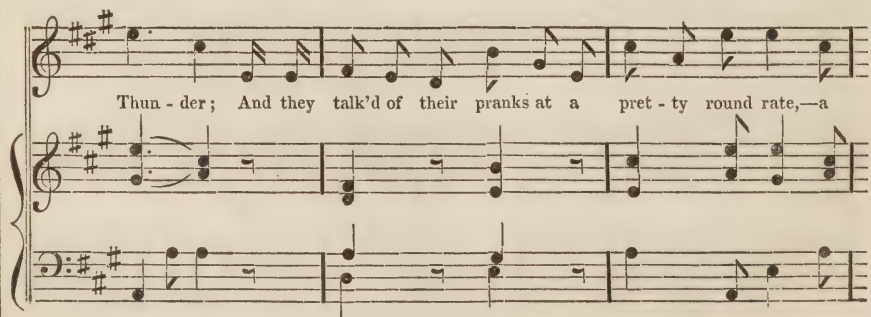
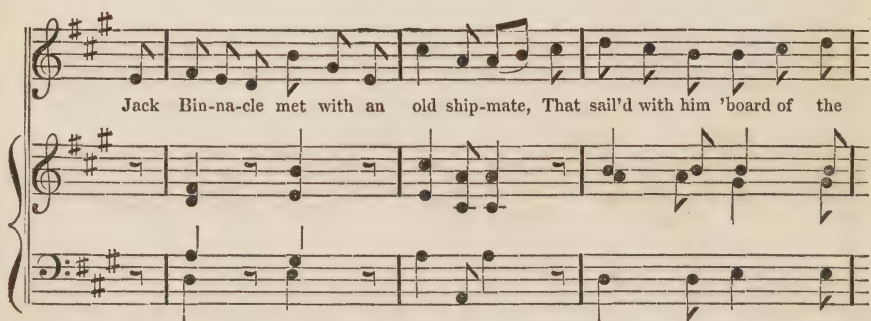
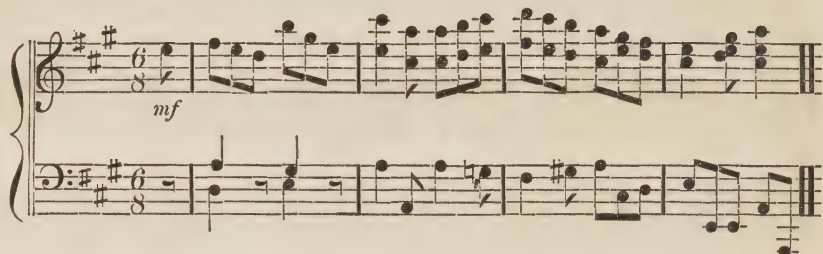
pigs, was feed - ing the pigs.

ff

[For remainder of Words see p. 211.]

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

ALLEGRETTO.



CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

pret - ty round rate, And made all the hear - en - ers won - der— And

The first system of music features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the grand staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "pret - ty round rate, And made all the hear - en - ers won - der— And".

made all the hear - en - ers won - der : For though brave at sea, when you

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "made all the hear - en - ers won - der : For though brave at sea, when you".

get him a - shore, A tar of - ten turns out a nin - ny— a

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "get him a - shore, A tar of - ten turns out a nin - ny— a".

tar of - ten turns out a nin - ny; For now he must jog, His leave's

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "tar of - ten turns out a nin - ny; For now he must jog, His leave's".

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

out with his grog— now he must jog, His leave's out with his grog; Here,

The first system of the musical score for 'CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.' It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'out with his grog— now he must jog, His leave's out with his grog; Here,'

house, what's to pay? come, sport us the score—Here, house, what's to pay, come,

The second system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'house, what's to pay? come, sport us the score—Here, house, what's to pay, come,'

sport us the score; Hand us o - ver the change for a gui - nea: For a

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'sport us the score; Hand us o - ver the change for a gui - nea: For a'

sail - or's life is a roar - ing life,— He laughs while the winds and the

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are: 'sail - or's life is a roar - ing life,— He laughs while the winds and the'

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

waves are at strife, So safe on shore He can pay his score, And

sport the splen-did gui - nea—and sport the splen-did gui - nea.

The landlord's sweet daughter now comes in his view,
Up to tars when they get into harbour ;
Her shoes are morocco, her petticoats blue,
Her wig's just come home from the barber :
Jack stares in her face with a whimsical phiz,
Reviews her, and looks like a ninny ;
For each chalk on his score
She counts two or more ;
He's fix'd on her eyes, while she penetrates his,
And cheats him while changing his guinea :
For a sailor's life is a careless life,—
He sings while the waves and the winds are at strife,
To be cheated on shore,
While to pay his score
He sports the splendid guinea.
Here's two eighteen pen'orths, that's five and a kick ;
Three pen'orths of 'bacco, a shilling ;
For a sixpenny 'bacco-box, quite span and spick,
Half-a-crown, and a tizzy the filling :
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the chin,—
Lord, how can you be such a ninny ?
Let me reckon your score,—
For two sixteen'orths more,

Two hogs and three simons for what's to come in,
So there's three shillings out of a guinea :
For a sailor's life is a roaring life,—
He whistles while billows and winds are at strife,
From the landlords 'long shore,
For a five-shilling score,
To get three shillings out of a guinea.
' Well, well,' cries out Jack, 'you know figures and such,—
I dare say you're right, Mistress Moggy ;
All my wonderment is we should tip off so much
In the time, and yet never get groggy :
But no sailor at toss-pot e'er yet play'd amiss,—
Then he's cunning, and never a ninny.
Come put round the grog,
For away we must jog ;
So now, my dear girl, if you'll give me a kiss
You may pocket your change for a guinea,
For a sailor's life is a careless life ;
He minds neither billows nor winds at strife,
But pays his score
With spirit on shore,
And that's all the use of a guinea.

THE LOVER.

ALLEGRETTO.

Long

by some fair one was I trick'd,—De-ceiv'd by A - ma - ryl-lis, By

Cæ - lia maul'd, by Daph-ne kick'd,—by Cæ - lia maul'd, by Daph-ne kick'd, And

THE LOVER.

cuff'd a-bout by Phil-lis. When-e'er, to tell my dy-ing tale,—When-

e'er to tell my dy-ing tale, Some Chloe - - - I'd run

af-ter, 'Tis strange, but nev-er did I fail,—'Tis strange, but nev-er

did I fail To make her die— To make her die— die, die,

THE LOVER.

die - - To make her die—with laugh-ter,— To make her die—with

laugh-ter.

I lov'd sweet Hebe fair and young :—
 ' Be of your raptures thrifty,'
 Cried tattling Clamour's busy tongue,
 ' Why she has lovers fifty !'
 Resolv'd to try, I quickly prov'd
 ' Twas false, by reasons plenty ;
 For soon I found she dearly lov'd
 But me—and five and twenty.

To self-denying Delia win,
 I various presents sent her ;
 All gold could buy I sent her in,
 But nothing would content her.
 I sent her trinkets without end,
 Gems, pearls, to make her civil ;
 Till, having nothing more to send,
 I sent her—to the devil.

Yet, after all, I am in love,
 Mad, tipsy, all on fire ;
 No minion of the Cyprian grove
 E'er rag'd with passion higher.
 My head turns round, I'm in a flame,
 I love like any dragon :
 Say, would you know my mistress' name ?
 Oh, 'tis a smiling flagon.

Thus we've of tars a story told,
 Of fabulous production,
 To syrens list'ning, who, of old,
 Went headlong to destruction :
 The song, alas ! was but a lure,
 To make a wave their pillow ;
 And those Charybdis 'scap'd were sure
 To tumble—into Scylla.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

CHANGE FOR A GUINEA.

JACK BINNACLE met with an old shipmate,
That sail'd with him 'board of the Thunder;
And they talk'd of their pranks at a pretty round
rate,
And made all the hearkeners wonder:
For though brave at sea, when you get him ashore
A tar o'en turns out a ninny;

For now he must jog,
His leave 's out with his grog;

Here, house, what 's to pay? come, sport us the
score;

Hand us over the change for a guinea:
For a sailor's life is a roaring life,—
He laughs while the winds and the waves are at
strife,
So safe on shore
He can pay his score,
And sport the splendid guinea.

The landlord's sweet daughter now comes in his
view,

Up to tars when they get into harbour;
Her shoes are morocco, her petticoats blue,
Her wig 's just come home from the barber:
Jack stares in her face with a whimsical phiz,
Reviews her, and looks like a ninny;

For each chalk on his score
She counts two or more;

He's fix'd on her eyes, while she penetrates his,
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kick;

Three pen'orths of 'bacco, a shilling;
For a sixpenny 'bacco-box, quite span and spick,
Half-a-crown, and a tizzy the filling:
Jack hears not a word, chucks her under the
chin,—

Lord, how can you be such a ninny?

Let me reckon your score,—

For two sixpen'orths more,

Two hogs and three simons for what's to come in,
So there's three shillings out of a guinea:

For a sailor's life is a roaring life,—
He whistles while billows and winds are at strife,
From the landlords 'long shore,
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He minds neither billows nor winds at strife,

But pays his score

With spirit on shore,

And that 's all the use of a guinea.

A DRINKING-SONG FOR THE LADIES.

LET toppers drain the flowing bowl,

And tipsy get for me;

I ne'er their orgies shall control,

So I've a bowl of tea:

And let them jest, and drink, and smoke,

And stir up mirth and glee;

I'll stir up, pleasure to provoke,

A smoking cup of tea.

When round the board the old and young

With characters make free,

The pivot of the prattling tongue

What oils so well as tea?

By sorrow bid, should we take down

Noyau, or ratafie,

What can the fumes so fairly drown,

As qualifying tea?

The type of life, its joys and cares,

This beverage we see:

The vital stream the water wears;

The bitters are the tea;

West India's produce are the sweets;

And while they thus agree,

In cream the happy medium meets

That life corrects and tea.

Then let the great and rich give way,—

Pomp, pride, and pedigree;

We find distinctions ev'ry day

Level'd by death and tea:

From gipsies underneath the hedge,

To the grand coterie,

Kind females still each other pledge

In bowls of social tea.

THE LOVER.

LONG by some fair one was I trick'd,—

Deceiv'd by Amaryllis,

By Cælia maul'd, by Daphne kick'd,

And cuff'd about by Phillis.

Whene'er, to tell my dying tale,

Some Chloe I'd run after,

'Tis strange, but never did I fail

To make her die—with laughter.

I lov'd sweet Hebe fair and young;—

'Be of your raptures thrifty,'

Cried tattling Clamour's busy tongue,

'Why she has lovers fifty!'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Resolv'd to try, I quickly prov'd
'Twas false, by reasons plenty;
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To self-denying Delia win,
I various presents sent her;
All gold could buy I sent her in,
But nothing would content her.
I sent her trinkets without end,
Gems, pearls, to make her civil;
Till, having nothing more to send,
I sent her—to the devil.

Yet, after all, I am in love,
Mad, tipsy, all on fire;
No minion of the Cyprian grove
E'er rag'd with passion higher.
My head turns round, I'm in a flame,
I love like any dragon:
Say, would you know my mistress' name?
Oh 'tis a smiling flagon.

Thus we've of tars a story told,
Of fabulous production,
To Syrens list'ning, who, of old,
Went headlong to destruction:
The song, alas! was but a lure,
To make a wave their pillow;
And those Charybdis 'scap'd, were sure
To tumble—into Scylla.

From Tom Wilkins.

THE RAGE.

[It seems to have been Dibdin's object, in the following song, to ridicule the quackeries of the day, one of the most prominent of which was Packwood's Razor-Strops, which were then puffed to an extent hardly excelled in these days of puffing pre-eminence.]

EXAMPLE is all; 'tis not that which we say,
But that which we do is the matter;
And tho' wisdom her precepts may preach ev'ry day,
They pass for impertinent chatter:
But those things we do so the fancy bewitch,
If fashion but sanction the pother,
Helter skelter we go, over hedge and o'er ditch,
As sheep follow after each other.

[I'll give you an instance—Arriving among some gentlemen, 'Ah!' said I, 'how are you, my fine fellows? here, see how punctual I am to a moment.—There's a watch for you!' 'A Tompion, I suppose, sir. I have a namesake of his here, given me by my grandfather.' 'Oh, damme! what signifies talking about your watches,—here, look at mine! Corrects the sun; all stop by it at Newmarket.' 'Talk of a watch! indeed; here—horizontal, capped, and jewelled; shows minutes, moments, days of the month, and plays chimes; goes like clockwork!' 'Well, but I tell you, if

you talk of a watch, here's the watch!' 'Your watch!' 'Watch! zounds!' said I, 'if you are not quiet, the watch will come and take you in a minute.']

So while the example, like magical sound,
Or quick electricity, catches,
Soon one after t'other, the company round,
Instinctively pull out their watches.

If broadsword's the fashion, and cutting of throats,
The English are full of them fencers;
For a whim if lords cut off the skirts of their coats,
They are deck'd out in so many spencers.
Thus fashion mankind so completely commands,
Like hounds when they hear the view-halloo;
And if but five people would walk on their hands,
Five hundred would instantly follow.

[One day I had a mind to see what a length this sort of fun would go. It is an old trick, but so much the better. 'Bless my soul,' said I, 'I beg pardon, I did not know there were to be any ladies here; I forgot to get shaved. I am very seldom so thoughtless—I am sure I have no occasion—I have a very fine concave razor.' 'Razor! that's of no consequence at all; have you got one of Packwood's strops? takes a notch out of a pen-knife.'—'Oh, damn your strops! I always strop my razor upon an old jack-boot.' 'Well, but I tell you stropping has nothing in the world to do with it—it entirely depends upon the soap; get the true essential oil, your razor will shave you like a feather.' 'Feather! if you had been as many campaigns as I have, you'd be glad to do as the negroes do,—shave yourself with a broken glass bottle, and make use of a bulk-head for a looking-glass.' 'Well, but I tell you about the soap, the razor, the strop.']

So like magic, when once the example begins,
About soapuds and razors they're raving;
And all, while they're talking and stroking their
chins,
Instinctively seem to want shaving.

Thus the rage is the rage; if it hides or reveals,
So 'tis jemmy, and natty, and knowing,
Whether up to the shoulders or down to the heels,
The way is to set it a going.
Be't to bam or to hoax, or to queer or to quizz,
Or, howe'er in the ton you are flashing,
The toss up of a pin, it don't matter what 'tis,
So 'tis stupid, and useless, and dashing.

[But the strongest instance I know of the prevalence of example, is to set people yawning. One night I wanted the company to break up,—'Twas a cursed thing of that fellow, Sir Harry—aw—to keep me up till six o'clock—aw—in the morning; and then there was that stupid beast the Deputy—aw—the fellow—aw—was asleep—aw—without—aw—paying attention to—aw—all those witty things that—aw—I was uttering with—aw—so much—aw—sprightliness.' 'Zounds! sir, I wish

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

you would not yawn so,—you make me as bad as yourself.' 'Oh, sir, yawning's catching,—I cannot help it, upon my soul.']

Thus one after t'other, the company all,

This somniferous vortex are drawn in,
Till, ready to sleep, for their nightcaps they call,
And presently all go off yawning.

RATIONAL VANITY.

MAN, poor forked animal! why art thou vain
Of thy form, that, so matchless, the Deity owns?
Where beauty, proportion, and symmetry reign,
Adding grace to distinction, and splendour to thrones?

While by folly and fashion this form so divine
Is abus'd, till all figures fantastic it wears,
Till, worn by diseases, and bloated by wine,
Men, the Deity's image, turn monkeys and bears:
A mass of remorse, of reflection, of pain,
Man, poor forked animal! why art thou vain?

Art vain of thy mind? still the Deity's there;
Where virtues angelic their natures impress,
Pale anguish to chase, smooth the brow of despair,
And with Charity's hand dry the tear of distress.
While this generous mind, on beneficence bent,
Fair gratitude's height shall in vain strive to climb,

And those lavished riches, so lib'rally meant,
'Stead of virtue rewarding, shall sanctify crime.
While philanthropy gives disappointment to gain,
Man, poor restless animal! why art thou vain?

Take the rational mean:—if thou'rt proud of thy form,

Let health given by temperance glow in thy face;
Let simplicity's hand, as it decks ev'ry charm,
To decorum add neatness, to decency grace.
Then to temper thy mind neither tower nor stoop,
Nor with sordidness grovel, nor arrogance ride;
Be not niggard nor lavish, a churl nor a dupe,
But let prudence the hand of benevolence guide.
Thus in form and in heart shall the Deity reign;
Thus reason shall teach, and thus man shall be vain.

THE BLACK PIG.

LOVE's a flame—a sigh excites it—

A flame hearts play like moths about;

A breath—a very nothing lights it,

A very nothing puts it out:

For this a case in point I've ready,

Well known, yet with importance big;

'Tis of a dame a little heady,

Who cock-horse rode on a black pig.

Her lord and master, rude and jealous,

Gave great annoyance to this dame;

He routed all her pretty fellows,

And scolded when the Captain came:

Each harmless joy, to her delicious,

Her birds, her lap-dog,—nay, her wig,

Kept him on tenterhooks suspicious;

He e'en suspected the black pig.

Call'd out, and forc'd to leave this beauty,

John with despatches was sent home,

To charge her, on her bounden duty,

Never to let the Captain come:

John, knowing human nature clearly,

The consequence began to twig,

And said her lord's commands were merely

She might not ride on the black pig.

His bus'ness done, and home returning,

The dame to meet her husband rose:

'What's happ'd?' cried he, with passion burning;

'Why, madam, you have broke your nose!'

'What happ'd?' cried she; 'you see the token,

Fool! with your jealous follies big!

My promise and my nose I've broken

By riding on the great black pig.'

'Master,' cried John, 'I'm in the right on't:

Had I obey'd, sure as you're there,

The Captain here had made a night on't,

And sent you gadding to Horn Fair.'

Each now took shame; with whim capricious

Vow'd ne'er again to run such rig;

He swore no more to be suspicious,

She ne'er to ride on the black pig.

NATURE AND NANCY.

LET swabs, with their wows, their palaver, and lies,
Sly flatt'ry's silk sails still be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropp'd down from the skies;—

I your angels don't like,—I loves womcn.
And I loves a warm heart and a sweet honest mind,
Good as truth, and as lively as fancy;
As constant as honour, as tenderness kind;—
In short, I loves Nature and Nancy.

I read in a song about Venus, I thinks,
All rigg'd out with her Cupids and graces;
And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces.

They that loves it may take all such art for their pains;

For mine, 'tis another guess fancy:
Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue veins,

That paints the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why, I went to the play, where they talk'd well, at least,

As to act all their parts they were trying:
They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,
And some they was playing at dying.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison,
d'ye see,

All just for their gig and their fancy ;—
What to them was but jest is right earnest to me,
For I live and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls, then, like so many Algerine Turks,
Dash away, a fine gay-painted galley,
With their Jacks, and their pennants, and ginger-
bread works,

All for show, and just nothing for value,—
False colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy ;
They're all for the person, I'm all for the heart,—
In short, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

An Irishman's tongue is so long and so thick,
And it makes in his mouth such a pother,
That the words blunder out so fast and so quick,
They are tumbling one over the other.
Such a quarrel there is 'twixt his tongue and his
heart,

That for ever they're making some blunder ;
For though in the main they are never apart,
Fait and conscience! they're always asunder.
Then arrah! be aesy, you comical rogues—
I'll soon be the matter explaining :
Devil a bull you'd perceive in my blunders or
brogues,

If you'd only just find out the maning.

Like a horse and a dog, cheek by jole as they trot,
Though Tray measures ten times the gravel ;
For when to the end of their journey they're got,
Fait and troth! they've no further to travel :
Or two buckets, when into a well they are thrown,
As together they flounder and spatter,
This down t'other up, and this up t'other down,
Don't they both of them bring up the water ?

Then arrah! &c.

See two counsel at law, with their tongues as they
fight,

And proving each other so civil,
One proving white's black, and t'other black's
white,—

En't they both of them both'ring the devil ?
But to put a strong case, that will bear greater
stress—

When we speak of the family royal,
Though in ten thousand fashions our words we
express,

Don't we mean that we're all of us loyal ?
Then arrah! &c.

Then don't, of your fun and your frolic so full,
Pretend at the diff'rence to wonder ;
For though, by my soul! ev'ry blunder's a bull,
'Tis not ev'ry bull that's a blunder.

So you see, once for all, don't such curious pains
To laugh at our blunders be taking ;
For though Paddy, my soul! never speaks what
he means,
Sure enough, fait! he means what he's speaking.
Then arrah! &c.

THE LAST SHILLING.

As pensive, one night, in my garret I sat,
My last shilling produc'd on the table,
'That advent'rer,' cried I, 'might a hist'ry relate,
If to think and to speak it were able.'
Whether fancy or magic 'twas play'd me the freak,
The face seem'd with life to be filling,
And cried, instantly speaking, or seeming to speak,
'Pay attention to me, thy last shilling.

'I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter ;
Till at length, brought to justice, the law cheated
him,

And he paid me to buy him a halter :
A Jack Tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend
Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling :

'Twas the wife of his messmate, whose glistening
eye

With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd me ;
She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
And at parting with tears she bedew'd me.
But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
Pale want their poor families chilling ;
Where rakes, in their revels the piper to pay,
Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last
shilling.

'Thou thyself hast been thoughtless,—for profil-
gates bail ;

But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
When my little hist'ry thou off'rest for sale,—
In the int'rim, spend me and be merry !'
'Never! never!' cried I: 'thou'rt my Mentor! my
muse!

And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
I'll hoard thee in my heart: thus men counsel
refuse,
Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.'

A SUPPLICATION FOR PEACE.

HARK! hark! of war the dreadful clangour!—
Oh! that men, who brothers are,
With no one private cause of anger,
Dire Fate should force to murd'rous war!

See! see! those heaps of dead and dying!
Hark! what shrieks are heard afar!
No quarter suffer'd for the flying,—
Oh! the horrid trade of war.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

Yet think not, with thy blood-stain'd laurel.
 Bellona, long to hurl thy car;
 Time soon shall heal the sanguine quarrel,
 And stay the fell effects of war.
 Soon lovely peace, her balm applying,
 Of suff'ring hearts shall close each scar;
 The living cheer, lament the dying,
 And rid the world of cruel war.

NAVAL VICTORIES.

[Dibdin is by no means correct, either in his dates or as to the results of some of the actions referred to in the following song. For instance:—those with the celebrated Van Tromp were in 1652 and 1653, instead of 1662 and 1663, and were rather drawn battles than victories. The phrase 'Mynheer went to pot' alludes to the death of Van Tromp, who, while gallantly animating his brave comrades, was shot through the heart by a musket ball, on July 29, 1653. His son afterwards became an admiral, and emulated his father in skill and bravery. The term '*spawn*,' which Dibdin has rather oddly used, refers to him. It is worthy of remark, that the assumed success of the English, in the engagements of 1666, is attributed by Dibdin to the use of *chain-shot*. It is true, according to the authority of historians, that chain-shot was first used at this period: but it happens to have been used *against* the English, instead of *by* them; the destructive invention being ascribed to the celebrated De Wit, one of the admirals of the Dutch fleet in these desperate conflicts. It was very soon, however, appropriated by the English. The action in which the 'gallant Sandwich *lay flat*,' was any thing but a victory over the Dutch; it is not likely, therefore, that they cried 'Peccavi!' The Earl of Sandwich, however, exhibited the most astonishing feats of bravery; and instead of being '*laid flat*,' the ship which he commanded was *blown up*, and he and all on board, perished. The actions fought by Warren, Anson, and Hawke, were in 1747—not in 1744. The '*victories*' of Cornwallis and Bridport, in 1795, were very minor affairs; and it is strange that Jervis's celebrated victory off Cape St. Vincent, which had occurred such a short time before this song was written, is stated to have taken place the 'next year'—it was on Feb. 14, 1797. If the song has little merit as a piece of chronology, it has still less as poetry. Such doggrel must have cost the facile Dibdin marvellously little labour.]

WHY, I'm singing of French, Dutch, and Spanish
 bravada,

And going to give you each regular date,
 Since the year that we conquer'd the famous Armada,
 Which happy fifteen hundred and eighty and eight,
 Queen Elizabeth, bless the old girl! was plac'd ready,
 If they landed, to show 'em some true English
 sport;

But their whiskers were sing'd by bold Drake, brave
 and steady,

Just to save them a licking at Tilbury Fort;
 Then hurra for the tars of old England so free,
 The pride of the world, and the lords of the sea!

In ninety-six following, Raleigh and Howard,
 Off Cadiz, with their cannon, so pepper'd the
 Dons,

That the smell of the powder made each man a
 coward,

And they call'd on their saints as they fled from
 their guns.

Sixteen hundred and sixty and two, with his
 besom

Van Tromp swore he'd sweep the whole sea, or
 be shot:

But Blake beat him twice; and next year, just to
 please him,

He'd two actions with Monk, and Mynheer went
 to pot. Then hurra! &c.

In sixty and five, the Dutch Admiral Opdam
 Swore, der Tiaple, he'd eat up the brave Duke of
 York!

But his highness so merrily pepper'd and popp'd
 'em,

Though their ships were like lead, their heels
 were like cork.

Next year, for four days, Albemarle and his sailors
 The spawn of Van Tromp beat, weather and lee;
 For chain-shot was first us'd: they all scamper'd
 like tailors,

And our tars from that moment were lords of the
 sea. Then hurra, &c.

In seventy-two, the Mynheers cried 'Peccavi,'
 When, his fatal time come, gallant Sandwich lay
 flat!

But 'twas fam'd ninety-two made the pride of the
 navy;—

Don't you know there's a glorious song about
 that?

To sev'n'teen hundred and two in my hist'ry next
 I go,

When the English and Dutch, under bold Sir
 George Rooke,

Beat the Spaniards and French in the harbour of
 Vigo,

Forty-eight sail, in all, blow'd up, sunk, and took.
 Then hurra, &c.

In the year forty-four Admirals Warren and Anson
 Beat the French*—so did Hawke—only two ships
 remain'd;†

Boscawen's proud fleet fifty-five saw advancing,
 And in fifty-eight Pococke two vict'ries ob-
 tain'd.‡

But the year fifty-nine was the noblest then going,
 When an English invasion was all the world's
 talk;

Then La Clue off the Straits was well bang'd by
 Boscawen,

And Conflans run on a lee-shore by bold Hawke.§
 Then hurra, &c.

In eighty bold Rodney well tickled Langarry;||
 Eighty-one saw Hyde Parker so gloriously shine;¶
 But next year Count de Grasse, in the Villy de
 Parry,**

Was took, when so gallantly we broke the line.

* Off Cape Finisterre

† Off Belleisle.

‡ In the East Indies.

§ Off Quiberon Bay.

|| Near Cape St. Vincent.

¶ Off the Dogger Bank.

** In the West Indies.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

But all this to this war is nothing comparable,
Though we beat Dons, Mounseers, and Mynheers,
to some tune;

*My Lord Howe led the way by a victory tearable,
Off Ushant, in the morn, ninety-four, first of June.
Then hurra, &c.

In June, ninety-five, brave Cornwallis did service,†
So did †Bridport, and all on't was done in a week;
§But Valentine's Day, the next year, and great Jervis
No pen can describe, nor no lingo can speak.
Yet October the 'leventh, same year, for hard
fighting,

Was the best brush of all; when from ||Camper-
down's shore

Brave Duncan so nobly, Dutch treach'ry requiting,
Brought their fleet to an anchor all snug at the
Nore. Then hurra, &c.

But as if English tars, to their country so hearty,

Were determin'd still honour on duty to pile,

¶Ninety-eight, first of August, did up Boneparty,
By the wonders that Nelson perform'd at the Nile.

But, Lord, how I talk! arn't the nation bestowing
A pillar, to tell about tars and their lives?

And 'tis gloriously done! for to them 'tis all owing
That we've laws, and religion, and children, and
wives. Then hurra, &c.

THE OLD-CLOTHES' MAN.

SHOES, hats, and old clothes;

Hare-skin,

Rabbit-skin,

Come, my pretty maid, old clothes.

* In consequence of a scarcity of grain in France, a great number of vessels had been sent to America for a supply; a large fleet of merchantmen, laden with the principal produce of the French West India Islands, were expected to arrive at the same time: and to protect both, the Brest fleet, commanded by Rear-Admiral Villaret, was ordered to sea. Admiral Howe put to sea early in the month of May, '94, to intercept the convoy. The hostile fleets met on the 28th, and an engagement took place, in which no great advantage was gained on either side. On the 29th the battle was resumed, and the conclusion was equally indecisive. Nothing was done the two next days in consequence of a thick fog; but on the 1st of June a terrific battle took place, in which the English were the victors. The killed on board the French ships which were taken, amounted to 690 men; 580 were wounded, and it was computed that 320 perished. In a seventy-four, *La Vengeur*, that went down during the action. The loss of the English was 281, and 788 were wounded.

† The 'service' was merely effecting his escape, by great skill and bravery, from the French fleet by which his squadron had been surrounded.

‡ Lord Bridport pursued the same fleet after Admiral Cornwallis had cut his way through, and succeeded in taking three of the enemy's ships.

§ The French republic having meditated an invasion of the British Islands, issued directions for the junction of the Fleets of Holland and Spain with that of France, at Brest. Sir John Jervis was directed to cruise off Cape St. Vincent, with a view to intercept the Spanish fleet. On the 14th of February, 1797, just as day was breaking, 27 Spanish sail of the line were discovered, and Sir John Jervis determined immediately to make the attack, although his force consisted but of fifteen sail of the line and some frigates. The skilful seamanship of Jervis, seconded

About the squares

I cry my vares,

When to open the findow the maid begin;

So den I vait,

At the airy-gate,

And coax 'em, and chuck 'em under the shin.

['Vat you cot for me diss time, mine dear? Ah, vat is tiss? Ah, tiss is de coat, de plack coat; de plack coat is ferry koot coat; but, ven he get shabby, he get ferry shabby. Besides, nobody veer de plack coat but de parson, and de master parson pye de new coat, and the churnyman parson can't afford to pye any coat at all: I kiff you tree shilling for de plack coat.'—'Nonsense, ket afay, I want to talk diss laty 'bout de kishen-stofe.'—'Vell, vell, I kiff you fife, but den you mosse kiff me dat shoe, dat handkerchief, dat stocking. Ah, dat is fer pret girl! koot morning, my lofe, I fish you great luck vid de kishen-stofe.']

So I trick all de flat again and again;

Till by dat time I come to Rosemary Lane,

Like a snow-ball still bigger and bigger I krows,

While loudly I cry, Shoes, hats, and old clothes.

So I tink no sin

To take 'em in;

Shoe, stocking, ev'ry ting make my own.

As I trick de flat,

One, two, three hat,

I look like the pope with my triple crown.

['Ah, Monsier le valet! vat you cot tiss morn-
ing? Ah! vat is de preeches, de small-clothes,
de inexpressible. Ah, tiss te preeches! de fine

by the daring of Commodore Nelson, who did good service in the action, more than counterbalanced the disparity of numbers, and the Spanish Admiral was compelled to return to Cadiz, after losing four of his ships, and about 300 seamen. In commemoration and reward of this victory, Sir John Jervis was honoured with the rank and title of Earl St. Vincent.

¶ On the 11th of October, 1797, Admiral Duncan encountered the Dutch fleet under Admiral De Winter, between Camperdown and Egmont. The two Admirals fought ship to ship, the battle terminating in favour of Duncan. It is said that De Winter was the only man on the quarter deck of his vessel who remained alive and unhurt. The carnage on both sides was dreadful. Admiral Duncan arrived at the Nore on the 16th of October, with his captures, consisting of seven ships of the line and one 56-gun ship. The Admiral was afterwards created a Peer by the title of Viscount Duncan of Camperdown.

¶ The great victory of the Nile took place on the 1st of August. The French fleet consisted of thirteen sail of the line and four frigates, having on board 1200 guns and between ten and eleven thousand men. It was commanded by Admiral Bruyès. The British fleet, under the command of Admiral Nelson, consisted of 13 sail of the line, and a fifty gun ship, carrying in all a thousand guns, and having on board 8000 men. The French lost two Admirals besides Admiral Bruyès, and three captains, and between seven and eight thousand men. Of the ships, nine sail of the line were taken, and two were burnt; one of the frigates was sunk, and another was burnt. The killed and wounded of the British amounted to 900. Admiral Nelson was advanced to the Peerage by the title of Lord Nelson of the Nile. The British Parliament voted him a pension of £2000 per annum; the Irish Parliament added a pension of £1000; and the East India Company presented him with a sum of £10,000.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

dashing fellow stare de laty de face, knock down de fatchman, ket his nose pull a little sometime; ferry bad stain all over de fine; ah, noting coot put de pocket; ferry coot pocket, coot as new: never ket no money to put in um, and so never fare um ote. Stay, let me look de faiscoat: vat is tiss? Oh, it is de tayler bill, damme! so long aysh my arm: tiss is te fay te young shentelman alfoy sell his clothes afore he pay for um.—Vel, I kiff you tree sixpence.’ ‘Oh, Moses, you must stand my friend,—I fant a guinea.’ ‘A kinny!’ ‘Yes, I cot my master fatch, I take to te fatch-make, I kiff you for little pawn. I kot an appointment tiss even—tam fine kirl, Moses.’ ‘Fell, fell, I take de fatch.—Dam fool! vorte fifty pone I ket all his kuts out before he come home again: but, pon my shole, you ferry great rogue pawn your master fatch! You moshe not keep company with man my character.’] So I tricks, &c.

For de last ting of all,
On de dasher I call,

Dat take genteel airing upon the highway:

He fake in a fright,
I soon set him right,

So of de bus'ness terectly we talk afay.’

[‘Fell, you cot koot booty?’ ‘Oh, fine booty!’ ‘Ah! vat is tiss?’ ‘Ah! fill you have a sup, Moses? I rop an old maid: I ax her for te vatch, she kif me te pocket-pistol—tam coot brandy, Moses—have a sup.’ ‘Ah! an is tiss all?’ ‘All? oh no: I make mistake, and ko into nudder shentelman hosse stid my own; mak free wid a few spoon, faiter, candlestick; all tiss is ferry coot; te silvers he fill melt done, make into ferry fine vite soup.’ ‘Vat you ax for, altoketer?’ ‘Poife kinny, Moses.’ ‘Poife kinny! I kiff dirty shilling.’ ‘Tam your dirty shilling! I font have it.’ ‘Ferry fell, ferry fell! stay, be fone out; get hang.’ ‘Oh, te tam shew dog, he fill peach!’ ‘Vat you say dare?’ ‘I say, Moses, I believe you mose have it; tam shew villain!’ ‘Ah! dat is right; co on and prosper.’]

So I tricks, &c.

LEGERDEMAIN.

I snow, you see, de sloight de hand,—

No sheet, all ev'ry ting fair:

Put money, put ring,

Put every ting,—

Hey, pass, presto, be gone, at command;

Look here, look there, look every vare,

You don't find noting dere.

The lawyer tell you he gain your suit,

Vid vat you call rhino come down;

The court he meet, de counsel dispute,

Stun every body round;

The judge sum up, in your favour he go:

O very fine ting dese laws!

You strip yourself to de top to de toe,

And so you get your cause.

So de lawyer, you see,

So vell as me,

Can play de sloight de hand;

Put money, &c.

Den you go to de gaming-house, you call—

He ten times vorse den de court,

Where de lord and de lady, de devil and all,

Make people ruin his sport;

While dey laugh in your face, and vin every game,

De dam Greek he pocket your pelf;

You bite dice, eat card, and fortune call name,

Just ready to hang yourself.

So de people de fashion, so vell as me, &c.

But look de world around all troo,

All sheet, bamboozle for gain,

All crafty, cunning as a Jew,

Play trick de legerdmain.

De poet sheet you your good sense,

De doctor of your lifes,

Your bosom friend steal vay your pence,

And often steal your vifes.

So all de world, so vell as me, &c.

THE IRISH DRUMMER.

SURE, en't I the drummer that goes to the fight?

Only hear me with joy, you'll be stunn'd with de-light;

The likes of my fame, sure! no mortal enjoys,

For there's nobody makes such a devil a noise,

With my lovely rub a dub, row de dow, rattle away,—

See the army all drawn out in battle array;

How sweetly they come to the sound of my drum!

With my rub a dub, &c.

Advancing the last, and retreating the first,

When we're cover'd with smoke, and with glory,
and dust,—

'Mongst heroes that follow, and heroes that fly,

If a devil of a thund'ring you hear, why, that's I!

With my rub a dub, &c.

Then the fun that you'd see, wid delight and surprise,

If the devilish smoke did not put out your eyes,

In the lovely Dutch concert of shrieks and dismay;

Sure, en't it, my soul! the first fiddle I play?

With my rub a dub, &c.

Then, like herrings all smok'd, from the field when we're come,

And our battles abroad we are fighting at home,

My share I contend for, wid body and breath,—

Though I nobody kill'd, fait! I stunn'd them to death.

With my rub a dub, &c.

RATIONAL VANITY.

ANDANTE.

mf

Man, poor fork-ed a - ni-mal! Why art thou vain Of thy

form, that, so matchless, the De-i - ty owns? Where beau - ty, proportion, and

sym-metry reign, Adding grace to distinction, and splen-dour to thrones? While by

tr

RATIONAL VANITY.

fol - ly and fashion this form so di-vine, Is a - bus'd, till all fi-gures fan-

tas - tic it wears, Till, worn by dis-ea-ses, and bloat - ed by wine, Men, the

De - i - ty's i - mage, turn mon - keys and bears: A mass of re-morse, of re-

flec - tion, of pain, Man, poor forked a - ni - mal! why art thou vain? Man,

RATIONAL VANITY.

Lento. *ad lib.*

poor forked a - ni - mal ! why art thou vain ?

Art vain of thy mind ? still the Deity's there :
 Where virtues angelic their natures impress,
 Pale anguish to chase, smooth the brow of despair,
 And with Charity's hand dry the tear of distress.
 While this generous mind, on beneficence bent,
 Fair gratitude's height shall in vain strive to climb,
 And those lavished riches, so lib'rally meant,
 'Stead of virtue rewarding, shall sanctify crime.
 While philanthropy gives disappointment to gain,
 Man, poor restless animal ! why art thou vain ?

Take the rational mean :—if thou'rt proud of thy form,
 Let health given by temperance glow n thy face ;
 Let simplicity's hand, as it decks ev'ry charm,
 To decorum add neatness, to decency grace.
 Then to temper thy mind neither tower nor stoop,
 Nor with sordidness grovel, nor arrogance ride ;
 Be not niggard nor lavish, a churl nor a dupe,
 But let prudence the hand of benevolence guide.
 Thus in form and in heart shall the Deity reign ;
 Thus reason shall teach, and thus man shall be vain.

NATURE AND NANCY.

ANDANTINO.

mf *p*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTINO'.

Let swabs, with their vows, their pa - la - ver, and lies, Sly

The first system of the song features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The lyrics 'Let swabs, with their vows, their pa - la - ver, and lies, Sly' are written below the vocal line.

flat-t'ry's silk sails still be trim - ming, Swear their Polls be all an - gels dropp'd

The second system continues the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'flat-t'ry's silk sails still be trim - ming, Swear their Polls be all an - gels dropp'd' are written below the vocal line.

down from the skies;—I your an - gels don't like,— I loves wo - men. And I

The third system concludes the song with a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'down from the skies;—I your an - gels don't like,— I loves wo - men. And I' are written below the vocal line.

NATURE AND NANCY.

loves a warm heart and a sweet honest mind, Good as truth, and as live - ly as

fan - cy,— Good as truth, and as live - ly as fan - cy; As

con-stant as ho - nour, as ten - derness kind,— As con-stant as ho - nour, as

ten - der - ness kind; In short, I loves Na-ture and Nancy; In short, I loves

NATURE AND NANCY.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system features a more complex piano accompaniment with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

Na - ture and Nan - cy, Na - ture and Nan - cy ;—

As constant as honour, as tenderness kind ;— In short, I loves Nature and Nancy.

f

I read in a song about Wenus, I thinks,
 All rigg'd out with her Cupids and Graces ;
 And how roses and lilies, carnations and pinks,
 Was made paint to daub over their faces.
 They that loves it may take all such art for their
 pains ;
 For mine, 'tis another guess fancy : [veins,
 Give me the rich health, flesh and blood, and blue
 That paints the sweet face of my Nancy.

Why, I went to the play, where they talk'd well, at
 least,
 As to act all their parts they were trying :
 They were playing at soldiers, and playing at feast,
 And some they was playing at dying.

Let 'em hang, drown, or starve, or take poison,
 d'ye see,
 All just for their gig and their fancy ;—
 What to them was but jest is right earnest to me,
 For I live and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls, then, like so many Algerine Turks,
 Dash away, a fine gay-painted galley,
 With their Jacks, and their pennants, and ginger-
 bread works,
 All for show, and just nothing for value,—
 False colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
 To take of pert coxcombs the fancy ;
 They're all for the person, I'm all for the heart,—
 In short, I'm for Nature and Nancy.

THE LAST SHILLING.

ANDANTE.

As pen-sive one night in my

gar-ret I sat, My last shil-ling pro-duc'd on the ta-ble, 'That ad-

vent'-rer,' cried I, 'might a hist'-ry re-late, If to think and to speak it were

THE LAST SHILLING.

a - ble,— If to think and to speak it were a - ble.' Whe-ther

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "a - ble,— If to think and to speak it were a - ble.' Whe-ther".

fan - cy or ma - gic 'twas play'd me the freak, The face seem'd with life to be

This system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fan - cy or ma - gic 'twas play'd me the freak, The face seem'd with life to be".

fil - ling, And cried, in - stant - ly speak - ing, or seem - ing to speak,—cried,

This system contains the third line of the song. The lyrics are: "fil - ling, And cried, in - stant - ly speak - ing, or seem - ing to speak,—cried,". The piano accompaniment includes some chords with natural signs, indicating a change from the key signature.

in - stant - ly speak - ing, or seem - ing to speak, 'Pay at - ten - tion to me, thy last

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The lyrics are: "in - stant - ly speak - ing, or seem - ing to speak, 'Pay at - ten - tion to me, thy last". The system concludes with a fermata over the final note of the vocal line.

THE LAST SHILLING.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'shil-ling, thy last shil-ling, thy last shil-ling,— Pay at-'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and single notes. The score is divided into two systems, each with a vocal staff and a grand piano staff (treble and bass clef).

' I was once the last coin of the law a sad limb,
 Who in cheating was ne'er known to falter ;
 Till at length, brought to justice, the law cheated him,
 And he paid me to buy him a halter :
 A Jack Tar, all his rhino but me at an end,
 With a pleasure so hearty and willing,
 Though hungry himself, to a poor distress'd friend
 Wish'd it hundreds, and gave his last shilling :
 ' 'Twas the wife of his mesmate, whose glistening eye
 With pleasure ran o'er as she view'd me :
 She chang'd me for bread, as her child she heard cry,
 And at parting with tears she bedew'd me.
 But I've other scenes known, riot leading the way,
 Pale want their poor families chilling ;
 Where rakes, in their revels the piper to pay,
 Have spurn'd me, their best friend and last shilling.
 Thou thyself hast been thoughtless,—for profligates bail ;
 But to-morrow all care shalt thou bury,
 When my little hist'ry thou off'rest for sale,—
 In the int'rim, spend me and be merry !'
 ' Never! never!' cried I : ' thou'rt my Mentor! my muse!
 And grateful, thy dictates fulfilling,
 I'll hoard thee in my heart : thus men counsel refuse,
 Till the lecture comes from the last shilling.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

MADAME VANDERCROUT.

MADAM Vandercrout, her weeds quite new,
Fifty, and richer than a Jew;
With voice of raven, and an eye
Might with the coddled gooseberry vie;
Fair as bull-beef; and then a form
Lovely as porpoise in a storm;
A ton of flesh with gold-hoops bound;
Just four feet high, and six feet round:
Thus form'd, thus featur'd, and thus fac'd,
Her person and her purse thus grac'd,
No wonder lovers swarm'd about
The charming Madame Vandercrout.

A lawyer begg'd his cause to plead;
Said, if he lik'd each title-deed,
'Twixt Hymen, him, and her, that night,
He'd draw indenture tripartite.
'Come, come,' said she, 'my man of law,
In your proceedings there's a flaw.
My goods and chattels you'd convey?
Please to convey yourself away.
You plead in vain,—the trial's pass'd;
You're nonsuited, ejected, cast;
You're ignoramus'd, and thrown out:
Then sue not Madame Vandercrout.'

An Irish jolman swore away
He'd love for ever and a day;
And, if she'd him for husband have,
Her lord and master were her slave.
'Paddy, you've made a bull,' cried she;

You want to make a slave of me:
I'm his who for my person seeks;
Sure, en't you Irishmen all Greeks?
Nothing but loss with you I'd gain;
No, never, wid your "Seven's the main,"
'Mongst Pharaoh's host shall fly about
The cash of Madame Vandercrout.'

An auctioneer,—a cunning dog!
Of her charms had made a catalogue:
With small-talk keeping still a din,
Said he should like to buy her in.
'Indeed!' cried she, 'by fortune cross'd,
Must I then wed to who bids most?
My person to the hammer brought,
And put up like a scurvy lot?
Be going, sir! lest, with a frown,
Without reserve, I knock you down.
'Tis heart for heart, you babbling lout!
Must purchase Madame Vandercrout.'

Thus lover after lover came,—
The fortune courting—not the dame;
Which fortune rather than enthrall,
She vow'd she would not wed at all.
This conduct's given a hundred names;
Some say she drinks, some say she games:
But none have hit the truth, not one,—
The fact is, she has married John.

John's tall and comely; and beside,
She knew him ere her husband died.
And now the hist'ry's fairly out
Of lovely Madame Vandercrout.

THE PORTRAIT OF HUMANITY.

HENCE, fell discontent, and its murmuring train,
To darkness and Erebus hurl'd,
That brood over grief, and for mis'ry and pain
Shun the rational joys of the world.
The brilliant existence to prize at its worth,
Let joy all our moments beguile;
And that nothing fallacious may sully our mirth,
Let it light up the face with a smile.

The titter convulsive may turn to a tear
The grin that displays even teeth;
The giggle and simper seem mirth to the ear,
While a heart-ach corrodes underneath:
But a generous smile none of these can control,—
Free from passion, from sorrow, from guile,
'Tis a prompt emanation that springs from the soul,
Whose joys are best known by a smile.

Be it ours, then, with smiles to illumine the face,—
Given ev'ry delight to enhance,
And irradiate the mind, as the sun, in its race,
Irradiates wide nature's expanse:
Let the day of fair reason succeed envy's night,
Ev'ry trace of pale care to beguile;
And prove, as the soul the glad features shall light,
Humanity's portrait's a smile.

DOGS.

INGENIOUS bards have often tried
Man's best resemblance to define;
I hold—(nor startle, child of pride!)
Our likeness is the race canine.
'Gainst this let no one set his face,—
I go on sure and certain ground:
Where can, throughout the human race,
More strict fidelity be found?
The dog, if needful, to his death,
Demonstrating what honour is,
For his protector yields his breath,
And saves that life which cherish'd his:
Nor can this any stigma fix,
At which the nicest ear may start;
But shows, that though they play dogs' tricks,
Men have fidelity at heart.

Sly dogs, queer dogs, mankind we name,—
Then who my thesis shall condemn?
For if their titles are the same
They must ape us, or we ape them:

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Pug dogs, that amble through the street,
 To crops we aptly may compare ;
 And ev'ry female that you meet
 Can tell you who the puppies are ;
 For mad dogs one can scarcely stir ;
 Of spaniels there's a catalogue ;
 The dogged cynic is a cur ;
 A tar 's the English mastiff dog.

Nor can, &c.

With dogs, such dashing sportsmen suit
 As instinct use, but never think ;
 And yet the dog 's the wiser brute,
 For he can neither smoke nor drink :
 Bullies are whelps that growl and snarl,
 And quarrel loud, but never fight ;
 Mongrels are Envy's sons, that snarl
 And show their teeth, but cannot bite ;
 The terrier the undertaker hits ;
 The Greek 's a fox, that slips and cogs ;
 Comical dogs are smarts and wits,
 And toppers are all jolly dogs.

Nor can, &c.

BOTTOM.

[This song is also sometimes entitled 'Tol de Rol.']

Or all the lives that e'er was liv'd,
 A sailor's life for I ;
 Hap what hap may, he 's never griev'd,
 But works and bungs his eye.
 To do his duty never loth,
 In danger's face he 'll fly,
 Though certain sure to get popp'd off—
 Tol de liddle liddle tol tol lol tol diddle liddle
 liddle li.

Why when to hand that sail we'd got
 All shiver'd by the foe,
 Scarce up aloft, a second shot
 Masts, yards, and all, laid low.
 At the risk of ev'ry precious neck,
 By the run we com'd, but I
 Only broke my arm against the deck,—
 Tol de liddle, &c.

Now there, when I left Poll ashore,
 Well stor'd with togs and gold,
 And went to sea to fight for more,
 A jolly tar and bold,—
 A wounded pris'ner soon I lay ;
 In a dismal plight was I ;—
 Com'd home, I found Poll flow'd away,—
 Tol de liddle, &c.

Then when my precious leg they lopp'd,
 Just for a bit of fun
 I took it up, on t'other hopp'd,
 And ramm'd it in a gun.
 'What 's that for?' cries my messmate Dick ;
 'What for? you fool!' said I ;
 'Why, to give Mounseer another kick !'
 Tol de liddle, &c.

I owns this crazy hull of mine
 At sea has had its share ;—
 Shipwreck'd three times, and wounded nine,
 And blow'd up in the air !
 But somebody must pay the cost,—
 I've yet my leg and my eye ;
 The rest I for my country lost,—
 Tol de liddle, &c.

THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

[A Parody on the celebrated 'High-Mettled Racer.']

SEE the shore lin'd with gazers ! the tide comes in
 fast ;
 The confusion but hear ! bear a hand there ! avast !
 The blocks and the wedges the mallets obey,
 And the shores and the stanchions are all cut away ;
 While with head like a lion, built tight fore and aft,
 Broad a midships, lean bows, and taper abaft,
 In contempt of all danger from quicksands and
 rocks,
 The Pride of the Ocean is launch'd from the stocks.

Now the signal is flying, and, fleet in her course,
 She chases a sail far superior in force ;
 And now the brisk broadside is merrily pour'd,
 And splinters, cutropes, and masts, go by the board :
 Next yard-arm and yard-arm entangled they lie,
 The tars loudly swearing to conquer or die ;
 Till, hull'd and cut up, getting more than she likes,
 To the Pride of the Ocean the enemy strikes.

The prize is sent home, and alert, in a trice,
 They make gaskets and points, and they knot and
 they splice :
 While knowing Jack-tars of their gallantry talk,—
 Tell who serv'd well—Boscawen, and Anson, and
 Hawke ;
 Till, all of a sudden, a calm, then a scud,
 A tempest brings on, that the face of the flood
 The thunder and lightning, and wind, so deform,
 The Pride of the Ocean scarce lives out the storm.

And now, having nobly defended the cause
 Of the nation, of freedom, religion, and laws,—
 Her timbers all crazy, all open her seams,
 Torn and wounded her planks, and quite rotten
 her beams,—
 To the last, humbly fated her country to aid,
 Near the very same slip where her keel was first laid,
 No trace of her rate but her ports and her bulk,
 The Pride of the Ocean's cut down,—a sheer hulk !

THE LAKE OF WINDERMERE.

SLIPP'D from her mother's apron string,
 Miss Pat, the 'prentice for her dear,
 For love and Gretna Green took wing,
 And pass'd the Lakes of Windermere.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Cried dad, 'My boots ! bring out the shay !

Up ! love,—we'll catch 'em, never fear !

To Kendal come, they're flown away,—

[What shall we do now ?]

Let's see the Lakes of Windermere.'

'See ! see ! of Lakers what a mob !

I declare 'tis delightful to come here ;

And yonder 's Captain Thingumbob,—

Oh ! charming Lakes of Windermere !

Why aye, the grouse, and potted char,

And trout, and eels, are noble cheer ;

But, to my mind, Greenwich Hill is far,—

[Upon my word I think so,]

Beyond the Lakes of Windermere.'

'Servant, dear Ma'am,—ah ! how d'ye do ?'

'Ah, Captain ! pray what brought you here ?'

'Your letter : on Love's wings I flew

To see the Lakes of Windermere.'

'Zounds ! there 's the 'prentice and our Pat !

I'll rate 'em soundly,—stay you here.'

The Captain now, in am'rous chat,

[' You see, my angel, I was punctual to my appointment,']

Beguiles the time at Windermere.

'Dear Pa !'—' You hussey ! hold your tongue,—

No single syllable I'll hear ;'

'Pity a pair so fond and young,

And make us bless'd at Windermere.'

'What says your mother ?'—'In my sight

Let not the wicked wretch appear ;

Would she had never seen the light !

[A little devil to interrupt us,]

Or these sweet Lakes of Windermere.

'My virtuous feelings thus to wound !

Begone, vile wretch !'—'Ma'am, in your ear :

By accident this note I found,

Here, at the Lakes of Windermere :—

'I've but a moment's time to write,—

That brute, my husband, is so near :

Dear Captain, instant take your flight,—

[You see, Ma'am, you are discovered,]

On Cupid's wings, to Windermere.'

'Dear mother, are you cruel still ?'

'She pleads her cause so well, my dear,

Let's pardon her.'—'Well, so we will,

And enjoy ourselves at Windermere.'

Dad takes the qualms away they call ;

Captain and all get glorious cheer ;

And enjoy, while Nunky pays for all,

[Poor easy contented dupe !]

The pleasures of gay Windermere.

THE FAMILY CONCERT.

RECITATIVE.

SHON, pring te tesk, te moosic-pook ;

Sholter your muskit, Master Shacky ;

Alderman, for your rosin look,—

Fy, vat dam lazy tog, dat lackey !

Stupid sir, will you fetch te arp,

To kief your sweet yong latty ?

Come, tune, now—not too flat, ne sharp.

[Stay, stay ! Alderman, poise your fittlestick.

Shacky, poot your flute your mout—take care

your embrasseur—cock ope your nose ; ah ! leetle

more. Come, leetle miss ! Ah ! la jolie petite

Savoyarde, vere is your triangle ? Very well. Now,

mine ainchel, your arp—ah, que des graces !

Come, Madame la mere, pox about your tambou-

rine. Ah, vous êtes charmante ! young, comme

your daughter, except bote forty yare.—Well, tash

afay now,—are you retty ?]

CHORUS.

To make up this harmonious scene,

Miss strums the harp so mellow ;

Mamma loud thumps the tambourine,

And dad the violoncello ;

While Master Jacky puffs the flute,

Miss Suke bangs the triangle ;

While squeak and squal, and howl and hoot,

Join the delightful wrangle.

Come, Alderman, now play your part,—

Dash away, my noble fellow ;

Play up von leetel solo part

Upon de violoncello.

[Eh ! vat de deffle is dis ? Oh, zoun ! he let

fall de pook 'pon his kouty toe. I tink de deffle

was coming—done you stoop, Alderman. Shon,

pick ope your master pook. Dere, ko de vik now.

Pick ope de pook a de fik. Once more, piano.

Bless my soul !] To make up, &c.

[Ferry fell, indeed. No, messe, mine life, your

leetle solo vid my vice.]

Chently clyte the popeling strim

Wid your image as it play,

Till, like telusive morning trim,

De preze come snotch it kavite away.

[Oh, charmante ! teliteafool ! Come, now, pi-anissimo !]

Piano, piano, gust' Italiano,

Let de note sweetly preathea as so chently you play ;

Now forte e forte, vid force de toon porte,

While lout as de deffle you fire away.

[Ha, vat deffle nise—vat it is ? Oh, 'tis de maid

pring de shildins from Bartlemy fair ; vid de trum,

de trumpet, de penny fissel. Ah ! stop all de

shidins.] Pianissimo, piano, piano, &c.

Now arp and de float,

Twang, twang—toot, toot.

[Ah, vat terrible deffle ting diss ? Oh dam !

'tis Shon,—he tret pon de cat a de kitten. I wish

he bite um. Vell, never mind, 'tis all de family

concert ; come, farry koot poys and kals ; once

more, and ten I kif you holyday.

Pianissimo, piano, piano, &c.

BOTTOM, OR TOL DE ROL.

VIVACE.



Of all the lives that e'er was liv'd, A sai - lor's life for I: Hap

The second system of the musical score includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "Of all the lives that e'er was liv'd, A sai - lor's life for I: Hap". The music continues with a double bar line.

what hap may, he's ne-ver griev'd, But works and bungs his eye. To do his du - ty

The third system of the musical score includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "what hap may, he's ne-ver griev'd, But works and bungs his eye. To do his du - ty". The music continues with a double bar line.

never loth, In dan-ger's face he'll fly, Though certain sure to get popp'd off—

The fourth system of the musical score includes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the grand staff. The lyrics are: "never loth, In dan-ger's face he'll fly, Though certain sure to get popp'd off—". The music ends with a double bar line.

BOTTOM OR TOL DE ROL.



Tol de lid-dle lid-dle tol tol tol tol lol did-dle lid-dle lid-dle li.

Why when to hand that sail we'd got
 All shiver'd by the foe,
 Scarce up aloft, a second shot
 Masts, yards, and all, laid low.
 At the risk of ev'ry precious neck,
 By the run we com'd, but I
 Only broke my arm against the deck,—
 Tol de liddle, &c.

Now there, when I left Poll ashore,
 Well stor'd with togs and gold,
 And went to sea to fight for more,
 A jolly tar and bold,—
 A wounded pris'ner soon I lay;
 In a dismal plight was I;—
 Com'd home, I found Poll flow'd away,—
 Tol de liddle, &c.

Then, when my precious limb they lopp'd,
 Just for a bit of fun
 I took it up, on t'other hopp'd,
 And ramm'd it in a gun.
 'What's that for?' cries my mesmate Dick;
 'What for? you fool!' said I;
 'Why, to give Mounseer another kick!'
 Tol de liddle, &c.

I owns this crazy hull of mine
 At sea has done its share;—
 Shipwreck'd three times, and wounded nine,
 And blow'd up in the air?
 But somebody must pay the cost,—
 I've yet my leg and eye;
 The rest I for my country lost,—
 Tol de liddle, &c.

ANNA, ANNE, NAN, NANCE, OR NANCY.

MODERATO.

My love's a ves - sel trim and gay, Rigg'd out with

truth, and stor'd by ho - nour; As through life's sea she

cuts her way, All eyes with rap - ture gaze up - on her; all

ANNA, ANNE, NAN, NANCE, OR NANCY.

eyes with rap - ture gaze up - on her: Built ev - e - ry

won-d'ring heart to please,—The luck - y ship - wrights Love and

Fan-cy, The luck - - y 'ship-wrights Love and Fan - cy; From stem to

stern she moves with ease, From stem to stern she moves with

ANNA, ANNE, NAN, NANCE, OR NANCY.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the voice part, with piano accompaniment in the right and left hands. The lyrics are: "ease, And at her launch they call'd her Nan - cy; And at her launch - - they call'd her Nan-cy." The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some triplet figures in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The piece ends with a double bar line.

When bearing up against life's gales,
 So well she stems the dang'rous trouble,
 I call her Anna,—as she sails,
 Her form's so grand, her hair so noble :
 When o'er the trembling wave she flies,
 That plays and sports as she advances,
 ' Well said, my Nan !' I fondly cries,
 As my full heart in concert dances.

In studding sails before life's breeze
 So sweetly gentle is her motion,
 She's Anne,—for as she moves with ease,
 She seems the queen of all the ocean ;
 But when, on Sundays, rigg'd n stays,
 Like beauty gay, and light as fancy,
 She wins my heart a thousand ways,
 I then delight to call her Nancy.

When laying on a tack so neat,
 The breeze her milk-white bosom filling,
 She skims the yielding waves so fleet,
 I call her Nance, my bosom thrilling.
 Thus is she precious to my heart,
 By what'er name comes o'er my fancy ;
 Graceful or gay, grand, neat, or smart,
 Or Anna, Anne, Nan, Nance, or Nancy.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

ODE TO GRATITUDE.

[Allusive, no doubt, to the attempt on the life of the King (George III.) by Hatfield the lunatic.]

He lives ! propitious powers, he lives !
 What though the tear
 From ev'ry eye involuntary start !
 Indulgent Heav'n, continually that gives
 New blessings to delight this happy land,
 Has snatch'd from the assassin's hand
 That life to ev'ry Briton dear !
 That source from whence life flows to ev'ry heart.
 Britons, exult, and rally round the throne,
 To pious airts
 Breathe grateful prayers—
 Your monarch's safety is your own.
 Of joy and horror what a scene !
 Behold the King
 In fortitude and virtue find a host !
 Heaven beaming comfort on the pious Queen,
 And her angelic progeny around ;
 Dire murder and fell treason to confound,
 See Providence like lightning spring !
 Be cherish'd in each heart the loyal boast ;
 Britons exult, &c.

To Heaven, that still persists,
 For mortals' good,
 Now pour we out our grateful hearts in pray'r :
 And as each virtue, high enthron'd that sits
 In his great mind, has long transcended praise,
 So be the hour, in calendars, and lays
 To unborn Britons understood,
 That prov'd great George high Heaven's especial
 care. Britons, exult, &c.

ROWDYDOWDYDOW.

Trus, my lads, we soldiers live :
 We live a life
 Like man and wife,
 Now making love, now in a row ;
 A noble glorious trade we drive :
 From morn to night,
 We love and fight,
 And follow the noisy rowdydowdydow.

Now courting honour in some trench,
 And now some willing comely wench ;
 To vict'ry leading now the way,
 Now leading at some ball the hey ;
 To the fair now kneeling for some boon,
 Now at the head of a platoon ;
 Ever equally delighting,
 Now in love, and now in fighting.

[Charge the enemy's right flank!—My dear angel, how I adore you!—They fly! follow up the pursuit.—My life, my love, my soul! permit me to lay my laurels at your feet.]

Thus, my lads, &c.

In peace the sprightly fife and drum
 Diffuse delight where'er we come ;
 The serjeant first, neat as my nail,
 With brandish'd cane and dangling tail,
 Careless around, saluting all
 With te di reto ree, and tol, lol, lol,
 While wonder sits on ev'ry face,
 Throughout th' astonish'd market-place.
 ' Did you ever see the like of this ?'
 ' To mamma, in raptures cries out miss ;
 While Clodpole cries, with chizzl'd phiz,
 ' What a nice way of walking marching is !'

[' I zay, zorgint, if it were not for the wooden legs and arms, I wish I may die ! if I don't think I should list.' ' Wooden legs and arms ! my fine fellow ; what signifies such trifles as those ? why you have made a shift all your life with a wooden head. Come, my angel, prevail upon your sweet-heart to go with us. Come, my lads, if you are for honour and fame, follow us to the field ; where you shall be all covered with wounds and glory ; and where, if you should chance to get killed, damme ! you shall live for ever.'

Thus, my lads, &c.

But when the trumpet sounds afar,
 And we let slip the dogs of war,
 Then to see the dead and dying,
 Hear bullets whistle as they're flying ;
 Oh, what delights so sweet, so glorious,
 That proudly cover the victorious !
 Hacking, hewing, cutting, slashing,
 Killing, wounding, mincing, smashing ;
 While drums, and fifes, and cannons loud,
 Upon the astonish'd senses crowd,
 And strike the ears with hideous yell,
 As if it were the yawn of hell,
 Of the dying to sound out the knell.

[' Ods wounds and fire ! sarjint, what comical things you soldiers do see !' ' See ! why, sir, I once saw a cannon-ball take off a steeple with eight men ringing the bells.' ' Cannon ! dom't I do believe that cannon be a gun.' ' But the drollest thing I ever saw in my life, was a lawyer's head that was knocked off and placed upon a tailor's shoulders ; ruined poor dear snip—the poor devil has never spoken a word of truth since.']

Thus, my lads, &c.

TOM WILKINS' PORT.

THE conclusion is this :—who in nubibus tread—
 Who should walk on the feet, but who stand on the head—

Who quarrel thro' poison imbib'd from their wine,
 Have never yet tasted our liquor divine ;
 But the smiles of fair prudence and reason who court,

Are accustomed to tipple Tom Wilkins' port.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Thus, if belles should, down fashion's gay tide as
they roll,
Show too much of the arms, or the neck or the poll;
If beaux in the rage crop their hair to the roots,
Or wear pucker'd sleeves, or great fishermen's boots,
Of reason the pity of satire the sport,
Send them here for a glass of Tom Wilkins' port.

For you, of your generous kindness so free,
Who have shown so much patience in list'ning to me,
If here you've found nothing that honour offends,
Let me beg our specific you'll praise to your friends,
So ev'ry exertion your favour shall court,
And gratitude season Tom Wilkins' port.

From the Cakehouse.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

CELIA, eighteen her next birth-day,
Accomplish'd at her fingers' ends,
Had read, could sing, and dance, and play,
And scandalize her dearest friends:
Secure she never should grow old,
For looking-glasses all tell truth;
And she had by her glass been told
She should enjoy Perpetual Youth.

Lovers in shoals came to her net;
Not one her fickle mind could guess:
She'd giggle, simper, and coquette,
And love, but never would say Yes:
For love brings wedlock, wedlock strife,—
Not always, but too oft a truth;
And Celia thought to be a wife
Would not insure Perpetual Youth.

Her faithful mirror now grew rude,—
Told her her features were decay'd;
That the coquette would turn a prude,
And youthful Celia an old maid:
She curs'd the glass, and curs'd the hour
She falsely thought it told her truth:
'Teach me,' she cried, 'some pitying pow'r,
How to obtain Perpetual Youth!'

'Hold!' cried a sprite she now saw pass,
'I come to tell you what's amiss;
You had from Vanity that glass,
And now from Reason's hand take this:
It tells you, in life's varying day,
Faces are frail, minds fix'd like truth;
That charms are transient, and decay;
That sweetness is Perpetual Youth;

That reason's morn is beauty's eve,
That of the dimpled smiles supply;
When loss of teeth the lips bereave,
With smiles the mind adorns the eye:

Thus females shall the men adore,
While bless'd with gentleness and truth
For whether twenty, or fourscore,
Good-nature is Perpetual Youth.'

THE LOTTERY OF WEDLOCK.

This life is a lottery, wives are the prizes;
For every bachelor chooses a blank:
And as the premium lowers and rises,
According to goodness and virtue they rank.
That giggling thing there will turn up a fifty;
That flirt will no more than a twenty be found;
Not so you wife, so prudent and thrifty,—
She'll prove a prize of full ten thousand pound.
Then round with the wheel; no gold shall ye find—
The wealth of our lott'ry's confin'd to the mind:
Adventure then boldly, ill fortune despise;
Tis the lott'ry of wedlock, and woman's the prize.

Should sometimes appear trifling failings, congenial
To fond inexperience, in minds immatur'd,
If vice have no share, and the failings are venial,
By kindness and sense be that ticket insur'd:
Do not ever by beauty alone be invited,
Which too oft with conceit and with vanity's
found;
But be beauty and goodness together united,—
'Tis a capital prize, and the ten-thousand pound.
Then round, &c.

Much faith for good luck to odd numbers is given;
But adventurers for this may credulity thank:
'Tis the temper gives value, and that must be even,
Else 'twere better your ticket had turn'd up a
blank.

Number three, I acknowledge, comprises the Graces,
But so will the Furies and Harpies be found:
If the mind ev'ry virtue domestic embraces,
Even or odd, high or low, you've the ten-thou-
sand pound. Then round &c.

ANNA, ANNE, NAN, NANCE, OR NANCY.

My love's a vessel trim and gay,
Rigg'd out with truth, and stor'd by honour;
As through life's sea she cuts her way,
All eyes with rapture gaze upon her:
Built ev'ry wond'ring heart to please,—
The lucky shipwrights Love and Fancy;
From stem to stern she moves with ease,
And at her launch they call'd her Nancy.

When bearing up against life's gales,
So well she stems the dang'rous trouble,
I call her Anna,—as she sails,
Her form's so grand, her air so noble:
When o'er the trembling wave she flies,
That plays and sports as she advances,
'Well said, my Nan!' I fondly cries,
As my full heart in concert dances.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

In studding sails before life's breeze
 So sweetly gentle is her motion,
 She's Anne,—for as she moves with ease,
 She seems the queen of all the ocean :
 But when, on Sundays, rigg'd in stays,
 Like beauty gay, and light as fancy,
 She wins my heart a thousand ways ;
 I then delight to call her Nancy.

When laying on a tack so neat,
 The breeze her milk-white bosom filling,
 She skims the yielding waves so fleet,
 I call her Nance, my bosom thrilling.
 Whilst she precious to my heart,
 By whate'er name comes o'er my fancy ;
 Graceful or gay, grand, neat, or smart,
 Or Anna, Anne, Nan, Nance, or Nancv.

LOVE AND REASON.

A WOMAN grown, with sparkling eyes,
 High health, and easy carriage,
 Doll felt her anxious bosom rise,
 Whilst something whisper'd marriage ;
 But, ere she leap'd, took, to her praise,
 This maxim from her mother :
 'Ne'er wed, dear girl, while reason says
 One thing, and love another.'

This golden rule to guard her heart,
 She went to see her cousins,
 Where many a fop came round, so smart,
 Till Doll had counted dozens :
 But still the more the tim'rous maid
 Was teas'd with all this pother,
 She found grave reason one thing said,
 And sprightly love another.

'I've lov'd you long,' cried out a smart ;
 'For weeks and months I've watch'd you,—
 You, and you only, have my heart :'
 Cried Doll, 'I've fairly catch'd you ;
 I've left, good Sir, but three short days
 My native place and mother,
 Who truly told that reason says
 One thing, and love another.

'In this short time I've look'd around ;—
 Those things I fancied real,
 On close inspection, I have found
 Illusive and ideal ;
 I've heard false vows, I've seen mean pride,
 I've known vice virtue smother,
 Wise reason taking still one side,
 And silly love another.

'This having seen, I'll hie me home,
 By prudence now grown wiser,
 And while I vow no more to roam,
 Hoard wisdom like a miser ;

Wed honest Ned, who loves me well,
 With glad consent of mother ;—
 So shall no longer reason tell
 One tale, and love another.'

THE POET AND THE PAPER.

WE poets, with more in the head than the purse,
 To raise hunger's supplies while we're fretting,
 Not only must write what we can, but, what's worse,
 On whatever materials we're getting :
 Backs of letters from Celias, from booksellers, duns,
 Denote the finances are taper ;
 And whoever's sagacious may read, as he runs,
 The state of the mind by the paper.

Of Billingsgate's Naiads it struck me to write,—
 To describe this vociferous Babel :
 I snatch'd up a scrap, when—oh, horrible sight !
 Of my tragedy damn'd 'twas the play-bill.
 I on Liberty's joys wrote an ode on a writ,
 For a draft Snip endors'd to his draper ;
 But I scratch'd it, and scrawl'd it, so blunt was
 my wit,
 That I drew prison-bars on the paper.

Well brib'd t'other day, yielding virtue to blame,
 While reward beyond equity bore me,
 Chance, entreated by Pity, my purpose to shame,
 Blotting-paper extended before me.
 Astonish'd, I cried, 'Gracious powers, what's here ?
 Each word disappears like a vapour ;'
 May all who write thus to cause beauty a tear,
 Be reproach'd and disgrac'd by the paper.

The state's ways and means to describe, and the
 loan,
 An enigma I thought would just hit it :
 The wants of the nation were typ'd by my own,
 For I found on the milk-score I'd writ it.
 Then give me a patron, dear Ida's fair throng,
 That with joy I may once cut a caper ;
 'Pay the bearer,' shall then, the sweet theme of my
 song,
 Flow Pactolian on witty bank paper.

BROTHER JACK.

If the good old maxim's true,
 That sons of Eve should all be brothers,
 Tars have it to their hearts in view,
 For their first good's the good of others ;
 Nay, Jack such narrow love derides,
 'Midst ev'ry danger still contented,
 He the whole family provides
 With ev'ry good that Heav'n invented ;
 And, leaving caution to the wind,
 Risks ev'ry chance to serve mankind.

'Away to India,' cries the fair ;
 To Beauty's voice obedient listen !
 The vessel cuts the yielding air,
 And muslins wave, and diamonds glisten.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Should winter, in its bleak array,
With chilling frosts and winds alarm her,
Jack points the prow to Hudson's Bay,
And comely furs both deck and warm her ;
And, gaily leaving care behind,
Ransacks the world to serve mankind.

Would cits the rich voluptuous treat,—
Amidst the bustle and the hurry,
To make the bill of fare complete,
Jack brings the turtle and the curry.
He fetches tea for maiden aunts,
Fin'ry and fashion for our spouses,
Feeds, clothes us, and supplies our wants,
And even furnishes our houses :
What thanks for those, then, shall we find,
Who thus adventure for mankind?

Then be the friendly toast we pass,
As honest hearts and nature's freemen,—
Excluding daylight from the glass,—
'Prosperity to English seamen !'
On danger's brink who careless found,
For others make their lives a slavery ;
The very wine that now goes round
We owe to their advent'rous bravery :—
Then drink to those, with grateful mind,
Who risk their lives to serve mankind.

FILIAL LOVE.

WHAT charm adds sweetest grace to beauty,
And meaner virtues soars above,
Approaching to religious duty,
And heav'n-fraught joy ?—'Tis filial love.
Ye loveliest objects of creation,
Whose charms can ev'ry heart control,
Who pleasure turn to fascination,
And mould at will the yielding soul,—
Hope not true joys, that ne'er can vary,
With all your beauty, all your youth ;
Unless your hearts, warm, voluntary,
Can ask and answer this great truth.
What charm, &c.

Vain are those beauties, vain those graces,
Where reason no kind welcome finds :
What are sweet forms and lovely faces,
With thoughtless and unfeeling minds ?
Mothers ! should you that mental beauty
Have known that filial love secures,
You shall, as parents, that bless'd duty
Receive, which you have paid to your's.
What charm, &c.

THE THING, THE KICK, AND THE GO.

FROM extraneous ideas since fashions derive,
They're adopted by beings that breathe, but don't
live :

Thus invol'd in a something 'twixt twilight and
dawn,
The sprig of the day glides through life in a yawn ;
And those joys that bless others, to him quite un-
known,
Make a sort of existence expressly his own :
As a snail's, or a worm's, or an oyster's can bring ;
And therefore is call'd, very justly—the Thing.

Immensely, curse catch him, attach'd to the fair,
He can whistle, eat cheesecakes, see nothing, and
stare ;
Be most monstrously fond, and to wit know no
bounds,
And swear fury, and devils, and damme, and zounds.
In company forward, his story he tells,
And knows ev'ry thing better than ev'ry one else ;
Till at last, by a hint taught good manners to know,
He the title obtains of the Kick and the Go.

At random he talks, without foresight or thought,
Of women ne'er seen, and of duels ne'er fought ;
And while crowds of companions flock round with-
out end,
Knows not either to be, or to cherish, a friend :
The natural prey of the gambling throng,
Sings away all his fortune, and whistles a song ;
And while purses of rooks by this pigeon grow big,
He is wound round their fingers, and so call'd the
Twig.

Then let all this cap fits a new being project,
And exact from the world not contempt, but respect ;
Let them kick at dull sloth, human nature's worst
foe,
And like shunning a pest, far from vanity go :
In short, let them nobly from prudence derive
Ev'ry rational joy, for which Heav'n bids them live ;
So shall they of existence fulfil the best ends,
Not merely beings, but men, husbands, fathers,
and friends.

JACK AT GREENWICH.

WE tars are all for fun and glee,—
A hornpipe was my notion ;
Time was I'd dance with any he
That sails the salt sea ocean :
I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel,
Back, forward, in the middle ;
And roast the pig, and toe and heel,
All going with the fiddle.
But one day told a shot to ram,
To chase the foe advancing,
A splinter queer'd my larboard gam,
And, damme ! spoil'd my dancing.

'Well, I'm,' says I, ' no churlish elf,—
We messmates be all brothers ;
Though I can't have no fun myself,
I may make fun for others :

JACK AT GREENWICH.

ALLEGRO.



The first system of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The lyrics "We tars are all for fun and glee,— A" are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The right hand plays chords and moving lines, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

The second system continues the song. The vocal line has the lyrics "horn-pipe was my no-tion; Time was I'd dance with a - ny he That". The piano accompaniment continues with similar patterns to the first system, maintaining the key signature of one sharp (F#) and common time (C). Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

JACK AT GREENWICH.

sails the salt sea o-cean: I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel, Back,

The first system of the musical score for 'Jack at Greenwich'. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'sails the salt sea o-cean: I'd tip the roll, the slide, the reel, Back,'.

for - ward, in the mid-dle; And roast the pig, and toe and heel, All

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'for - ward, in the mid-dle; And roast the pig, and toe and heel, All'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

go - ing with the fid - dle. But one day told a shot to ram, To

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'go - ing with the fid - dle. But one day told a shot to ram, To'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

chase the foe ad - vanc-ing, A splin - ter queer'd my lar-board gam, And,

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'chase the foe ad - vanc-ing, A splin - ter queer'd my lar-board gam, And,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

JACK AT GREENWICH.

dam-me! spoil'd my dan-cing— my dan-cing—my dan-cing— my dan-cing— my

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Jack at Greenwich'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

dan-cing— A splin - ter queer'd my lar-board gam, And, dam-me, spoil'd my

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues the melody, with a slight change in rhythm for the word 'splin'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

dan-cing,

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line has a short phrase 'dan-cing,' followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

The fourth system of musical notation, which is the final system on this page. It concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment features a more active melody in the right hand, marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

[For remainder of Words see p. 256.]

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

A fiddle soon I made my own,
That girls and tars might caper;
Learn'd 'Rule Britannia,' 'Bobbing Joan,'
And grow'd a decent scraper:
But just as I'd the knack on't got,
And did it pretty middling,
I lost my elbow by a shot,
And, damme! spoil'd my fiddling.

So sometimes, as I turn'd my quid,
I got a knack of thinking
As I should be an invalid,—
And then I took to drinking:
One day call'd down my gun to man,
To tip it with the gravy,
I gave three cheers, and took the can
To drink the British Navy:
Before a single drop I'd sipp'd,
Or got it to my muzzle,
A langridge off my daddle whipp'd,
And, damme! spill'd the guzzle.

So then I took to taking snuff,—
'Cause how, my sorrows doubled;
And pretty pastime 'twas enough,
D'ye see, when I was troubled:
But Fortune, that mischiefous elf,
Still at some fun or other—
Not that I minds it for myself,
But just for Poll and mother—
One day, while lying on a tack,
To keep two spanking foes off,
A broadside comes, capsizes Jack,
And, damme! knocks my nose off.

So in misfortune's school grown tough,—
In this same sort of knowledge,
Thinking, mayhap, I'd not enough,
They sent me here to college:
And here we tell old tales, and smoke,
And laugh, while we are drinking;—
Sailors, you know, will have their joke,
E'en though the ship were sinking:
For I, while I get grog to drink
My wife, or friend, or king, in,
'Twill be no easy thing, I think,
Damme! to spoil my singing.

HIGHGATE PROBATION.

SCARCE come to London, a country lout,
From father's snug cottage at Ryegate,
To qualify I in the world to set out,
I went to be sworn at Highgate:
So I took't an oath that I thowt mighty queer,
But I said that I'd keep't by the letter,
That all my life through I'd prefer strong beer,
Unless I lik'd small beer better.

I saw'd what it meant, though I be but a clown;
The oath you see meant self-denial;
And 'tis proper enough, for when folk come to town,
Their honesty 's put to the trial:
Now, you see, to be honest 's the small beer of life,—
'Tis poor, but one's conscience 'twont fetter;
So who wool may drink strong beer, and get into
strife,—
I likes quiet and small beer better.

'Fore now I've been offer'd both money and gear,
My neighbour to cheat of his treasure;
But diamonds and gold may be purchas'd too dear,—
And with pain we often buy pleasure:
I do like pleasure too,—but, softly and fair,
Don't of Honesty be the forgetter;
But take her advice, and of strong beer beware,
When she bids you like small beer better.

So in this 'varsal world, you do see, ev'ry man
Maunt guzzle as thof he were bursting;
But drink of his own what he honestly can,
And not for another's be thirsting:
Ods wounds! if a man gets a thousand a-year,
Let un spend ev'ry doit to the letter;
But if more than his own it would cost for strong
beer,
Let un smile, and like small beer better

ANOTHER CUP AND THEN.

MAT MUDGE, the sexton of our town,
Though oft a little heady,
The drink not so his wits could drown,
But some excuse was ready.
Mat said the parson lov'd a sup,
And eke also the clerk;
And then it kept his spirits up,
'Mongst spirits in the dark:
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault,—
A cursed drunken fellow!
The very bells to ring he taught,
As if they all were mellow:—
'Hark! hark!' cried he, 'in tippy peal,
Like roaring toppers as they reel;
Hark! what a drunken pother!
Another cup, and then—What then?—Another.'

For good news Mat got drunk for joy,
If he could beg or borrow;
Did any thing his mind annoy,
He drunk to drown his sorrow:
Thus he'd rejoice, or he'd conde;le;
Cried Mat, 'Be't joy or grief,
As the song says, the flowing bowl
Still gives the mind relief.
'Twas all my predecessor's fault,' &c.

Were peace the theme, and all its charms,
Mat fill'd the sparkling noggin:
If war, he drank, 'May British arms
Still give the foe a flogging.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

The parson once took Mat to task,—
 Bid him beware the bowl !
 ' Your pardon I most humbly ask,'
 Cried he, ' but, 'pon my soul,
 'Twas all my predecessor's fault,' &c.

And then no liquor came amiss,
 Wherever he could forage :
 That gave him spirits,—wisdom, this,—
 And t'other gave him courage.
 Thus was he merry and jocose,
 If Fortune smil'd or frown'd ;
 And when he'd fairly got his dose,
 And all the things turn'd about,
 Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c.

A LITTLE.

Wro my Lor Anglois I come over un valet,
 From my own country to 'scape the galley ;
 By'm by, grow rich, I teach the ballet,
 All while I play mine fittle.
 A little I earn, a little I sheat,
 A little sometime I lodge in the Fleet,
 A little I roll in my shariot the street,
 And I ogle the girls a little.

I go de governess de school—
 I want to teach, you know, de rule ;
 I find de governess no fool,—
 She say, ' Vell, pring your fittle :'
 A little I go and I teach de dance ;
 A little they jompe, a little they prance ;
 By and by, when I took a little entrance,
 The governess touch a little.

To the dinner they ask this man such merit,—
 I stuff the turtle, the beef, and the carrot ;
 And with the ale, the punch, and the claret,
 I figure away the first fittle :
 A little give toast,—'bout politic bawl,
 A little they sing, tol lol de rol lol ;
 So my ticket I sell, while I sing small,
 And pocket de ginnay a little.

By'm by, he come grand benefice,
 Where the aunt, and the mother, the daughter, the
 niece ;
 Ev'ry body good-nature, so come to be fleece,
 While I scrape away de fittle :
 A little they jompe, a little they jig,
 A little de lady sometime lose his wig ;
 While their head grow empty, my purse he grow
 big,
 And I take in the flat a little.

So den, at last, my scholar he flock,
 That I get my banker, and puy de stock ;
 And their head for good sense in vain they may
 knock,
 I drive it all out with my fittle :

A little I flash at de opera—de play,
 In my shariot a little I figure away ;
 And keep, like mineself, un damn'd rogue de valet,
 To laugh at the English a little.

THE CANARY BIRD.

SINCE fate of sailors hourly varies,
 Lest doubts should wound my anxious breast,
 This pretty bird, from the Canaries,
 Jack brought, to set my heart at rest :
 ' His life is charm'd,—and when with sadness,'
 Cried he, ' his notes he mournful gives,
 Then cherish care,
 Indulge despair ;
 But sweetly, if they thrill with gladness,
 Rejoice, and know your lover lives :
 Attentive mark !
 Hark ! hark !
 Rejoice, and know your lover lives.'

Each hour, while my poor bosom flutters,
 Relying on my lover's word,
 Anxious to hear the song he utters,
 I listen to my pretty bird :
 But, thanks to Heav'n ! never with sadness
 Has he yet mourn'd ; e'en now he gives
 (To silence care,
 And chase despair,)
 His sprightly notes, with joy and gladness ;
 And thus I know my lover lives.
 Attentive mark !
 Hark ! hark !
 'Tis thus I know my lover lives.

But see, he's here ! my heart's contented,—
 Sweet warbler, truly didst thou speak.
 ' Dear love !' cried Jack, ' 'twas all invented,
 Lest thy poor heart my fate might break.
 Love taught the cheat, to cheer thy sadness,—
 And cheats of love true love forgives ;
 This anxious care
 Heal'd thy despair ;
 Birds always sing with joy and gladness ;
 Thy love to thee and honour lives :
 Attentive mark !
 Hark ! hark !
 Thy love to thee and honour lives.'

ECHO.

WHEN from the glowing blush of morn
 The sober night's retreating,
 And jocund nature, newly born,
 Her children all are greeting,
 Ten thousand sounds on ether float,
 And ev'ry being's grateful note
 Awakens Echo, blithe Echo, blithe Echo.
 And ev'ry, &c.

A LITTLE.

ALLEGRO
MODERATO.

Wid my Lor An-glois I come o-ver un va-let, From my own coun-try to

'scape de galley; By'm by, grow rich, I teach de bal-let, All while I

play mine fit-tle, All while I play mine fit-tle. A lit-tle I

A LITTLE.

earn, a lit-tle I sheat, A lit-tle some-time I lodge in de Fleet, A

lit-tle I roll in my sha-riot de street, And I o-gle de girls a lit-tle,

Repeat 1st Sym.
a lit-tle, a lit-tle; I o-gle de girls a lit-tle.

I go de governess de school—
I want to teach, you know, de rule;
I find de governess no fool,—
She say, 'Vell, pring your fittle';
A little I go, and I teach de dance;
A little dey jompo, a little dey prance;
By and by, when I took a little entrance,
De governess touch a little.

To de dinner dey ask this man such a merit,—
I stuff de turtle, de beef, and de carrot;
And wid de ale, de punch, and de claret,
I figure away de first fittle:
A little give toast,—'bout politic bawl,
A little dey sing, tol lol de lol;
So my ticket I sell, while I sing small,
And pocket de ginnay a little.

By'm by, he come grand benefice, [niece;
Where de aunt, and de mother, de daughter, de
Ev'ry body good-nature, so come to be fleece,

While I scrape away de fittle:
A little dey jompo, a little dey jig,
A little de lady sometimes lose his wig; [big,
While deir head grow empty, my purse he grow
And I take in de flat a little.

So den at last, my scholar he flock,
That I get my banker, and puy de stock;
And deir head for good sense in vain dey may
I drive it all out with my fittle:
A little I flash at de opera—de play, [knock,
In my shariot a little I figure away;
And keep, like mineself, un damn'd rogue de valet,
To laugh at de English a little.

ECHO.

ALLEGRETTO.

When from the glow-ing blush of morn The so - bernight's re - treat-ing, And

jo - cund na - ture new - ly born, Her chil-dren all are greet-ing, Ten

ECHO.

thou-sand sounds on e - ther float—ten thou-sand sounds on e - ther float, And

This system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ev'-ry be-ing's grate-ful note A - wak - ens E-cho, blithe E-cho, blithe

This system continues the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are in the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

E-cho, blithe E - - - cho— And
ad lib

pp ad lib

This system includes a fermata over the vocal line. The piano accompaniment has a dynamic marking of *pp ad lib*. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ev' - ry be - ing's grate - ful note, A - wa - - - kens E - cho. But

This system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line and piano accompaniment are in the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

ECHO.

loud - est sound the hunt - ing crew, When horn and hound are vie - ing, And

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "loud - est sound the hunt - ing crew, When horn and hound are vie - ing, And".

man and horse, the game in view, O'er hedge and ditch are fly - ing;

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "man and horse, the game in view, O'er hedge and ditch are fly - ing;".

Then, to ex - hi - li - rate the pack, Each jo-cund ac-cent is sent back, By

This system contains the third line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Then, to ex - hi - li - rate the pack, Each jo-cund ac-cent is sent back, By".

mer - ry E-cho, blithe E-cho, blithe E-cho, blithe E - - - *ad lib*

This system contains the fourth line of music. It concludes with a series of echoes. The lyrics are: "mer - ry E-cho, blithe E-cho, blithe E-cho, blithe E - - - *ad lib*".

ECHO.

cho— Each jo-cund ac-cent is sent back, By

pp ad lib

mer-ry E-cho.

The love-struck shepherd seeks her cave,
 When Cælia bids him languish,
 And fears that nothing but the grave
 Can ease his hopeless anguish :
 He vainly for relief may call ;
 He finds his expectations all
 An empty Echo, mere Echo, sad Echo.
 Not so the sturdy woodman's sound,
 When oaks and elms he's felling,
 The forest's pride extended round,
 To rear some lordly dwelling :
 While at each stroke his hatchet rings,
 In ev'ry cheerful note he sings,
 Joins merry Echo, sweet Echo, blithe Echo.
 In ev'ry, &c.

The miser, would he hide his store,
 Seeks out for close recesses,
 Lest any should that hoard explore
 Withheld from man's distresses :
 Himself, still needing most relief,
 Fears ev'ry breeze, and dreads a thief
 In murm'ring Echo, sad Echo, vex'd Echo.
 Not so gay Bacchus' laughing train,

Of joy that fill the measure,
 That sport the jest, and troll the strain,
 And know no end of pleasure :
 They, dull advice and care asleep,
 Rouse, as their merry rites they keep,
 The jolly Echo, sweet Echo, blithe Echo.
 Rouse, as, &c.

Our actions Echo then reflects,
 As mirrors show our faces ;
 Which, broken, multiply defects,
 As well as charms and graces.
 On all who are to honour blind,
 The execrations of mankind
 Shall tire the Echo, harsh Echo, shrill Echo.
 But ye, who, friends to social mirth
 And rational enjoyment,
 Seek out and nurture private worth,
 Pursue your sweet employment :
 Go on,—of truth redress the wrongs,
 Till blessings from a thousand tongues
 Shall sweetly Echo, bless'd Echo, sweet Echo.
 Till blessings, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

But loudest sound the hunting erew,
 When horn and hound are vieing,
 And man and horse, the game in view,
 O'er hedge and ditch are flying;
 Then to exhilarate the pack,
 Each jocund accent is sent back,
 By merry Echo, blithe Echo, blithe Echo.
 Each jocund, &c.

The love-struck shepherd seeks her cave,
 When Cælia bids him languish,
 And fears that nothing but the grave
 Can ease his hopeless anguish:
 He vainly for relief may call;
 He finds his expectations all
 An empty Echo, mere Echo, sad Echo.
 He finds, &c.

Not so the sturdy woodman's sound,
 When oaks and elms he's felling,
 The forest's pride extended round,
 To rear some lordly dwelling:
 While at each stroke his hatchet rings,
 In ev'ry cheerful note he sings,
 Joins merry Echo, sweet Echo, blithe Echo.
 In ev'ry, &c.

The miser would he hide his store,
 Seeks out for close recesses,
 Lest any should that hoard explore,
 Withheld from man's distresses:
 Himself, still needing most relief,
 Fears ev'ry breeze, and dreads a thief
 In murmur'ing Echo, sad Echo, vex'd Echo
 Fears ev'ry, &c.

Not so gay Bacchus' laughing train,
 Of joy that fill the measure,
 That sport the jest, and troll the strain,
 And know no end of pleasure:
 They, dull advice and care asleep,
 Rouse, as their merry rites they keep,
 The jolly Echo, sweet Echo, blithe Echo.
 Rouse, as, &c.

Our actions Echo then reflects,
 As mirrors show our faces;
 Which, broken, multiply defects,
 As well as charms and graces.
 On all who are to honour bind,
 The execrations of mankind
 Shall tire the Echo, harsh Echo, shrill Echo.
 The execrations, &c.

But ye, who, friends to social mirth
 And rational enjoyment,
 Seek out and nurture private worth,
 Pursue your sweet employment:
 Go on,—of truth redress the wrongs,
 Till blessings from a thousand tongues
 Shall sweetly Echo, bless'd Echo, sweet Echo.
 Till blessings, &c.

THE UNION.

[The reader will scarcely need telling that this song refers to the Union of Ireland with England, Jan. 1, 1801.]

COME, join ev'ry heart, let the air loudly ring,—
 Of a people united and mighty we sing;
 To the ends of the earth while the tidings are heard,
 Be their fame, like Fate's fiat, applauded and fear'd.
 Now that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
 Come, join this bless'd union of hands and of hearts:
 St. George and St. Andrew St. Patrick shall join,
 The league fix'd as fate, and the compact divine;
 While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
 To see Ireland, and Scotland, and England united.

The Tripod of old had the pow'r to inspire
 The priests with poetic and national fire;
 On the pivot of commerce our tripod shall move,
 Whence we prophesy plenty and brotherly love.
 Now that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
 Come, join this bless'd union of hands and of hearts:
 The Thames, and the Tweed, and the Shannon
 shall join,
 And myriads of ships to each other consign;
 While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
 To see Scotland, and England, and Ireland united.

Old Shakspeare predicted we nothing could rue,
 While England resolv'd to herself to prove true;
 Come against us the world, then;—what risk can
 we run,
 Now that England, and Scotland, and Ireland are
 one?
 Now that joy ev'ry bosom receives and imparts,
 Come, join this bless'd union of hands and of hearts:
 The rose, thistle, and shamrock, as graceful they
 join,
 The fair in a wreath for each hero shall twine;
 While the world's admiration and fear are excited,
 To see England, and Ireland, and Scotland united.

THE SPECTRE.

COSMELIA the fair,
 Of the virtues the care,
 Lov'd a youth who her passion return'd;
 But his dear country's wrongs call'd him forth to the
 field!
 He swore he'd her portrait with life only yield,
 And the oath on her lips with a fervency seal'd,
 As with love and with glory he burn'd.

And I, cried the dame,
 'If I sully my fame,
 Or of love list to any advance,
 Or e'er to another my tender love plight,—
 Of my infamous nuptials, oh, may the vile night
 Be despair and fell horror instead of delight,
 Worse than damsel e'er knew in romance.

THE SPECTRE.

MODERATO.

Cos - me-lia the fair, Of the virtues the care, Lov'd a youth who her passion re-

turn'd; But his coun-try's wrongs call'd him forth to the field: He swore he'd her

portrait with life on - ly yield, And the oath on her lips with a fer-ven-cy seal'd, As with

love and with glo-ry he burn'd.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

'When the cock crows away,
And the morning looks gray,
May thy spectre come on thy white steed,
Surrounded by fairy, hobgoblin, and sprite,
That to scare and to terrify, torment and fright,
And to torture false lovers, take horrid delight,
Tear my form, to requite the vile deed.'

Her love rode away,—
Oh! ominous day!
As she bade him ten thousand adieus,
The curfew and the bittren with dissonance fell,
Through cranny, and cavern, and hollow, and cell;
From the shore to the church-yard re-echo'd the yell
Of the screech-owl, that scream'd in the yews.

A Baron of land,
Who had long sought her hand,
To trouble her peace Fortune sent:
Her father she fear'd, as the eagle the dove—
He swore no entreaties his purpose should move:
Oh! pity the conflict 'twixt duty and love!—
She wept, and she gave her consent.

Now the fatal night came,—
Oh! pity the dame!
She shriek'd and lamented aloud:
And now, by her side as her proud husband slept,
With horror and loathing at distance she crept,
And she moan'd, and she cried, and she wail'd,
and she wept,
And wish'd herself laid in her shroud.

The cock crew away,—
The morning was gray!—
She utter'd a horrible scream,
And flew to the window, where, on his white steed,
No goblin nor ghost, but her lover indeed,
Sat prepar'd his dear bride to the altar to lead:—
'Oh! heaven!' cried she, 'twas a dream!'

The bridesmaids so gay
Now to church lead the way,—
And now with you the moral pray take:
All your vows, oh, ye maidens, religiously keep,
Nor heed how ye moan, and ye wail, and ye weep,
For inj'ries and wrongs done to lovers asleep,
So you're constant and true when awake.

THE GRAND BALLET.

ONE, two, tree, ha,
Ta da dal lal la;
La figure garde bien, ma belle;
Take a time, look me,
Come one, two, tree,—
Ha—la—extremely well.
[Easy—mignione—take a time—look a me—
done hurry—then vas it is diss—entrechats—
six—ha!]
Now, my lofe, de minuet if you please.

Taw, law, don't be lazy,
La prends bien de place,
Ti da, les bras aisés,
Oh che de grace!
La, be no so heavy,
Dance comme vous êtes et swimming,
Le tête bien levée,
Plus charmante de women!

Taw law, don't be lazy;
Keep de body straight, taw law,
Daw, law de lu lu, aisé.
Posé les bras.

Ah! ma chere, vous êtes charmante.
[I could kiss you for dis Hilesburgh Parisot!
All dese people noking to you.—Come, now de
contre-dance.—Where is all de popals?—John,
Bob, Dick, Molly, Billy, everybody come, come—
place au place—taw a dance.]

Come, listen to de fiddle:
Numps, strike hand with Doll;
Now lead up de middle,
And foot it over to Poll.
Lol de diddle, a diddle, &c.

John, you stupid luby,
Now mind strike de hey,—
Ah! you clumsy booby!
Why don't you foot it away?
[Very well—right and left—set out—set in.]
Come, quick,—don't so stump it!
Now take hands around;
Foot it, kick it, and stump it,
And lightly trip de ground.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

RECITATIVE.

THE cloth was ta'en away; the jovial band
Prepar'd to toast the King, bumper in hand,
Which given with three times three loyal and strong,
My neighbour Snip was call'd on for a song.

AIR.

Oh Clovy! sweet Clovy! no fair is like Clovy!
So tall, so genteel, so comely, so showy;—
You may talk of your Calias,
And your Dælias,
Your Pollies, and your Dollies,
With their lips red as cherries, and their skins all
so snowy,

The girlde
In the worlde,
To my taste, is Clovy.

RECITATIVE.

'Oh, bravo! bravo!—Sir, your toast.'
'Shame to all those who kiss and boast!'
'Now who d'ye call on, Neighbour Snip?'
'I'll beg the favour of Miss Pip.'
'I never sings:' 'Nay, Miss!—'Tis true;
'You wants to affront me, so you do.'
'Excuse her, Sir,—the tender thing
Is young and frightful—come, I'll sing.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

AIR.

When I was a sprightly miss in my teens,
To those fops who 'mong deities rank you,
Though they call'd me a hundred Cyprian queens,
I always said—'No, I thank you.'

By all sorts and sizes I've been harangu'd,
Short, tall, fat, crooked, and lanky;
And often, when fairly I've wish'd it hang'd,
Have I cried out—'No, I thank you.'

At last young Stephen, with freedom and ease,
Cried, 'Since long as a toast I have drank you,
Will you be my wife?' I cried, 'Yes, if you please,'
And so left off—'No, I thank you.'

RECITATIVE.

'Oh, charming! she's as young as ever;—
When will you, daughter, be so clever?'
'A friend, Sir, we're a toast behind;
I'll give the friend of all mankind.'
'Indeed! is't any one that I know?'
'Both you and all, 'tis ready rhino.'
'Bravo! here, Mr. Money—halt;
A glass of water and some salt.'
'No, no, we're all in liberty-hall here.'
'Come, Ma'am, a song,—you are the caller.'
'I'll beg a song from Mr. Bawler.'

AIR.

Gentle god of love!
Lend me ev'ry art
To sooth, to please, to move,
To win my Dælia's heart:

So whisper in her ear,
That she, as well as I,
May start the anxious tear,
And heave the doubtful sigh;

That she, at last, like me,
May feel love's ardent pain,
And grieve so long that she
Has let me sigh in vain.

RECITATIVE.

'What a bass singer!—'Thank you, sir.'
'Come, sir, to give our mirth a spur,
A sentiment.'—'With all my heart:
May each man meet with his desert.'
'What, you won't sing, Miss?—'Pray don't ruffle
her;
'Call on your neighbour, Mr. Snuffler;
He's of our mirth the very fiddle;
Come, Snuffler, give us "High-down diddle!"'

AIR.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
High-down, diddle dee,
I met with a damsel so buxom and gay,
High-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be in glee.

'You love me,' said I, 'I can see by your eyes,'
With my high-down, diddle dee.
'Cried she, 'Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies,'
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be merry.

'I've seen you before,' said I; 'will you be kind?'
With my high-down, diddle dee.
She, turning, cried out, 'Now you see me behind;
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be jolly.

So when I expected to lead her to church,
With my high-down, diddle dee,
She, running away, left me quite in the lurch,
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all be funny.

And now, of this song, though I've verses a score.
With my high-down, diddle dee,
Since I can't make you laugh, I shall sing you no
more;
With my high-down, diddle diddle,—
Come, let us all comical be.

RECITATIVE.

'For one more toast, Sir, I'll beg leave to press:—
Here's liberty without licentiousness.'
'Bravo! and now I call on any three
To oblige the company who can chant a glee.'

GLEE.

Which is the noblest passion of the mind,
That best can captivate the soul,
The senses rule at its control,
And lift to bliss celestial human-kind?

'Tis wine,—whose merry clarion's sound
Such festive mirth that spreads around;
While Comus' crew perform those rites
In which gay Bacchus do delights.

'Tis war,—whose glorious trumpet's sound
Such noble ardour spreads around;
While sons of Mars perform those rites
In which Bellona do delights.

'Tis love,—whose flute's mellifluous sound
Such melting raptures spreads around;
While Cupid's vot'ries do those rites
In which sweet Venus so delights.

From the Frisk.

THE VICISSITUDES OF GLORY.

THOUGH forward stands the soldier's name,
'Midst prospects rude and sterile,
To where high tow'rs the fane of Fame,
The steps are toil and peril:
How keen the pang when friends must part!
Fierce glory's fire suspending,
An angel wife pours out that heart
Which killing fears are rending;
But vain are sympathetic sighs,
Uplifted hands, and streaming eyes!
Beckon'd by Fate, behold the hands,—
The drums at distance rattle;
Hark! the charge! 'tis honour commands;
The trumpets sound to battle.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Death's work's begun ; in honour's bed
 Promiscuous heaps are lying ;
 Appall'd the living, and the dead
 Lamented by the dying ;
 While mem'ry added torture gives,
 That tend'rest thoughts awaken,
 See groups of mothers, children, wives,
 By feeble hope forsaken :
 But vain are sympathetic sighs,
 Imploring hands, and streaming eyes !
 Again appear the martial bands,
 The drums at distance rattle, &c.

Avaunt, grim war ! sweet peace is ours,
 The hero's noblest capture ;
 Joy gayly leads the dancing hours,
 And mis'ry's lost in rapture :
 Beneath her horn gay Plenty bends ;
 Proud bards record the quarrel ;
 And in her temple Fame attends
 To place the well-earn'd laurel.
 Yet but in trust he holds this mead ;
 For should his aid his country need,
 Then shall he cry, Draw out the bands,
 When drums at distance rattle, &c.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE gods on Olympus so high, and so blue,
 Were making libations the year to renew ;
 When Venus enchantingly cried to old Jove,
 ' Be it mine to preside o'er the empire of love.'
 Mark ! mark ! how the sparrows bill, chirp, sport,
 and play,
 For the new year is come, and the old gone away,
 And young Love and kind Venus propitiate the day.
 Cried the thundering god to the sweet queen of
 smiles,
 ' 'Tis ordain'd, with thy simpers, and dimples, and
 wiles,
 Thou shalt own ev'ry sway, and exert ev'ry charm ;
 For what can in winter like love keep us warm ?
 Mark the pigs in their straw, how they grunt as
 they lay.' For the new year, &c.

But see double-fac'd Janus, half cold and half warm,
 Tho' shrowded with icicles, yield to love's charm ;
 For, while on the old year he frowns and looks blue,
 Renovation, love's spark, makes him smile on the
 new.
 Mark ! mark ! through the ice how the ducks quack
 away, For the new, &c.

THE MANES OF THE BRAVE.

Now that war has in human distress done its best,
 Now that, glutted with mischief, fell slaughter's at
 rest,

Now that smiling content crowns the peasant's
 clean board,
 And th' industrious ploughshare takes place of
 the sword,—
 In this season what care o'er the fancy shall brood,
 What sigh press for vent, or what tear shall intrude?
 Ah ! indulge and reflect on each glorious grave !
 A sigh and a tear to the manes of the brave !

Now that loud acclamations expand through the air,
 And the brows of the brave are adorn'd by the fair,
 Now that bands of musicians so gayly advance
 In the concert to join, or enliven the dance,—
 At one grateful idea the tumult shall end ;
 The soft flute the sad cadence alone shall suspend ;
 And while Fancy leads on to the cold hallow'd grave,
 Shall echo a sigh to the manes of the brave.

Proud award of those heroes for glory who burn,
 Alike nobly honour'd the arch and the urn,
 Surviving, or dying, such fame who achieve,
 'Tis joy to regret, and 'tis pleasure to grieve.
 Then our rapturous bosoms let gratitude swell,
 While those sons of renown, who so gloriously fell,
 Shall from heav'n cheer those mourners who
 through near each grave,
 And dry up their tears for the manes of the brave.

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, autumn, ev'ning of the year !
 Friend, mild, and sober, and sincere ;
 Like that serene and calm content
 That contemplates a life well spent :
 And yet I hail thee with a sigh,
 That summer's gone and winter's nigh ;
 For my delight's the cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
 That all the fragrant sweets of balmy summer brings.

See winter now the world invest,
 And vegetation's sunk to rest ;
 Dogs bay the moon, and foxes howl,
 And wisdom seeks Minerva's owl,
 Explores new worlds, counts stars that shine,
 And from this owl learns truths divine :
 Yet my delight's the cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
 That all the fragrant sweets of balmy summer brings.

But, night and winter from us borne,
 Hail, youthful spring, blithe nature's morn !
 Hail, sportive lambs and tender sheep,
 And blossoms that begin to peep !
 No joy I've found to please me yet,
 For March is cold, and April's wet ;—
 No : my delight's the cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
 That all the fragrant sweets of balmy summer brings.

Hail, lovely summer, nature's noon !
 Hail, sportive May and teeming June !—
 Yet shall July the palm dispute,
 Young April's blossoms form'd to fruit.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Hail, lovely solace of the mind !
Type of each pleasure, ripe and kind ;
And hail the merry cuckoo, on its dewy wings,
That all the fragrant sweets of balmy summer brings.

JACK AT THE OPERA.

At Wapping I landed, and call'd to hail Mog ;
She had just shap'd her course to the play :
Of two runs and one water I order'd my grog,
And to speak her soon stood under way ;
But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook,
Like a lubber so raw and so soft,
Half a George handed out, at the change did not look,
Mann'd the ratlins, and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers
With many a coxcomb and flirt,
Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears,
I thought there 'd been somebody hurt ;
But the devil a bit—'twas your outlandish rips
Singing out with their lanterns of jaws ;
You'd a sword you'd been taking of one of they
trips

'Mongst the Caffrees or wild Catabaws

'What's the play, ma'am?' says I, to a good-na-
tur'd tit,

'The play ! 'tis the *uproar*, you quiz.'

'My timbers !' cried I, 'the right name on't you've
hit,

For the devil an uproar it is :

For they pipe and they squeal, now alow, now aloft ;
If it warn't for the petticoat gear,
With their squeaking, so mollyish, tender, and soft,
One should scarcely know ma'am from moun-
seer.'

Next at kicking and dancing they took a long spell,
All springing and bounding so neat ;
And spessiously one curious Madamoselle,—

Oh, she daintily handled her feet !

But she hopp'd, and she sprawl'd, and she spun
round so queer,

'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me ;

And so I sung out, 'Pray, be decent, my dear,—
Consider, I'm just come from sea.'

Ten't an Englishman's taste to have none of these
goes,

So away to the playhouse I'll jog,

Leaving all your fine Bantums and Ma'am Parisoes,
For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog.

So I made the theatre, and hail'd my dear spouse ;
She smil'd as she saw me approach ;

And when I shook hands and saluted her bows,
We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

THE ORIGINAL AND THE PICTURE.

A VIRTUOUS and a comely dame,

With no desire or passion

But honour's self might proudly claim,
Was borne away by fashion ;

'Midst crowd of lovers, one sincere
Dar'd 'gainst this tide endeavour,
And though in heart she held him dear,
Was soon dismiss'd for ever.

His portrait she to keep had sworn,
That he might have no quarter,
She now, with ev'ry mark of scorn,
Deliver'd to her porter :—
Cried she, 'Sir, as you prize your place,
Or hope to be thought clever,
Let in the man who owns this face,—
I'll turn you off for ever.'

The lover,—ne'er was one so fond,
So heart-broke, so afflicted,
Though hope of pardon gone beyond,
Dismiss'd, and interdicted,—
The porter brib'd ; wide flew the gate,—
His fortune now or never :
'I come,' cried he, 'to know my fate,—
Perhaps, to part for ever.'

Her kindled anger to assuage,
In vain did he implore her ;—
She rang the bell, and, in a rage,
The porter call'd before her ;—
'Say, where's the portrait, drunken fool ?
Did I not tell thee never
To admit this man ?' 'Dear Ma'am, be cool'—
'Out of my sight for ever !'

'They're no more like ;—the picture looks
Young, healthy, full of gumtion,—
That skinny gemman's off the hooks
For love, in a consumption ;—
Look here, Ma'am !' 'Tis, alas ! too true
Such love how could I sever !
Vile folly, hence ; vain world, adieu ;
Come to my heart for ever !'

LOVE AND MADNESS.

Her form was celestial, her face wore a smile,
More sprightly than joy, yet more modest than
mirth ;
Like some harbinger, air-born, sent down to beguile
Ev'ry mortal distress, and spread joy through
the earth :
Such perfection, with love like its own to ensure,
On love's altar I offer'd, and fann'd with my sighs,
Each degen'rate idea, each passion impure,
That a phoenix of truth from the ashes might rise.
The form was complete,—I rejoic'd I was born ;
My bliss was extatic,—I dane'd in the air ;
How severely to fall, chas'd at once by her scorn,
The visions all fled, and I sunk in despair.
They call me a madman : such pangs did they prove.
They'd find my disease is not madness,—'tis love

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN

I sent her a letter ; compos'd was the ink
From fond hearts burn'd to ashes and temper'd
with tears ;

Cupid's bandage purloin'd, while the rogue did but
wink,

Form'd the paper, blurr'd o'er with my hopes and
my fears.

Then the force of my ne'er-ending passion to sing,
And those pangs that my heart in my bosom so
scorch,

The pen at one effort I pluck'd from his wing,
And the sealing-wax caught as it fell from his
torch ;—

This done, from his quiver an arrow I drew,
Plac'd the scroll on its point, pierc'd, like me, to
the core ;

His bow I extended,—like lightning it flew,
And like lightning expir'd, for I saw her no more.
Then mock not my sighs, nor my anguish reprove :
My cruel disease is not madness,—'tis love.

I'll tear her to pieces ! despoil her fine form ;
And, dissecting her heart, find the witchery there,
That has pow'r in fond bosoms to raise such a storm,
And thus no future fools shall be driv'n to despair.
But no,—that were madness ! love asks from my
hand

A sacrifice of a more pitiless kind ;—

I'm a lover ; young Cupid, come, take thy demand ;
Give thy shrine a torn heart and a desperate mind.

Yes, my measures all must be sober and sane ;—
Near yon tree, on whose face I trac'd her's with a
sigh,

Runs a stream where fond wretches may finish
their pain,—

There, there her false name will I utter, and die ;
And thus my last sigh shall reluctantly prove
My cruel disease is not madness,—'tis love.

THE WIFE ELECT.

COME, come away,—come, come away,

'Tis Hymen greets you ;—

See the pleasures in his train,

With smiles

And wiles,

While Cupid meets you,

Love and Graces guard the fane.

The breeze is fair, the voyage for life,

The silken sails the wind is kissing,

Nothing but the pilot's missing ;—

Where's he whose rare desert

Deserves a tender heart ?

Behold me here—a willing wife.

Yet much the terms on which I yield,

Such love as tongue ne'er yet reveal'd ;

Constant, though boundless as the sea ;

Expansive, yet confin'd to me ;

The heart an empire, mine the throne ;—

Ye who such love as mine have felt and known—

Come, come away, &c.

Yet, yet on wedlock ponder well ;

No mean it knows, 'tis heaven or hell :

Her would you treat with cold neglect

You've sworn to honour and protect ?

Hence ! nor our holy rites profane,

But let kind Love head Reason's train—

Come, come away, &c.

TRUE DELIGHT.

OH ! the delight of a copious libation,

With spirits like fire, and a union of hearts,

Where ev'ry free pulse beats in gen'rous vibration,

And the toast to the wine higher flavour imparts !

True toper, regale ; in thy bins deeply burrow,

Thy enjoyments so godlike, thy orgies divine,

Yet one single round drop, wip'd from care's aged
furrow,

Shall more rapture impart than an ocean of wine.

Oh, the delight, fresh and fragrant the morning,

While hounds snuff the air, and the fox pants for
breath,

High health and fierce spirits all obstacles scorning,

Till the horn winds his knell as we're in at the
death !

True sportsmen, hark forward, let all vermin perish ;

Reason sanctions the sport, yet improve on thy art :

To hunt vice to the toils, and fair honour to cherish,

Is Virtue's true chase and the health of the heart.

Oh, the delight to accumulate treasure !

Dear gold, loaded bags, in large masses that lie ;

That of all human wishes replenish the measure,

And that place, pow'r, and fame, and e'en con-
science can buy.

True Muckworm, gold's tempting ; yet, miserable
sinner,

Poor Mammon, mean Croesus, thou indigence self,
Broach thy heart and thy bags, give the hungry a
dinner,

Or thou'lt never taste joy in thy ill-gotten pelf.

To know true delight is to know no excesses,

But to give mutual aid in this world where we're
thrown ;—

'Tis in morals a theft, while the world know dis-
tresses,

To withhold others' due and to lavish our own.

Ne'er be toper from reason by drunkenness hurried ;

Hunt villainy, sportsmen, or take leave of mirth ;

Turn generous, hunks ; for, if gold must be buried,

'Twere better ne'er dug from the bowels of earth.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

A VOYAGE at sea, and all its strife

its pleasure and its pain,

At ev'ry point resembles life—

Hard work for little gain.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

The anchor's weighed, smooth is the flood,
 Serene seems every form,
 But soon, alas! comes on the scud,
 That speaks the threat'ning storm.
 The tow'ring masts in splinters shiv'ring!
 The useless sails in tatters quiv'ring!
 Thunder rolling, lightning flashing,
 Waves in horrid tumult dashing
 Foam along the dreary shore!
 Still, while tars sit round so jolly,
 The sprightly flute calls care a folly.
 Aloft, alow, afloat, aground,
 Let but the smiling grog go round,
 And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,
 The wind is seldom fair;—
 Though to the straits of pleasure bound,
 Too oft we touch at care.
 Impervious dangers we explore;
 False friends, some faithless she:
 Pirates and sharks are found on shore
 As often as at sea.

A low'ring storm, from envy brewing,
 Shall at a distance menace ruin;
 While slander, malice, and detraction,
 A host of fiends shall bring in action,
 And plant care's thorns at ev'ry pore.

Yet, rous'd to sweet domestic duty,
 Some manly imp, or infant beauty,
 Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,—
 Each thorn's pluck'd out, pain's turn'd to ease,
 And storms are heard no more.

The ship tow'rs gayly on the main,
 To fight its country's cause,
 And bids th' obedient world maintain
 Its honours and its laws;
 Nor from surrounding dangers shrinks,
 Till, sacrifice to fame,
 Death dealing round, she nobly sinks
 Only to live in name.

And so the man—his ample measure
 Fill'd with alternate pain and pleasure,
 Till, long in age and honour living,
 Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving
 To those he leaves his well-got store.

Mild hope and resignation greeting,
 The playful soul, in circles fleeting,
 Makes onward to its native skies;
 While gasping nature pants and dies,
 And storms are heard no more.

THE DINNER.

[Sir Michael and my Lady, Miss Squash, Miss Niggle, Captain Spanks, Mr. Sligo.]

'Show 'em up.'

'How d'ye do? how d'ye do? Servant, Captain,—servant, Miss.'

'Lady Ballywaggon's rout! bless my soul! all invited!

Such hours! seven o'clock! the drawing-room like this!

Reels, waltzes, and strathspeys! so oblig'd and so delighted.'

'Did you sup?'

[Sir Jeremiah Goggle, Lady Goggle, Miss Goggle, Master Goggle, and the lap-dog.]

'Show 'em up.'

'How d'ye do? how d'ye do? Oh, the pretty little rogue!'

'Wow, wow, wow!' 'How go mulbers in the alley?

'A secret!'—'Don't say so!'—'Why, zounds! they're all the vogue.'

'My Higgle, you're an angel!'—'Oh, you devil! how you rally.'

'When does she pup?'

[Mr. Fraction, Mr. Cypher, Mr. Knit, Mr. Lustent, Messrs Decimal and Slate.]

'Show 'em up.'

[Well, now I believe we are all pretty well assembled.]—'I don't know what you've got for dinner.'—'Upon my soul! and as I hope to be favoured with the bliss of angels in being favoured with your smiles.'—'Hold your nonsense!'—'What for the loan?'—'Yes; but between ourselves.'—'Walked over the course; pocketed a cool hundred.'—'Now I hope there's a good dinner.'—'A lame duck!'—'No!'—'Tis true!' 'Oh yes, her ladyship brought me home in her ladyship's tub.'—'Pray'—(whispers.) 'No, no! I don't believe that! damn'd dull day—stupid—firesome as the devil.—Sported my curricule.' 'See anybody?'—'No!'—'went a shopping.'—'Any thing pretty?'—'Nothing at all.'—'Terrible headache.'

Dinner's on table.

'Dinner's on table,—you're a fine fellow, John. Your little finger, Lady Goggle, permit me to lead on; So to ev'ry thing in life there must be a beginner,—Sans ceremony, ladies, to the dinner, to the dinner.'

['Captain Spanks and Mr. Sligo, sit by me and Lady Goggle.—Now what shall I send you—fish? Have you got what you like? anchovy? quin-sauce?

Ivy, zoobdittymatch,—what's that you're bringing?

With such plenty and variety one can't be at a loss.'

'A little of the liver.'—'Wife, I likes the inging.'

'Take the fish.'

[There's Burgundy, and claret, port, hock, and Madeira, perry, cyder, right Nantz.]

'Bring that dish.'

'Hobbbbernob, hobbbbernob, your sweetheart and mine.'

'Mr. Cypher, cut a figure,—crack a bottle, Mr. Fraction.'

'This ragout is delicious; this every's divine.'

'Seven thousand! 'tis impossible, Sir; I was in the action.'

'Change the dish.'

[Place the whips and the moonshine; the pyramids, the jellies, the comfits.]

'Have you ev'ry thing you wish?

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

[What shall I send you? Come, there's the cream of the jest.—'What's latin for fish? 'Brandy, Ma'am—I'll pledge you.' 'Miss Squash is going to help you, Captain Spanks; she says you want a little reason.' 'Very well, very well.' 'Here are some heart-cakes for you, Mr. Sligo,—you are a lover.—Or what do you think of some caraway comforts?—' The type of yourself, my love! for you are all my comfort, and the delight of my life would be to carry you away.'—'Ha! ha! ha! what a delightful punster!'—'Red, sir, if you please.'—'Charge, gentlemen.—What's that?' 'Here comes Mr. Column.' 'Ha! sit down: I was just going to give the King.'—'I move an amendment.'—'An amendment!—how can that be?'—'An addition, then.]

The King, and God bless him! may his honours increase,

Now our tongue and our hearts feel the blessings of peace.'

Peace; true—a gazette—preliminaries* sign'd.

[Put about the bottle.] The King, &c.

Thus of pleasure and delight each doubly is a winner;
So glorious a toast suits so plentiful a dinner.

THE LETTER N.

Ur from a loblolly-boy none was so cute,—

Of knowing things most sort I follard;

Ben Binnacle larn'd me to read and dispute,

For Ben was a bit of a scholar.

Of the whole criss-cross row I in time know'd the worth—

But the dear letter N for my fancy;

For N stands for nature, and noble, and north,

Neat, nimble, nine, nineteen, and Nancy.

She soon was my wife, and I sail'd round the world

To get prize-money where I could forage;

And for love, wheresoever our jack was unfurl'd,

I daunted them all with my courage:

* The preliminary articles of peace were signed in London, Oct. 1, 1801, by Lord Hawkesbury (afterwards the Earl of Liverpool), and the celebrated Citizen Otto; and on the 10th, General Lauriston arrived in London with the ratification of the French government. Such was the joy of the English public on the occasion, that the French general was drawn in his carriage by the populace. On the meeting of parliament, however, in the early part of November, violent debates arose on these preliminaries: but in the House of Lords they were approved by 114 votes against 10; and by a large majority in the House of Commons, notwithstanding Mr. Fox strongly protested against calling the peace 'glorious,' contending that a glorious peace could only be the result of a glorious war. A general negotiation was afterwards entered into at Amiens, between England, France, Spain, and Holland; and the final treaty of peace was ratified on the 25th March, 1802. Unhappily, the peace was but of short duration; for on the 16th of March, following, hostilities were renewed between Great Britain and France, and war formally declared on the 18th of May. Its lamentable results are too well recollected, and too severely felt, to make it necessary here to go into further detail.

For I now read in books about heroes and fame,
And for all sorts of rows got a fancy:
Sticking still to dear N, for N stands for name,
Note, novel, neck, nothing, and Nancy.

In the midst of this bustle I lost my poor friend,
And each object around me grew hateful;
For I know'd not false heart with a fair face to blend,
Nor had larning yet made me ungrateful.
I lik'd my friend well, and deplor'd him—what then?
My wife was the first in my fancy;
For though B stands for buck, brother, bottom,
and Ben,
Yet N stands for needle and Nancy.

Well, I've weather'd life's storms, and till laid a
sheer hulk

Will my absence again never shock her;

Thanks to Fortune, at sea I've no need to break bulk,
For I've plenty of shot in the locker.

Our kids play around us, and still to pursue

The letter so dear to my fancy,

Though nineteen twice told, noons and nights but
renew

The nice natty notion of Nancy.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

To his sons cried old Gripe, 'Be my last words obey'd
Ere I'm giv'n to the grim undertaker:

Thou wert, Timothy, bred a miller by trade,—

Tom's a farmer, and Robert a baker;

Do you three, bound in one, like the bundle of sticks,

Though various the fortunes you weather,

Take my blessing, and swear, lads, whatever your
tricks,

To death that you'll all hang together.'

Possess'd of the gran'ry, the oven, and the mill,

To profit of this manumission,

They vow'd to obey their dear father's last will,

And to cherish his kind admonition.

Good man! he had taught them that prudence was
gold;

That no one should lavish a feather;

That conscience brought thousands, when once it
was sold;

And that brothers should still hang together.

Thus Tim, Tom, and Bob on remorse shut the door:

The baker to trade paid attention;

The miller kept grinding the face of the poor;

The farmer sow'd wheat and dissension.

Each shut up his heart as he shut up his purse,

Both made of good strong sticking leather;—

Their large fortunes were branded with ev'ry man's
curse,

Who wished they were all hang'd together.

And thus they went on in the good common cause.

In each other still placing reliance,

To good-fellowship, feeling, religion, and laws,

Firm and manfully bidding defiance:

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

But perjury never was one of their crimes ;
 For to prove that they outwent their tether,
 On a gibbet, by way of a touch on the times,
 Though they're dead, yet they all hang together.

TRAY.

In a snug quarter, Grub Street hight,
 A bard from attic story
 To kindred gods oft took a flight,
 Wing'd by poetic glory.
 One only friend had poet Fag ;—
 Such comes not ev'ry day,—
 His love not poverty could flag ;
 Kind friend ! his name was Tray.

Unwilling to become a clog
 Upon a purse so slender,
 A thousand ways this faithful dog
 His services would tender :
 Would fetch Fag's slippers, watch below
 Lest catchpoles might betray ;
 While devils, from Paternoster Row,
 Were all caress'd by Tray.

Thus useful at each call and beck,
 Pleas'd at each task allotted,
 Fag tied a basket round his neck,
 And Tray to market trotted :
 Anxious to go and to return,
 Ne'er loiter'd by the way ;
 And servants were enjoin'd to learn
 Fidelity from Tray.

Fag lov'd on eel-pies to regale ;—
 To have was but to ask it :
 Poor Tray was call'd ; he wagg'd his tail,
 While Fag tied on the basket.
 But who the sequel shall, alas !
 Relate without dismay :
 Two hungry mongrels soon the pass
 Disputed with poor Tray.

Determin'd, though torn limb from limb,
 To guard his master's dinner,
 Yet what to do ?—the foe look'd grim,
 And strength must name the winner.
 Thus while at this he snapp'd and growl'd,
 The other seiz'd the prey,
 Till in the dirt, dogs, eel-pies roll'd,
 The basket, and poor Tray.

They lick'd their chops,—he desp'rate grew,
 Till, midst this desolation,
 Himself he 'twixt the champions threw,
 And ate for mere vexation.
 Fag saw the scene ; sat down and wrote
 Th' adventures of the day ;—
 The poem sells, and people quote
 The deeds of honest Tray.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

Oh, did you never hear of natty Watty Walter ?
 He was a citizen, a Common-councilman, and a
 dry-salter ;

And he'd a prodigious inclination, after kicking up
 a hundred rows, his condition to alter ;—

Oh, the sweets of love !

'For,' says Watty, says he, 'I've heard that a wife
 Is the delight of a man's life,
 Except, indeed, according to the vulgar phrase,
 The cat's a top of the house, and the house thrown
 out of the window, and people tug different ways ;
 Yet, who's afraid ? my fate cries do not falter ;
 And, since destiny decides in the choice of a wife
 or a halter,

I'll marry, and that's flat,' cried natty Watty Walter.

Oh, the sweets of love !

Oh, did you never hear of pretty Kitty Twisskin ?
 Her father kept a porkshop, and she was all over
 red and white like a pork griskin ;
 And the loves and the graces in her eyes and her
 nose, and every one of her dimples were per-
 fectly frisking :—

Oh, the sweets of love !

But poor dear Kitty began to be horribly afraid
 That she should die what people generally under-
 stand by the term an Old Maid ;

So, after turning the subject in all manner of shapes,
 She could not bear the idea of going to the devil
 and leading apes ;

So up her features with a little of the right French
 rouge she began to be brisking,
 And cock'd up her nose, and set her cap, and was
 perpetually frisking ;

For determin'd to have a husband was pretty Kitty
 Twisskin :

Oh, the sweets of love !

Oh, did you never hear that people eat and drink
 in the city ?

And that they sing songs, and give toasts, all so
 smart and so witty ?

And that the husbands get money to dress out their
 wives and their daughters so neat and so pretty ?

Oh, the sweets of love !

Well, you are to know that the Lord Mayor gave a
 ball,

And Watty and Kitty happen'd to be there, think-
 ing of nothing at all ;

So Cupid let fly an arrow, which hit Wat in a zig-
 zag direction, like an izzard,

And, rebounding, enter'd Kitty's heart as she
 was swallowing the devil in the shape of a tur-
 key's gizzard ;

And from that moment she thought him so gen-
 teel, and he thought her so witty,

And she could think of nothing but Watty, and he
 of nothing but Kitty ;

And these were the delicious effects of eating and
 drinking in the city :—

Oh, the sweets of love !

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Oh, did you never hear of a place call'd Doctors'
Commons?

Where, for births, and deaths, and marriages, and
hanging, and divorces, they issue their sum-
mons;

Where the wife's heart is considered first her own,
afterwards her husband's, then her gallant's,
and at last no man's?

Oh, the sweets of love!

Well, you see Watty call'd upon one of the proctors,
A set of gentlemen, who, in all family complaints,
are a set of quack-doctors;

And that he was a bachelor, and Kitty a maid, he
roundly swore,

And that they were both at years of discretion, and
a great deal more;

So, after some scribbling, and a great many goings
and comings,

And questions and answers, and inquiries, and
haaings and hummings,

The priest confirm'd the fiat issued out at Doc-
tors' Commons.

Oh, the sweets of love!

Oh, did you never hear of a ceremony call'd throw-
ing the stocking?

Which some people think so delicious, and others
so shocking:—

Well, the bridemen and maids, to wish the bride and
bridegroom a good night, had all been flocking:

Oh, the sweets of love;

After which they return'd to drink, in possets and
wine,

Their wishes that Hymen's torch on their joys
might ever shine;

All which wishes prov'd so propitious, that, as the
sun shines at noon—

Unless it should happen to be cloudy—and the
loves and the pleasures decorate nature in June,

Their hours pass'd so sweetly throughout their
lives—oh no, throughout the honey-moon—

That a crowd of delights in their minds were per-
petually flocking,

And they declar'd there was never so pretty a ce-
remony as throwing of the stocking:—

Oh, the sweets of love!

THE LADIES.

THERE WAS a lady, a lady, a pretty lady,

The pride of Aurora!

Such a string of relations! a string of relations!

[*Ad libitum.*]

First cousin to Narcissus, Hyacinthus' cousin-ger-
man,

Heliotropus' niece, the sister of Myrtillos,

And the grand-daughter of Flora!

Alike she delighted the eyes and the nose,

She out-blush'd the belles, and she charm'd all the
beaux,

And thus we smelt out that her name was Rose.

And though she alternate gave pleasure and smart,
In my bosom I plac'd her, and nearest my heart:—
Half-seas over in love, of no danger afraid,

I thought, not remem'ring that roses would fade,
That for ever now fix'd, I had done with my
rambles.

But, alas! Heaven knows, this delicate rose,
Alas! Heaven knows, this delicate rose,
In Hymen's soft fetters I scarcely had bound,
When by symptoms of scratching I presently found

That roses have brambles, have brambles, have
brambles!

That roses have brambles!

Thus, my pretty Rose,

When I put her to my nose,

Scratch'd my face with her beautiful brambles!

There was a lady, a lady, a pretty lady,—

Not the same, but another;

Oh, such an extraction! oh, such an extraction!

[*Ad libitum.*]

She could count by the father's side all the way
back to Noah—nay, farther, to Methuselah and
Adam,—and to Eve by the mother;

Call'd a phoenix by bards, by her godmother Grace:

But, as if Madame Nature, in making her face,

Had got drunk, and so happen'd her charms to
misplace,

Though she gave her wherewithal admiration to get,
For she'd no want of ruby, or lily, or jet;

But her teeth were the jet in irregular rows,

Her lips were the lily, the ruby her nose.

Yet love attempts all things,—I swore that I'd
win her;

And this Madame Grace,

With her whimsical face,

A bride to the altar I surely had led,

Had she not bless'd a rival, who never had said

Grace before dinner, before dinner, before dinner!

Grace before dinner!

What a pity such a Grace,

With such a queer face,

Could not wait to say grace before dinner.

There was a lady, a lady, a Spanish lady,

A lovely Blondinella!

And they call'd her for shortness, they call'd her
for shortness,

[*Ad libitum.*]

Signora Flora di Guzman y Plata de Bazalos, Pin-
tenda d'Arangues Montagna

Yolante Isabella!

So numerous the charms of this heavenly belle,

They bewitch'd my fond heart like a conjuror's spell;
Had she been Orpheus' wife, he'd have fetch'd

her from hell.

The lily, the rose, and the stars in the skies,

Were eclips'd by her lips, and her cheeks, and her
eyes;

No peacock so stately, more graceful no swan:

Thus full gallop my love and my raptures went on!

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Her charms and her graces so filling my napper.
 Yet my charming belle,
 How it pains me to tell,
 Had one little blemish,—a sort of a speck,
 A kind of deduction, a drawback, a check ;—
 My bell had a clapper, had a clapper, a clapper !
 My bell had a clapper !
 Oh, the pretty belle,
 I'd have lov'd her very well,
 If she hadn't such a devil of a clapper !

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PILOT.

I was saying to Jack, as we talk'd, t'other day,
 About lubbers and sniveling elves,
 That if people in life did not steer the right way,
 They had nothing to thank but themselves.
 Now when a man's caught by those mermaids the
 girls,
 With their flatt'ring palaver and smiles,
 He runs, while he's list'ning to their fal-de-rals,
 Bump ashore on the fam'd Scilly Isles.
 Thus, in steering in life, as in steering with us,
 To one course in your conduct resort,—
 In foul winds, leaving luff and no near, keep her thus ;
 In honour's line ready,
 When fair keep her steady,
 And neither to starboard incline nor to port.

If he's true in his dealings, life's wind to defy,
 And the helm has a trim and right scope,
 Not luffing, but keeping the ship full and by,
 He may weather the Cape of Good Hope.
 But if he steers wide in temptation's high sea,
 And to pleasure gives too much head-way,
 Hard-a-port goes the helm, the ship's brought by
 the lee.

And she founders in Botany-Bay.

Thus in, &c.

In wedlock so many wrong courses are made,
 They part convoy so oft and so fast,
 Till so fond they are grown of that same Guinea-
 trade,

Cape Farewell is their anch'rage at last.
 Some men, I must own, to be dubb'd may be born ;
 But this, for the wives, I will say,
 They seldom or ever bear down for Cape Horn
 Till the husbands have shown them the way.

Thus in, &c.

As to mutinous spirits that through the world roll,
 If we had 'em aboard, Jack, with we,
 They should make No Man's Land, and skulk thro'
 Lubber's Hole,
 And at last be laid in the Red Sea ;
 But fine honest fellows, to honour so dear,
 Shall, in this world by nothing perplex'd,
 Of False Bay get to windward, bring up in Cape
 Clear,
 And bespeak a snug berth in the next.

Thus in, &c.

IN VINO VERITAS.

Come, let the bottle go round !
 A plague of dull fellows that think !
 In our wine will such virtue be found,
 Would ye wish to drive mis'ry and care from life's
 portal,
 Take a trip up to heav'n, and be dubb'd an immortal,
 You have nothing to do but to drink.
 Those who try in the lott'ry* their fortunes to mend,
 To change money for blanks, all they can rap and
 rend ;
 Who gamble at starting ten thousand to one,
 Rich as Cræsus to-day, and to-morrow undone ;
 By advertisements gull'd, who their pockets turn
 out,
 And are tickled by flatt'ry like tickling a trout ;
 Come, let the bottle round !
 Let the glasses be fill'd to the brink !
 In our wine will such virtue be found,
 Would advent'urers insure the full sum of their
 wishes,
 All the capital prizes at Pope's and at Bish's,†
 They have nothing to do but to drink !

Ye bold sons of Mars, who just vengeance have
 hurl'd
 On the foes of your country all over the world ;
 Who volunteer courage your rights to defend,
 And who war, in a peace that your labours may end ;
 As your country's true int'rest in clusters who cling,
 From this chaos of strife that fair order may spring ;
 Come, let the bottle go round,
 And fill ev'ry glass to the brink ;
 In our wine shall such virtue be found,
 In the fall of the Dutch would ye gloriously revel,
 Beat the Spaniards, and kick all the French to the
 devil,

You have nothing to do but to drink !

And ye, pretty Strephons, such torments who prove,
 Who vanity cherish, and fancy it love,

* The first public lottery in England was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, on Jan. 23, 1569. It consisted of 40,000 ten-shilling lots, and was for the purpose of raising a fund for repairing the fortifications on the English coast. In the course of time, lotteries became part of the ways and means for raising the yearly supplies for carrying on the government of the country. Within the last thirty or forty years, however, they were strongly opposed by many members of the Senate, on the ground of their demoralizing tendency, and at length they were totally abolished; the last State lottery having been drawn on the 18th of October, 1826. Besides the State Lotteries, Acts of Parliament were occasionally obtained for others of a less public character. That for the British Museum was in 1753; for Cox's Jewellery, in 1774; for the Leverian Museum, in 1784; for the Poets' Gallery of Pictures, in 1798; for the Pigot Diamond, in 1801; for Boydell's Collection of Pictures and Prints, in 1805; in 1808, the City State Lottery for the disposal of the then recently erected houses in Pickett Street, Temple Bar, Skinner Street, and Snowhill. The last lottery of all was drawn April 17, 1833, and was called the Glasgow Lottery, having for its professed object the disposal of house property in that city. The Act of Parliament for this lottery was obtained by stratagem, the Legislature having passed it in ignorance of its provisions.

† Noted lottery-office keepers.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Who think ev'ry folly 's permitted to youth,
Who propagate lies till you fancy them truth,—
And yet, so does prudence make virtue its care,
Who are only despis'd by the hon'rab'le fair ;—

Come, let the bottle go round,

And fill ev'ry glass to the brink !

In our wine shall such virtue be found,
Would you fancy all those to whom nonsense you've
written

With your sweet-scented persons are all of them
smitten,

You have nothing to do but to drink !

And last, ye young virgins about fifty-three,
Who so languish and leer as you're sipping your tea;
Who would fain the young men from the girls take
away,

Tho' the first to confess you have all had your day ;
Who as gaudy as butterflies trip it about ;

Who dress naked with spasms, and who strip in
the gout ;—

Come, let the bottle go round !

Let the glasses be fill'd to the brink ;

In our wine will such virtue be found,
Would ye low at your feet see Adonises plenty,
And be deck'd with the bloom and the graces of
twenty,

You have nothing to do but to drink !

FATHER AND I.

MOTHER were dead, and sister were married,

And nobody at home but father and I ;

So I thought, before I longer tarried,

To get a good wife my fortune I'd try ;

But I swore she the moral should be of my mother,

For ne'er was a better wife under the sky ;

So we mounted our nags to find out such another,

And we zet out a courting—Father and I !

Farmer Chaff have a datur that's famous for
breeding ;

She do daunce, and do play, and do zing, and do
write ;

But she never would talk—she were always a reading

'Bout ravishments, devils, and ghosts in white.

'Wooons !' says I, 'at that fun you won't find me
a good one ;

To be mine, girl, far other guess fish thou must
fry :

The wife for my money must make a good pudding ;

So we'll wish you good morning, Father and I.'

As to Lunnun, to manage like other folks scorning,

They sat down to breakfast when we went to sup ;

At midnight they din'd, and they supp'd in the
morning,

And went to bed just at the time we got up :

Then so poor—but that I had no heart to make
fun on.

They could not afford any cov'ring to buy ;

So shivering with cold we the girls left in Lunnun,

And came back to country, Father and I.

But, Lord ! farmers' girls be as bad as their betters,

Poor prudence and decency left in the lurch :

They paints pictures and faces, writes stories and
letters,

And dresses like sheets standing up in a church.

'Stead of sitting at home, shirts and table-cloths
darning,

Or pickling of cabbage, or making a pie,

All the clodpoles are standing astound at their
larning,—

Sad wives for the likes of Father and I.

So just as we did not know what to be atur,

'Ods wouns !' cried out Father, 'a neighbour of
mine

Died a twelvemonth ago, left a sister and datur,

And they both can milk cows and make goose-
berry-wine.'

On to see 'em we went—this fell out on a Monday—

Neither stood shilly shally, look'd foolish or shy ;

The licence were bought, and the very next Sunday
They were both of them married to Father and I.

From Most Votes.

[Dibdin produced this entertainment after he had made a tour through England and Wales ; and in the preface to his published book of songs, he expatiates on the value of the materials for his entertainment that he had gleaned in the course of this tour.]

THE POET TO HIS PEN.

SINCE for need, or my sins, or some motive as hard,
Fate has will'd, hapless fortune ! that I should turn
bard ;

Since thy tongue, little engine ! my verses must
sing,

May some merciful pow'r take thee under its wing :
That from honour's fair dictates I never may
swerve ;

That the int'rest of truth I may seize and pre-
serve ;

That, sportive or grave, I may never depart
From those morals that mend while they pleasure
the heart :

So, though boldly delineated manners and men,
Shall nothing unworthy escape from my pen.

Thus protected, watch every sentence and word ;

For the pen of a poet's a maniac's sword :

And whenever my wits toward phrenzy are gone,

The strait-waistcoat of prudence be sure to put on.

For instance,—if goaded by foul Envy's fang,

Should my hand direct thee to give Virtue a pang,

All feeling grown callous, and candour forgot,

Deface the foul thought with a generous blot :

So that while I delineate manners and men,

Nothing vile or unworthy escape from my pen.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

If impell'd by those feelings, to Honour so dear,
That extol worth and genius, or dry Virtue's tear,
Be prompt,—quick as thought the ideas impart,
Asspontaneous they emanate warm from my heart.
Should my fancy be flippant, and saucily wag,
Blur the sentence, get tardy, and linger, and lag,
Till the tint in my face call up thousands of shames,
And the scrawl I indignant commit to the flames.
Thus that while I delineate manners and men,
No unworthy idea may fall from my pen.

In fine, to thy pow'r since I must be resign'd,
Fairly ransack at will the whole store of my mind;
Seize each myst'ry, idea, and thought to be found;
Of each whim and each fancy the changes ring round:

Yet, till sanction'd by prudence, for all the world's
worth,

Dare not give e'en the trace of a sentiment birth;
Pride and honour content, bare the wound all you
can,

So you cut at the folly to better the man:
Thus, though boldly delineated manners and men,
Shall nothing unworthy escape from my pen.

ONE.

Up the Mediterranin,
One day was explaining
The chaplain and I about poets and bards;
For I'm pretty disarming,
And loves about larning

To know, and all notions that such things regards:
Then to hear him sing out 'bout the islands around,
Tell their outlandish names, call them all classic
ground,

Where the old ancient poets all formerly mess'd,
And wrote about love, and the girls they caress'd;
Swore they thought 'em all goddesses—creatures
divine,—

I thinks that he said each old gemman had nine.

Cried I, 'Well said, old ones!

These poets were bold ones;

But ev'rything's vanity under the sun.

Love's as good sport as any,

But nine's eight too many;—

I have one worth all nine, and my Nancy's that one.'

Then we read, for their wishes,

They turn'd to queer fishes,

To cocks and to bulls, in some verses they call

Ovid Metamorphus,

And one Mister Orphus

Went to hell for his wife—but that's nothing at all.

Some figary, each hour, set these codgers agog:

Old Nackron swigg'd off his allowance of grog;

Master Jove had his fancies and fine faldcrals,—

What a devil that god was for foll'wing the gals!

But what makes the curiest part of their lives,

They were always a chasing of other men's wives.

What nonsense and folly!

'Tis quite melancholy,

That a man can't be bless'd till his neighbour's
undone;

Why, 'tis wicked to ax um;

Take the world,—that's my maxum,—

So one be left me, and my Nancy that one.

Then we'd hot work between us,

'Bout Graces and Venus,

With their fine red and white, and their eyes full of
darts:

To be sure, pretty faces

Be well in their places;

But, your Rev'rence, in love there be such things
as hearts.

'Tis unmanly to chatter behind people's backs,
But 'tis pretty well known that the lady's a crack;
Besides, if these things about beauty be true,
That there is but one Venus, why I says there's two;
Say there is but one Nancy, you'll then not mistake,
For she's mine, and I'd sail the world round for
her sake.

Then no further norations,

Or chatterifications,

'Bout Venus, and Graces, and such pretty fun,

That so runs in your fancy;—

Just see but my Nancy,

You'll find all their charms splic'd together in one.

THE TOAST.

VARIOUS ways wits have tried the word Toast to
explain,—

The nymph in the bath, and the rest:

I define it a pat jeu-d'esprit of the brain,

To give to the wine a new zest.

The spirits are up; cock'd and prim'd is each glass;

Mortal pleasures are chang'd to divine;

The lover fills high to his favourite lass,

And delicious indeed tastes the wine:

Thus, whatever the vot'ries of Bacchus may boast,

The true zest of drinking is giv'n by the toast.

The dinner just finish'd, the glasses we charge,

In succession as round as a ring;

Yet no social pleasures our bosoms enlarge,

Till a brimmer we fill to 'The King.'

'The Land that we live in' next goes round, with
three;

'The Beauties of Britain,' with nine;

And though glass should hunt glass till no longer
we see,

'Tis the toast makes us drunk, not the wine.

Thus, whatever, &c.

See the tar sling the bowl,—yet his rapt'rous delight

It is not the grog that inspires;

'Tis the sweetheart he drinks, on a Saturday night

His bosom with ardour that fires:

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

That excites him of valorous actions to sing,
While of prowess he honestly boasts ;
And the duty he pays to his country and King
Is inspir'd by her beauty he toasts.
Thus, whatever, &c.

Let a Jew toast the moneysh, a placeman the court,
Or whatever men wish to obtain ;
Fine claret and Burgundy grow from sour port,
And perry is turn'd to champagne.
In short, to the sentiment, not to the drink,
Is the essence of toping confin'd :
As exactly, in writing, convey'd by the ink,
Is the fire and wit of the mind.
Thus, whatever, &c.

THE INVISIBLE PIG.

WHILE astonishment shall from your head lift
your wig,
Come here, and behold our Invisible Pig ;
Whose wonderful wit is allow'd, on all hands,
To be ready at questions as well as commands.
Of pigs' whistles we often have heard people speak,
And of pigs that could grunt, and of pigs that
could squeak ;
The Learned Pig was an extraordinary thing,—
But till now we ne'er heard of a pig that could sing.

[DIALOGUE.]

Then let showmen show off their mechanical actors,
From phantasmagorias, to metallic tractors ;
I defy them all round to produce you a rig
Like our pig of all pigs, the Invisible Pig.

But cease your surprise,—the discov'ry's not new ;
Each pig holds a devil, if you'll credit a Jew :
Thus they're held in abhorrence, as tending to evil ;
For Jews have already enough of the devil.
Yet they've nothing malignant : that pigs can do
good,

More than troops of physicians, is well understood ;
The Bath waters, so oft that make cripples dance
jigs,

King Bladud discover'd by means of his pigs.
Then let showmen, &c.

Then as patriots show me the turbulent Whig,
That the voice of the people admits like a pig :
Pigs are Hampdens and Russells ; and should there
be need,

For the good of their country they're ready to bleed :
Nay, when they're no more, for the national good,
Still our courage to rouse, for our tars they make
food,

And their bodies give up to aid human affairs ;
Which good-will to repay, men entomb them in
tombstones.
Then let showmen, &c.

DOLLY OF THE DALE.

IN the charming month of May,
When the flow'rs are springing,
The birds are singing,
And Nature's face looks gay,
Upon her head her pail,
More sweetly, I'll be bail,
Sings Dolly of the dale.

At the jolly harvest home,
Where the clowns, so merry,
Drink mum and perry,
And dance till they're all in a foam ;
Not these, nor cakes and ale,
The bumpkin can regale
Like Dolly of the dale.

Were I a man of arms,
Of fame and glory
I'd tell you a story
In honour of her charms :
I'd num'rous troops assail,
And walls and ramparts scale,
For Dolly of the dale.
I'll diamonds buy, and pearls,
All India's treasure,
For the pleasure
Of this gem of girls ;
And if Fortune should turn pale,
I'll swing ; and my ghost, all pale,
Shall haunt Dolly of the dale.

THE HARMONY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

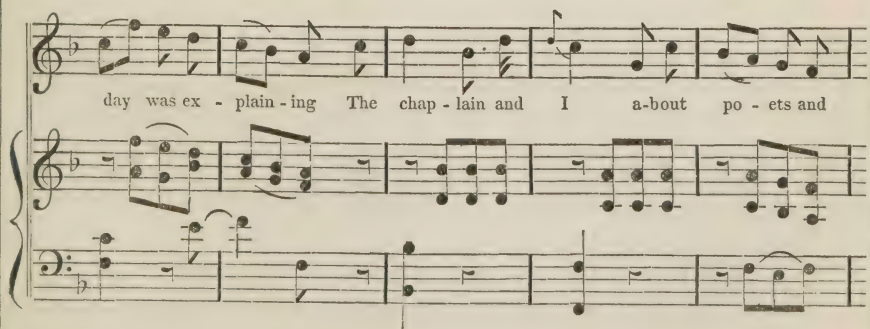
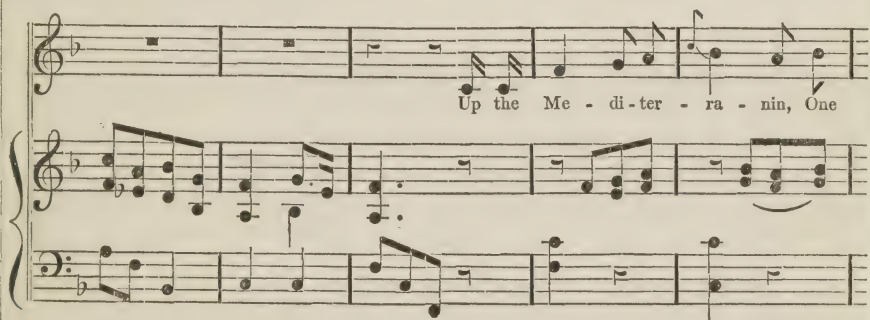
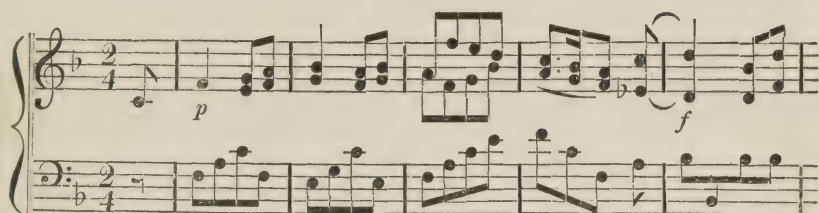
TRUE music's but enchanting sounds,
Though in sweet succession
Simplicity prescribes the bounds
To feeling and expression ;
Though fancy soar, in rapid flight,
O'er tow'ring reason's fences,
Truth speaks, and from their topmost height
The heart calls home the senses.

The hawk, though hid from mortal sight,
Exploring Nature's commons,
Scarce shall the falconer's lure invite,
Like thought obeys the summons :
So, stray'd afar on folly's tour,
While pleasure the pretence is,
The falconer's heart to reason's lure
Calls home the giddy senses.

Thus, since we're born in love to live,
To be a band of brothers,
Each well-earn'd blessing to receive,
And work the good of others,
What if from reason's path we stray ?
If venial the offence is,
Soon tir'd of folly's flutt'ring day,
The heart calls home the senses.

ONE.

ANDANTINO.



ONE.

bards; For I'm pret - ty dis - arn - ing, And loves a-bout larn - ing To

know, and all no - tions that such things re - gards: Then to hear him sing

out, 'bout the is - lands a - round, Tell their out - land - ish names, call them

all clas-sic ground, Where the old an-cient po - - ets all for - mer - ly

ONE.

mess d, And wrote a - bout love, and the girls they ca - ress'd; Swore they

The first system of the musical score for 'ONE.' It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a half note 'mess d,' followed by eighth notes for 'And wrote a - bout love, and the girls they ca - ress'd; Swore they'.

thought 'em all god - dess-es— crea-tures di - vine,— I thinks that he

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'thought 'em all god - dess-es— crea-tures di - vine,— I thinks that he'. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands.

said each old gem-man had nine. Cried I, 'Well said, old ones! These

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'said each old gem-man had nine. Cried I, 'Well said, old ones! These'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support.

po - ets were bold ones; But ev - ry thing's va - ni - ty un - der the

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'po - ets were bold ones; But ev - ry thing's va - ni - ty un - der the'. The piano accompaniment concludes the system with sustained chords.

ONE.

sun. Love's as good sport as a - ny, But nine's eight too ma - ny;—I've

one worth all nine, and my Nan-cy's that one.

Then we read, for their wishes,
 They turn'd to queer fishes,
 To cocks and bulls, in some verses they call
 Ovid Metamorphus,
 And one Mister Orphus
 Went to hell for his wife—but that's nothing at all.
 Some figary, each hour, set these codgers agog;
 Old Nackron swigg'd off his allowance of grog;
 Master Jove had his fancies and fine falderals,—
 What a devil that god was for foll'wing the gals!
 But what makes the curiest part of their lives,
 They were always a chasing of other men's wives.
 What nonsense and folly;
 'Tis quite melancholy, [undone];
 That a man can't be bless'd till his neighbour's
 Why, 'tis wicked to ax um;
 Take the world,—that's my maxum,—
 So one be left me, and my Nancy that one.

Then we'd hot work between us,
 'Bout Graces and Wenus, [darts:
 With their fine red and white, and their eyes full of
 To be sure, pretty faces
 Be well in their places: [as hearts.
 But, your Rev'rence, in love there be such things
 'Tis unmanly to chatter behind people's backs,
 But 'tis pretty well known the lady's a crack;
 Besides, if these things about beauty be true,
 That there is but one Wenus, why I says there's two;
 Say there is but one Nancy, you'll then not mistake,
 For she's mine, and I'd sail the world round for
 Then no further norations, [her sake.
 Or chatterifications,
 'Bout Wenus, and Graces, and such pretty fun,
 That runs in your fancy;—
 Just to see but my Nancy,
 You'll find all their charms splic'd together in one.

WATER-CRESSES.

MODERATO.

mf

The piano introduction consists of two staves in 2/4 time, key of D major. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

Jack come home, his pock-ets lin'd, In search of Poll, his

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in both treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are 'Jack come home, his pock-ets lin'd, In search of Poll, his'. The piano part continues with a consistent eighth-note accompaniment.

on - ly plea-sure, To Pic - kle - Stairs his course in - clin'd, In

The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'on - ly plea-sure, To Pic - kle - Stairs his course in - clin'd, In'. The musical notation remains consistent with the previous system.

her fair lap to pour his trea-sure, In her fair lap to

The third system of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment on this page. The lyrics are 'her fair lap to pour his trea-sure, In her fair lap to'. The piano part continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment.

WATER-CRESSES.

pour his trea-sure; But scarce ar - riv'd at fam'd Rag-Fair,

The first system of the musical score for 'Water-Cresses'. It features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'pour his trea-sure; But scarce ar - riv'd at fam'd Rag-Fair,'.

scarce ar - riv'd at fam'd Rag - Fair, Where the keen Jew

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'scarce ar - riv'd at fam'd Rag - Fair, Where the keen Jew'. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

the clod - pole flee - ces, His whis - tle turn'd in -

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'the clod - pole flee - ces, His whis - tle turn'd in -'. The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic pattern.

to a stare, At 'Come, who'll buy my wa - ter - cress - ses?

The fourth and final system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'to a stare, At 'Come, who'll buy my wa - ter - cress - ses?'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

WATER-CRESSES.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third system features a piano solo marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

who'll buy my wa - ter - cress-es? His whis - tle

turn'd in - to a stare, At 'Come, who'll buy my wa - ter - cress-es?'

mf

He starts and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed;
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted:
'Zounds!' cried out Jack, 'I know that phiz,—
But then, such togs—they're all to pieces!
Why, it can't be! damme! it is—
'Tis Poll a-bawling water-cresses!'

And now she's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends, in troops, with curses.

'They took,' cried she, 'my very bed;
The sticks they seiz'd, and sold in pieces;
So, to get a bit of honest bread,
I cries, Who'll buy my water-cresses?'

'Still art thou rich, my girl,' cried Jack;
'And still shall taste each earthly pleasure;
Thou'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honour, Poll, 's a noble treasure;
In this gay tog-shop, rigg'd so neat,
Ill-fortune from this moment ceases.'
This said, he scatter'd in the street
Basket, and rags, and water-cresses.

THREE CHEERS.

ANDANTINO.

When to weigh, the

boat - swain's call - ing, The tops all mann'd, The fa - ding land

Throng'd with hear - ty friends ap - pears, Then the sai - lor,

though on du - ty, Seeks fond - ly for some dis - tant beau - ty, Whose

THREE CHEERS.

to - ken on his heart he wears; Nor can his mois - ten'd

eyes with - draw: But rous'd, his cou - rage o - ver - haul - ing, The

grog goes round, He hails the sound; The toast—A prosp'rous voyage—three

f Repeat 1st Sym.
cheers! And jol - ly tars sing out Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

WATER-CRESSES.

JACK come home, his pockets lin'd,
In search of Poll, his only pleasure,
To Pickle-Stairs his course inclin'd,
In her fair lap to pour his treasure :
But scarce arriv'd at fam'd Rag-Fair,
Where the keen Jew the clodpoll fleeces,
His whistle turn'd into a stare,
At ' Come, who'll buy my water-cresses ?'

He starts and trembles at the sound,
Which now is heard, and now obstructed ;
And now his hopes are all aground,
And now 'tis to his ear conducted :
' Zounds !' cried out Jack, ' I know that phiz,—
But then, such togs—they're all to pieces !
Why, it can't be ! damme ! it is—
'Tis Poll a-bawling water-cresses !'

And now she's in his arms, while he
Bids her relate fortune's reverses ;
The world finds faithless as the sea,
And loads false friends, in troops, with curses.
' They took,' cried she, ' my very bed ;
The sticks they seiz'd, and sold in pieces ;
So, to get a bit of honest bread,
I eries, Who'll buy my water-cresses ?'

' Still art thou rich, my girl,' cried Jack ;
' And still shall taste each earthly pleasure ;
Thou'rt true, though rags are on thy back,
And honour, Poll, 's a noble treasure :
In this gay tog-shop, rigg'd so neat,
Ill-fortune from this moment ceases.'
This said, he scatter'd in the street
Basket, and rags, and water-cresses.

THREE CHEERS.

WHEN to weigh the boatswain's calling,
The tops all mann'd,
The fading land
Throng'd with hearty friends appears,
Then the sailor, though on duty,
Seeks fondly for some distant beauty,
Whose token on his heart he wears ;
Nor can his moisten'd eye withdraw :
But rous'd, his courage overhauling,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound ;
The toast—A prosp'rous voyage—three cheers !
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah !
When lightning, winds, and waves are jarring,
And madly rove,
Enough to move
Aught but a British seaman's fears ;
Then the tar, on duty flying,
The yards, the shrouds, the pump is plying—
Belay, cast off tacks, halliards, gears ;

Watches each cranny and each flaw :
But, ceas'd this elemental warring,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound ;
The toast—Great Britain's fleets—three cheers !
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah !

When the wild tumultuous battle
With horrid roar
Laves decks with gore—
When ranks the raking broadside clears—
The tar, his country's cause espousing,
Feels in his veins the lion rousing ;
And, as he Freedom's standard rears,
He gorges Death's insatiate maw ;—
But, quell'd the foe, ceas'd the loud rattle,
The grog goes round,
He hails the sound ;
The toast—Humanity—three cheers !
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah !
But when, his various perils ended,
He views the shore,
All hands to moor
With more than mortal bliss he hears :
A heav'n on earth the sailor fancies,
Hails little Toms and little Nancies ;
And realiz'd he feels and hears
Her truth he in his dreams foresaw.
To Fate, thus grateful, thus befriended,
The grog goes round ;
All hail the sound ;
The toast—Jack's welcome home—three cheers !
And jolly tars sing out—Hurrah !

THE THREE SISTERS.

To three sisters I long wish'd to tender my duty,
Whom the world I had often heard name ;
And to trumpet whose fortune, and merit, and
beauty,
Was acknowledg'd but justice in fame.
[For the youngest was stately and majestic ; the
second was a jolly, boon companion ; and the eldest
was prudent, discreet, and demure.]
But first I should tell you, tho' naught in a woman
E'er through life my aversion begat,
I'd a mortal dislike to a goose on a common,
A pig in a high wind, and a cat.
The youngest, Miss Oca, who gracefully waddled,
In my raptures I warmly address'd ;
So stately her form, her head noddled,
With her neck half a mile from her breast.
[Struck with her extraordinary charms, ' My
dear Miss,' said I, ' will you be mine ?' ' Thuisse !'
Cried I to myself, ' What a plague ails the woman ?
What mummery would she be at ?
She's been told I could ne'er bear a goose on a
common,
A pig in a high wind, and a cat.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL

Miss Porcina, the second, next claim'd my attention:
Cried I, 'Could I once call you mine,
I'd provide you more dainties than fertile invention
To feast a Lord Mayor can divine.'

['Enough! enough!—'Enough! my love; why
I have not told you half.—'Enough! enough!—
'Will you love me, my angel?—'Oui, oui, oui!']
'Zounds!' cried I, 'on this fortune I never once
reckon'd,—

I'm now, I think, smelling a rat:
The first was a goose, now a pig is the second,
And the third will no doubt prove the cat.

'I'll venture, however: 'Miss Tab, once permit me
My faith and my honour to prove;
Of unkindness you ne'er shall have reason to twit me,
So pure my designs and my love.'
['Ma love!—Ma, la, la, la, love!']
'I thought so!—Why, what a strange house have
I enter'd,

To hit all my aversions so pat:
On the goose, or the pig, I perhaps might have
ventur'd,—

But, damme! I can't stand the cat!

Here they all just like so many furies fell on me,—
Ne'er did mortal sustain such abuse;
For I found they'd been laughing and playing
upon me,

With their cat, and their pig, and their goose.
['Thuisse!—Enough! Oui!—Ma love!—Oh,
zounds! how shall I appease them? 'My dear
Miss Oca, I am sorry I mistook you for a goose.'
—'Thuisse!—Miss Porcina, pardon my unfortu-
nate mistake.'—'Enough! enough! Oui! oui!—
'And as for you, Miss Tabitha, I am sure!—'Ma
love! ma love!—'Oh, damme! I can't stand it
any longer! Ladies, you are a heavenly race, and
if you were mine, I would give the devil one to
fetch the other two.']

So said, for the first time I e'er slighted woman,
I decamp'd without taking my hat;
My aversion increas'd for a goose on a common,
A pig in a high wind, and a cat.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

AMPHION's lute and Orpheus' lyre
Pleas'd amateurs of yore,—
Our amateurs loud harps inspire,
And those we heard no more:
Harps that assist each female charm,
The snowy hand and rounded arm;
That turn, with more than mortal grace,
The stately neck and lovely face,
As rapidly the fingers trace

Each nat'ral, flat, and sharp:
But most the senses to insnare,
Give me the soft, celestial strain,
That gently floats upon the air,
That all can feel, but none explain;

In sounds the ear so smoothly greet,
From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
Æolian harp.

The love-sick maid her anxious pain
Vents from yon tow'r above,
And to the harp pours forth the strain
Sacred to night and love;
Now, while the lover scales the gates,
Disdaining watch-dogs or spring-guns,
The hour of assignation waits,
And into ev'ry danger runs,—
Nor father, brother, husband shuns.

Their weapons e'er so sharp:
The open'd window lulls his fears,
While, softly riding on the breeze,
The well-known signal to his ears
Is gently wafted through the trees;
Sounds the charm'd ear so smoothly greet,
From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
Æolian harp.

Each belle, thus holding in disdain
Apollo and his lyre,
Thumps, as she harps on the same strain,
The catgut and the wire;
The Irish harp, Scotch harp, Welsh harp,—
The mania naught can stop;
The cords they ransack, strain, and warp,
Range from the bottom to the top,
And shift, and turn, and change, and chop
Each nat'ral, flat, and sharp.
Yet naught the senses can ensnare
Like the dear soft, celestial strain,
That gently floats upon the air,
That all can feel, but none explain;
In sounds the ear so smoothly greet,
From the seraphic, self-play'd, sweet
Æolian harp.

JOLTERING GILES.

HARK! with what glee you merry clown
Reasons, remarks, and sows;
To pain and care alike unknown,
He whistles as he goes.
From Nature's lore to reason taught,
He knows not subtle rules,
But ventures off some pithy thought
That might instruct the schools.
'This ground's just like the world,' cries he,
'And thezum zeds its cares;
'How's that?' cries one—'Why, can'te zee
As I be a zowing o' tares?
Taw law rum low, de lo, de lo:
For drill, or broadcast, none do know
Better than Jolt'ring Giles to zow:
Be't beans, or wheat, or whnts, or rye,
Or barley, you mun come to I.
Taw lull drull, lull drull, li.'

THE SAPLING.

MODERATO
CON ESPRES.

mf

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand plays chords and single notes. The piece ends with a double bar line.

In ei-ther eye a ling'-ring tear, His love and du - ty well to

mf

The first system of the song. The vocal line is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

prove, Jack left his wife and chil-dren dear, Im - pell'd by

f

The second system of the song. The vocal line is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

ho - nour and by love; And as he loi - ter'd, wrapp'd in care,

p

The third system of the song. The vocal line is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The melody is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

THE SAPLING.

A sap-ling in his hand he bore, Curiously carv'd, in let - ters

The first system of the musical score for 'The Sapling'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'A sap-ling in his hand he bore, Curiously carv'd, in let - ters'.

fair— ' Love me!— Ah! love me ev - - - er -

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'fair— ' Love me!— Ah! love me ev - - - er -'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

more! Love— ah! love me ev - er - more !'

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'more! Love— ah! love me ev - er - more !''. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures and melodic movement.

The fourth system of the musical score, concluding the piece. The vocal melody ends with a final note, and the piano accompaniment provides a concluding harmonic structure.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Thus Jolt'ring Giles, the merry clown,
Reasons, remarks, and sows ;
To pain and care alike unknown,
He whistles as he goes.

One day some dashing sprigs came by,
Imported neat from town ;
As they pass'd on, Giles heard them cry—
'I say, let's quiz the clown !'
And just as they their fun began,
An ass was heard to bray—
'Ichaw!'—'Here, fellow, clown !'—'Anon !
One at a time, zur, pray.'
'We reap the fruit of all that's sown
By fellows of your stamp :'
'That's very likely, zur, I own,
Vor I be a zowing o' hamp !' Taw law, &c.

'A vrend to all the country round,
My labours all regale :
'Twas I the barley put i' the ground,
That brew'd th' exciseman's ale ;
The wheat I zow with even hand
To thousands shall give bread :—
Why there's no king or 'squire o' the land
Zo many mouths ha' ved.
I zaves zum zouls, vor aught I know—
If how thou'dst wish to larn—
The tithe of ev'ry grain I zow
Goes to the parson's barn. Taw law, &c.

'But what at last be all my pains ?
Just like to wheat or rye,
A man comes forward, counts his gains,
And holds his head up high :
And scarcely vull and ripe he's grown,
However great he be,
Death with his zickle cuts un down,
And there be an end o' he !
Zo, while a body's here below,
Clean hands be zure to keep ;
Vor, zure as death, as we do zow
We zartainly shall reap !' Taw law, &c.

THE SAPLING.

In either eye a ling'ring tear,
His love and duty well to prove,
Jack left his wife and children dear,
Impell'd by honour and by love ;
And, as he loiter'd, wrapp'd in care,
A sapling in his hand he bore,
Curiously carv'd, in letters fair—
'Love me !—ah ! love me evermore !'

At leisure to behold his worth,
Tokens, and rings, and broken gold,
He plung'd the sapling firm in earth,
And o'er and o'er his treasure told ;
The letters spelt, the kindness trac'd,
And all affection's precious store,
Each with the fav'rite motto grac'd,—
'Love me !—ah ! love me evermore !'

While on this anxious task employ'd,
Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are suddenly annoy'd,—
The boatswain's whistle cleaves the air :
'Tis duty calls,—his nerves are brac'd ;
He rushes to the crowded shore,
Leaving the Sapling, in his haste,
That bids him love for evermore.

The magic branch thus unreclaim'd,
Far off at sea, no comfort near,
His thoughtless haste he loudly blam'd,
With many a sigh and many a tear !—
'Yet why act this unmanly part ?
The words the precious relic bore,
Are they not mark'd upon my heart ?—
Love me !—ah ! love me evermore !'

Escap'd from treach'rous waves and winds,
That three years he had felt at sea,
A wondrous miracle he finds,—
The sapling is become a tree !
A goodly head that graceful rears,
Enlarg'd the trunk, enlarg'd the core !
And on the rind, enlarg'd, appears
'Love me !—ah ! love me evermore !'

While gazing on the spell-like charms
Of this most wonderful of trees,
His Nancy rushes to his arms,
His children cling about his knees.
Increas'd in love, increas'd in size,
Taught from the mother's tender store,
Each little urchin, lisping, cries,
'Love me !—ah ! love me evermore !'

Amazement seiz'd the admiring crowd ;—
'My children !' cried a village seer,
'These signs, though mute, declare aloud
The hand of providence is here—
Whose hidden, yet whose sure decrees,
For those its succour who implore,
Can still the tempest, level seas,
And crown true love for evermore.'

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

'Twas Saturday night,—six went the clock,
Spruce was the barber's shop ;
Wigs decorated ev'ry block,
From scratch to Tyburn-top.
Membrino's helmet, scour'd so bright,
Smil'd to receive the suds ;
And lab'rers flock'd to shave o'er night,
To grace their Sunday's duds ;
Who each Saturday-night,
To get decent in plight,
Get shav'd, fit for church on the Sunday,
Of their transgressions sore
To pay off the week's score,
The better to sin on the Monday.

First come, first serv'd—neighbour Eelskin, sit—
 You're summon'd to the chair.'
 The customers thicken, while round goes the wit,
 Above-board all, and fair:
 'Well, Joe, and how does the world wag?
 How's wife, and cats, and dogs?'
 'Fairly, I thank thee, Master Sprag.'
 'That's well! and how goes hogs?'—
 Thus the laugh grows loud
 'Mong the village crowd,
 Who get shav'd fit for church on Sunday,
 Of their transgressions sore
 To pay off the week's score,
 The better to sin on the Monday.

Now nothing escapes—the tax-man they rate;
 They roast and baste the cook,
 The butcher cut up, the fisherman bait,
 And the schoolmaster bring to book;
 And many a random point they hit,
 To give their sallies birth,
 And make up what they want in wit
 By noise and vacant mirth.
 Thus the laugh grows loud, &c.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

ALL nature was sportive, serene was the morning,
 The pilgrim arose from his pillow of moss,
 And sadly bewailing the day he was born in,
 His way he explor'd with his staff and his cross.
 The atmosphere thicken'd; at noon lightning vivid
 In flashes and starts rent the welkin in twain;
 The horizon grew angry, the clouds appear'd livid,
 And at eve loudly rattled the wind and the rain.

Alas! wretched pilgrim! at random so driven,
 Cold, shiv'ring, and hungry, and wet to the skin,
 The elements warring—in pity, kind Heaven,
 For some hovel, or hut, to take shelter within!
 See yonder a light—the door opens—a woman!
 'Whoever thou art, let me succour obtain!'
 'Come, and welcome!' she cried; 'how on this
 dreary common
 Was't thy fortune to stray in the wind and the
 rain?'

'Tis a type of my story—my morn was unclouded;
 Distinguish'd by pleasure I knew not to grieve;
 But scarcely came noon, when my joys were all
 shrouded,
 And my tears, like the rain, overwhelm'd me at
 eve!
 'Hail, brother in woe!' cried the fair one, afflicted;
 My story's like thine—let us mingle our pain;
 This relief to my sorrows my poor heart predicted,
 When I first saw thee drench'd in the wind and
 the rain.'

She threw back her mantle, her face to uncover,—
 He clasp'd her—she struggled—'Nay, be not
 afraid;
 Behold thy once wretched, now too happy lover!'
 'O Heav'n! what unlook'd-for delight!' cried
 the maid.
 Each began to relate a long hist'ry of wonder,
 Of parents so cruel, and wishes so vain,
 Till their ears were no longer alarm'd at the thunder,
 Nor could music delight like the wind and the rain.

THE PARACHUTE.

[In this song Dibdin alludes to the celebrated parachute descent of M. Garnerin, September 21, 1802, near St. Pancras Church. Being the first exhibition of the kind ever witnessed in England, it excited public attention in an extraordinary degree. Garnerin had, however, practised the experiment on four previous occasions in France; and this was his thirty first ascent.]

DRAW near, I pray; nor what I sing
 To aught amiss impute,—
 'Tis of a most ingenious thing,
 Yclept a parachute,
 Kindly brought over late from France,
 In fashion whilst we sprawl,
 To teach us, in life's giddy dance,
 To guard against a fall.

From France are all our fashions brought —
 And 'tis but fair to note,
 That those who have the poison taught
 Should teach the antidote;
 And lest in fancy's air-balloon
 We for assistance call,
 'Twas kind from th' influence of the moon
 To guard us 'gainst a fall.

Let them our fashions then correct,
 As far as follies reach;
 But let them nothing else expect
 To Englishmen to teach,
 Nor fondly think they can dispute
 With us fair freedom's ball;
 Our union's the true parachute
 To guard against a fall.

How to be cautious in this sort,
 We need not to be bid;
 And yet we kindly thank them for't,
 As much as if we did:
 For disaffection long time, now,
 Thank Heav'n! has ceas'd to bawl—
 Experience well has taught us how
 To guard against a fall.

Then, fellow-subjects, neighbours, friends,
 United be and true:
 So shall you ne'er the private ends
 Of the world's empire rue;
 So, by no foreign arts insnar'd,
 Your freedom to enthral,
 Shall good old England be prepar'd
 To guard against a fall.

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

MODERATO.
mf

'Twas Sa - turday night, — six went the clock, Spruce was the bar - ber's

shop; Wigs de - co - ra - ted ev' - ry block, From scratch to Ty - burn -

top. Mem - bri - no's hel - met, scour'd so bright, Smil'd to re - ceive the

THE BARBER'S SHOP.

suds; And lab' - rers flock'd to shave o'er night, To grace their Sun - day's

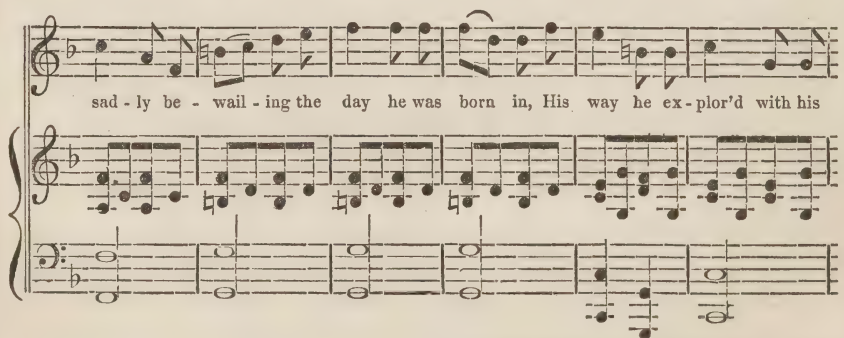
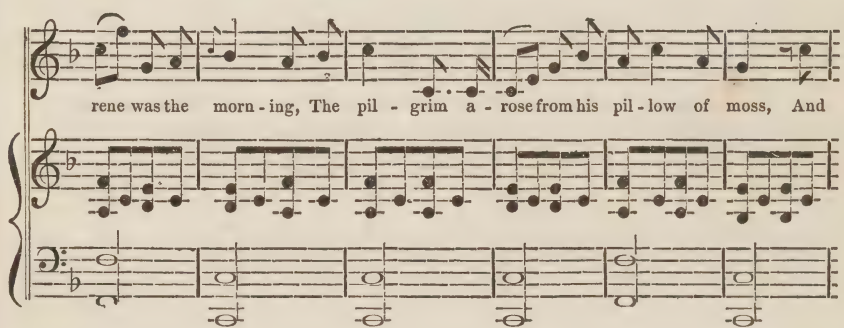
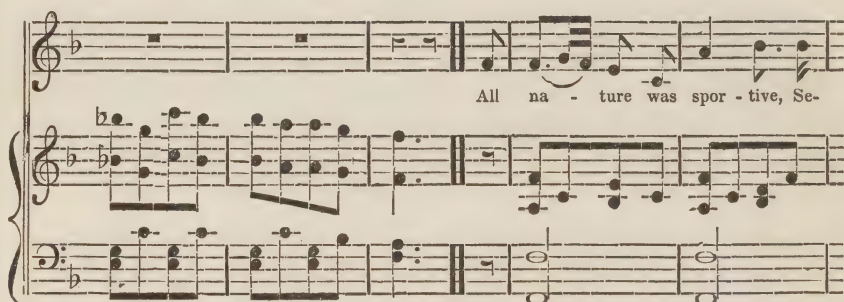
duds; Who each Sa-turday night, To get de - cent in plight, Get shav'd, fit for church on the

Sun - day, Of their transgressions sore To pay off the week's score, The

bet - ter to sin on the Mon - day, The bet - ter to sin on the Mon - day.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

MODERATO.



THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

staff and his cross, His way he ex-plor'd with his staff and his cross. The

at - - mos - phere thicken'd; at noon light-ning vi - vid In

mf

flash - es and starts rent the wel - kin in twain, In

flash - es and starts rent the wel - - kin in twain; The ho-

f

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

ri - - zon grew an - - gry, the clouds ap - pear'd li - -

vid, And at eve loudly rat - tled the wind and the

rain, at eve loud - ly rat - - tled the

wind and the rain, the wind

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

and the rain;

Th'ho - ri - zon grew an - gry, the

Repeat 1st Sym.

clouds appear'd li - vid, And at eve loudly rattled the wind and the rain.

Alas! wretched pilgrim! at random so driven,
Cold, shiv'ring, and hungry, and wet to the skin,
The elements warring—in pity, kind Heaven,
For some hovel, or hut, to take shelter within!
See yonder a light—the door opens—a woman!
'Whoever thou art, let me succour obtain!
'Come and welcome!' she cried; 'how on this
dreary common
Was't thy fortune to stray in the wind and the
rain?'

'Tis a type of my story—my morn was unclouded;
Distinguish'd by pleasure, I knew not to grieve;
But scarcely came noon, when my joys were all
shrouded, [eve!]
And my tears, like the rain, overwhelm'd me at

'Hail, brother in woe!' cried the fair one, afflicted;
'My story's like thine—let us mingle our pain;
This relief to my sorrows my poor heart predicted,
When I first saw thee drenched in the wind and
the rain.'

She threw back her mantle, her face to uncover,—
He clasp'd her—she struggled—'Nay, be not
afraid;
Behold thy once wretched, now too happy lover!'
'O Heav'n! what unlook'd-for delight!' cried
the maid.

Each began to relate a long hist'ry of wonder,
Of parents so cruel, and wishes so vain,
Till their ears were no longer alarm'd at the thunder,
Nor could music delight like the wind and the rain.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE DEVIL OUTWITTED.

FATHER one day to the mill were gone,
 Mother were out at the village,
 I by myself were left all alone,
 To look a'ter the house and the tillage :
 But I've heard, when as how a young man's by his
 self,
 The devil begins to be busy—
 The bureau were quite handy that held father's pelf,
 And my head at the sight becom'd dizzy :
 But I thought 'twould make mother to sob and to
 cry—
 'Begone,' said I, 'Satan! thy works I defy!'

There were Mally Pentoite without morsel or sup,
 For Mall lost her father and mother ;
 So being at our house like childer brought up,
 We were one as a sister and brother :
 But whenever one's good, in the devil he hops—
 Not considering on what I were doing,
 I coax'd her one day to the midst of a copse,
 And were bent upon mischief and ruin ;
 But the poor thing began for to sob and to sigh—
 'Begone,' said I, 'Satan! thy works I defy!'

To pay landlord his rent, I trudg'd me to town ;
 The girls they were I dun'na howish,
 Their clothes, what they had, were so queerly put on,
 So naked, and so all a squowish :
 Then the devil his old tricks soon began for to play,
 For the toads they did look so delightful ;
 But they gav'd me no time for to make love to they,
 Till at last I began to be frightful—
 For one of them, 'cod! she had most ravish'd I!—
 'Begone,' said I, 'Satan! thy works I defy!'

I'd now got enough,—for I'm natural good ;
 And since this temptation to evil,
 So manly and firm, I'd till that time withstood,
 At last I outwitted the devil.
 We be now man and wife—we've a girl and a boy,
 For I thought it were nonsense to dally ;
 And when they praise honour and rational joy,
 Folks do talk about I and our Mally.
 To serve friends and beat foes we be ready to fly ;
 And the Pope, and the French, and the devil, we
 defy.

THE UNION OF LOVE AND WINE.

BACCHUS and Venus, oncé, in heav'n,
 Kept up clamorous war ;
 She wonder'd for what wine was giv'n,
 And he what love was for :
 He swore love's enervating joys
 A foe to wine must prove ;
 And she, who health by drink destroys,
 Unfitted is for love.
 At length, t' appease these scolds divine,
 A fiat came from Jove,
 That love should be the friend of wine,
 And wine the friend of love :

Since when, all songs for jovial souls
 Have nothing thought divine,
 Till stuff'd with bottles, Cupids, bowls,
 And hopes, and fears,
 And sighs, and tears,
 High-bumper'd glasses,
 Pretty lasses,
 Piercing darts,
 And bleeding hearts,—
 Bacchus, Venus, love, and wine !

A HISTORY OF THE WAR,

'Twas all how, and about, and concerning the war,
 And the glory of Britain's bold navy ;
 And the different brushes, and what 'twas all for,
 That the whistle of Fame has sung out sea and
 shore :
 For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,
 French, and Spaniards, and Dutch, cry Peccavi.
 For the war how it happen'd, and what 'twas about,
 That's nothing to we—tars must do what
 they're bid ;
 So all I can tell you, the war once broke out,
 They told us to lick 'em, and lick 'em we did.
 As to order and such, you don't get that from me ;
 I shall just, as they come, speak of actions that's
 past :
 So they did us but honour, as lords of the sea,
 It don't matter a damn which came first or
 which last.

Why, now, there was Howe and the glorious
 first of June ; then there was Jarvis, when he beat
 the Spaniards fifteen to twenty-seven ; Duncan,
 with his hard blows with the Dutch ; Nelson, and
 the Nile ; but, lud ! 'tis nonsense to tell you about
 the grand affairs. Our great-grandchildren and
 their great-grandchildren will read about it, you
 know, in almanacks and things, just as people read
 of the hard frost and the fire of London. It is the
 neat little brushes that I intends to talk to you
 about. There was Pellew and the Hamphin : don't
 you remember pegging away at that seventy-four,
 just for all the world like two school-boys licking
 a great hulking fellow ? Then there was Fawkener :
 who would not have died like Fawkener ? And then
 there was Cook, in the East Indies—he fell nobly,
 too ; damme if I would not as soon be Cooke as
 Fawkener ! But avast ! avast ! there was another
 brave fellow—indeed, there was plenty of brave
 fellows, if that was all,—but I mean Hood, in the
 Mars ; just saw the Hercules strike, and died.
 Hollo ! zounds, I shall be swabbing my bows if I
 go on at this rate ; stay—what was there else ? Oh !
 there was the brush with the La Pomone ; and
 then, you know, Sir Sidney,—he did some neat
 things ; and then there was Trollope, in the Glatton ;
 and there was, you know, there was—damme
 if I know what there was, but—

'Twas all how, &c,

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

As to me, I en't learnt, for I can't read or write :
But what 's writing or reading, or any such arts ?
To find their due praise, for their country that fight,
We must read from our mem'ries what 's writ
on our hearts.

Not that heroes e'er brag, or for flattery sue,—
True brav'ry was never yet known to be vain ;
And the thanks and the honours, so nobly their due,
By deeds, not by words, gallant Britons obtain.

Why, what could be so glorious, you know, as
Pellé,* when he took the Cleopatra, boarded her,
and struck her colours ? Then there was Saumarez,
off Cherbourg, took the Reunion, killed and
wounded a hundred and twenty, without the loss
of a single British seaman ! Both knighted and
barrow-knighted ; that's right : some sense to fight
for a country like this. In short, we worked them ;
we took Neptune, and Fortune, and Victory ; but,
for the matter of that, we had all this on our side
before. Then we took Liberty—that was just
bringing coals to Newcastle, you know ; Glory,
ditto repeated ; after that, we took Immortality,
but they did not care much about that ; and then,
at last, we took their Constitution,—that was
nonsense—we had a good constitution of our own.
Then we took Resistance, and Freedom, and
Fame, and Concord ;—damme ! we took almost every
thing from them but the palarver, and that they
are welcome to. Well, then we took all the Saints
from the Spaniards, and then we took from the
Dutch—I don't know what the devil we took from
the Dutch, with their cursed hard names, but—

'Twas all how, and about, and concerning the war,
And the glory of Britain's bold navy ;
And the different brushes, and what 'twas all for,
That the whistle of Fame has sung out sea and
shore :

For when British bull-dogs begin for to roar,
The prettiest shall soon cry Peccavi.

THE COMMITTEE.

BRING the books ! let's examine the state of the
poll !

At present we 're in a minority :
Then muster your troops ! swear to lengthen the roll,
Thick and thin, to procure a majority.

* Sir Edward Pellé, in *La Nymphé*, of 36 guns, took the *Cleopatra*, of 40 guns, on June 18, 1793, off Port-land ; and Sir James Saumarez, in the *Crescent*, of 36 guns, captured the *Reunion*, of 36 guns, off Cherbourg, Oct. 20, 1793. The heroes of all these 'little brushes' were a set of skillful and desperately courageous officers, in whom the Admiralty had such confidence, that they were mostly entrusted with roving commissions, that they might not be cramped when opportunities offered for injuring the enemy in any quarter.

Are the voters all staunch ? will they all roundly
swear ?

Steady—true to the letter ?—All steady.
Are the wigs and disguises all manag'd with care ?
The rouleaus and the purses ?—All ready.

HARANGUE.

Bubbleum for ever ! huzza ! huzza !
Bubbleum for ever ! to the hustings away !
Are the cards all dispatch'd ? Is the dinner prepar'd,
That our honest adherents may revel ?
Are the squibs thrown about ? Is nobody spar'd ?
Are our foes made as black as the devil ?
Are the phalanx tremendous plac'd throughout the
town,
At every street, lane, and border,
To riot, break nappers, and knock people down,
Just to show that we keep peace and order ?
Bubbleum for ever, &c.

FINALE—THEN WHILE I BOAST.

THEN while I boast in this election,
With spirits light and heart so gay,
That first of joys, your kind protection,
Let most votes carry the day.
That here will aught be found to savour
Of brib'ry, I've no idle fears ;
Though 'tis but truth, that, for your favour,
To gain your hearts I brib'd your ears.
Then while, &c.

Then poll away,—you're my dependence ;
Three nights a week you'll find me here ;
And let me beg a full attendance,
While on these hustings I appear.
Still boasting, while in this election, &c.

Britons ! strike Home.

[This piece was written, as its title imports, to keep up the enthusiasm against our Gallic neighbours, that had been in part excited by the previous publication of our author's 'British War Songs.' In the preface to his published book of the songs in this entertainment, he says, 'I have introduced characters of every country appertaining to Britain, and have made the drift of my doctrine union and conciliation.']

THE CALL OF HONOUR.

COME, brother soldiers, join the cause !
At Honour's call your swords display,
And swear, till Freedom bids you pause,
The scabbard shall be thrown away.
Bright Glory's ensign streams in air ;
Yet, ere proud Gallia bite the dust,
To heav'n prefer a fervent pray'r
To conquer, as our cause is just.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

In Honour's quarrel, O how sweet
To taste the joys that vict'ry brings!
Trampling indignant under feet
Those slaves who threat to tread on kings.

Come, brother soldiers, give the word!
Fate lures them here to find their graves;
The sword is drawn—fair Freedom's sword,
And fatal may it fall on slaves!

Hark! how, with loud and hurried yell,
They seek destruction on our shore!
But pallid fear their din shall quell—
Wolves cease to howl when lions roar.

Not, then, to fight, but to chastise,
Arm, arm, at Liberty's command;
Britons! at Freedom's bidding rise,
And lash the cowards from the land!

Come, brother soldiers, give the word!
While shouts victorious rend the air,
The sword is drawn—fair Freedom's sword;—
Let Frenchmen tremble at its glare!

High Heav'n in this may ruin urge;
And Britain, eminently great,
Vile slav'ry from the world to scourge,
May be the instrument of Fate.

Come on! to fill Fame's ample page,
Be vengeance on these miscreants hurl'd:
The day that gives them to our rage
Shall peace restore to all the world.

Come, brother soldiers, seek the trench!
To hostile hearts be vengeance driv'n;
Your foes are the insidious French,
Your quarrel is the cause of Heav'n!

A TRIP TO THE CAMP.

[At the period of our warfare with France, when the invasion of this country by Bonaparte was apprehended, the enthusiasm of the people manifested itself in the formation of volunteer corps, to such an extent as at this day would be scarcely credited, were the fact at all questionable. The total effective strength of the volunteers of the United Kingdom amounted, at the beginning of 1804, to 460,300 men. The City of London alone furnished no less than eleven infantry regiments, under the name of the City of London Loyal Volunteers, besides a numerous regiment of lighthorse. The Bank of England, the East India Company, and the Custom House, also had their respective corps. Numerous camps were maintained about the coast at the cost of the volunteers themselves, and visits to these camps became as general and as fashionable as to race-courses in these more quiet times.—It is to excursions of this sort that the following song humourously alludes.]

I GETS up by the crow of the cock,—
My foll'wers I find steady all at their post;
Battalion! attention! 'tis past four o'clock;
To the right face about, and quick march to the coast
Fidda rum tum tum tum tum.

Caparison Vict'ry, Britannia's dam;
Bring the sociable out, and accoutre the gig;
Dick and Bet, at your post,—guard the chickens
and ham;
Lady Threadneedle, your's to take care of my wig.
Fidda, &c.

So off we all marches: I mounts Brigadier;
My wife and the infantry brings up the rear;
And in spite of rheumatics, and spasms, and cramp,
Rank and file we all dashes away for the camp.
Fidda, &c.

We meets a detachment, a yeomanry corps,—
We passes, salutes, and files off to the right;
Then we talks about ambushes, sly counterscarps,
And gins to catch Frenchmen like rats in the night.
Fidda, &c.

Then we meets some recruits; I the word gives to halt:
To bear down on their ranks I brings up my right wing,
And gives 'em some money the foe to assault,
And I bids 'em to fight for their country and king.
Fidda, &c.

Then away we all marches: I spurs Brigadier;
My wife and the infantry brings up the rear;
And in spite of rheumatics, and spasms, and cramp,
Rank and file we all dashes away to the camp.
Fidda, &c.

'Now, lovey,' says I, 'you shall see your three sons
Fall into the ranks, so alert and so glad;
For their mother and sister they take up their guns,
And to cheer the gray hairs of their happy old dad.'
Fidda, &c.

See! see! the dear boys our arrival proclaim!
To demand our credentials the sentinel comes;
The password is 'Conquer,' the countersign 'Fame,'
And we're welcom'd with music, and trumpets,
and drums.
Fidda, &c.

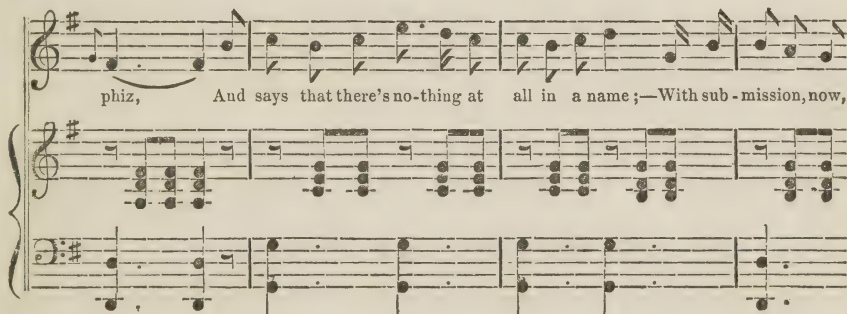
Then we goes a slow march, prancing on Brigadier;
My wife and the infantry brings up the rear;
Forgetting my rheumatics, and spasms, and cramp,
And enjoying the glorious delights of the camp.
Fidda rum tum tum tum tum;
And enjoying the glorious delights of the camp.

THE POET TO HIS LYRE.

WHY, with thy seductive strain,
Didst thou, O lyre, my senses lure?
Since Fame's still lambent like the vane,
And hapless poets all are poor?
But, tempter! thou didst swear to bend
Nature and fate to my desire,
And that my joys should never end—
O thou abominable lyre!

NANCY'S THE NAME.

ALLEGRETTO.



NANCY'S THE NAME.

come a - long-side of your fan-cy; So, when I talks of beau-ty and ev'-ry thing

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are 'come a - long-side of your fan-cy; So, when I talks of beau-ty and ev'-ry thing'. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

sweet, What name should I think of but Nancy? but Nancy, but

The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'sweet, What name should I think of but Nancy? but Nancy, but'. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

Nancy, but Nancy, but Nan - cy? So, when I talks of beau-ty, and

The third system continues with the lyrics 'Nancy, but Nancy, but Nan - cy? So, when I talks of beau-ty, and'. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in this system.

ev'-ry thing sweet, What name should I think of but Nan - cy?

Repeat 1st Sym.

The fourth system concludes the song with the lyrics 'ev'-ry thing sweet, What name should I think of but Nan - cy?'. It includes a repeat sign and the instruction 'Repeat 1st Sym.'.

You swore a work that you devis'd
Should bring the public to my hook,
And I should be immortaliz'd—
Why, fool ! I've scarcely sold a book !
And I, in spite of all you swore,
Unconstellated shall expire,
The same dull clod I was before ;—
O what a devil of a lyre !

Thou bad'st me Folly's haunts invade,
And mend the age, and make a fuss :
And what a tinker's job I made !
Why, zounds ! the age grew ten times worse !
Swor'st that thou friends to friends wouldest add,
If once 'gainst vice I would conspire ;
And so I lost the few I had ;—
An't you asham'd ? you monstrous lyre !

Once, I confess, thou told'st me truth ;—
Through thee, for solace of my life,
I wrote her praise in early youth
Who long has prov'd my constant wife :
But then thou undertook'st to prove
That I a fortune should acquire
To make me worthy of her love—
Was ever such a shabby lyre !

Yet are we friends.—If hard my lot,
While struggling with the world's despite,
Still let me own, thy faults forgot,
Thou'st giv'n me, oh ! what sweet delight !
And might I find, deriv'd from thee,
Fuel to feed old age's fire,
Thou'st lied like truth, and thou shalt be
My oracle, my hallow'd lyre !

NANCY'S THE NAME.

ONE Shakespeare, a bard and a poet of fame,
Of women likes only the phiz,
And says that there's nothing at all in a name ;—
With submission, now, I think there is :
Only mention a rose ! soon an odorous treat
Will come alongside of your fancy ;
So, when I talks of beauty and ev'ry thing sweet,
What name should I think of but Nancy.

Why, now, Bett's a bold name, and a common one
Poll ;
One's stunn'd when one thinks upon Bell ;
Paint and Patch comes athwart our ideas in Doll,
And fish, when one thinks upon Nell ;
Tab somehow sounds cattish ; Prue's prim ; Patty's
tame ;

But yet ev'ry one to their fancy :
In my simple thoughts, now, the onliest name
That means ev'ry thing lovely is Nancy.

I once of my mind box'd the compass around,
For a rhyme to the name of my love,
And for a long spell naught but *fancy* I found,
That my notions of sounds could approve.

At last, 'Avast heaving,' I cried, 'soft and slow ;
Here's a flow'r, and they call it a *pansy*,
But the true name, d'ye sec, is heartease—and so
'Tis the best rhyme that can be for Nancy.'

Master Shakspeare's a much bigger poet than I,
For with wonder he lays us all flat ; |
Commands all our passions, makes folks laugh and
cry,

Perfect godlike, or something of that :
But in this petickler I thinks as he's wrong ;
And had it once come in his fancy
To feel just as I do, O what a sweet song
He'd a giv'd us, and all about Nancy !

A WELCOME TO THE FRENCH.

[Written during the short peace in 1802.]

SINCE united we are, one and all, hand and heart,
And our union nor French nor the devil can part,
Come on, plagues of Egypt, and lean kine of Pharaoh,
The Irish shelaly, Scotch Andrew farara ;
An English oak towel shall bodder your breath
Wid a hug so paternal, 'twill hug you to death.
Come on, thick as locusts and swarms of muskatoes ;
Since we're one band of brothers and true to our
troth,
You're welcome, mounseers, to the land of potatoes,
Roast beef and plum-pudding, and Scotch bar-
ley-broth.

Is it mad that the French are ?—Hut ! honey, be asy ;
Fait and conscience ! dere not only mad but dere
crazy ;
And as larned physicians, long life to insure 'em,
Prescribe bleeding to madmen, to kill 'em or cure 'em,
So, prepar'd well to physic their whole common-
wealth,
We'll bleed 'em to death for the good of their health.
Come on, &c.

See their puppet of state, full of sin unexampled,
At Boulogne kiss that cross which in Egypt he
trampled ;
Wid their 'Vive Bonaparte,' and 'My dear Mister
Mayor,
You shall plunder de English'—'Mush oblige to
you, sare !'
Thus Jack Ketch to the taef, as the mob he ha-
rang'd,
Cried, 'Long life to you, Paddy ! come here and
be hang'd.' Come on, &c.

We're in arms, little Boney ; and as for the rest,
Fait ! when we're in earnest we're not us'd to jest ;
Besides, were a bridge built from Calais to Dover,
The devil a Frenchman alive should come over ;—
Then turn men and good Christians, repenting
what's past,
Or the very first word that you speak is your last.
Come on, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

PEACE AND WAR.

SWEET peace! that kindly sheds around
The bosom's dearest calm,
Benignly on each rankling wound
To pour a healing balm;
That leads to nature's jubilee
The pleasures in its train;
While plenty, joy, and industry,
Assume their smiling reign:
But when, in glorious freedom's quarrel,
War raises its gigantic arm,
A leaf to pluck from honour's laurel,
The meanest Briton sounds th' alarm.
War, for security, for dignity—
War, that for ever war may cease—
War, that deplores, with sweet benignity,
Those ravages that purchase peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

Forc'd into war by fiends malignant,
Who Nature and her laws reject,
Each sail of honour swells indignant,
The daring insult to correct;
To follow up with matchless bravery
Just rage, till this vile race shall cease;
Till Freedom's hand shall humble slavery,
To glad the world with smiling peace.
Sweet peace, &c.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

SINCE 'Erin go bragh' is the song of the sod,
And adds zest to each Irishman's toast,
Let our land in prond duty be consciously trod,
And be patriot virtue our boast:
United and firm, each attempt to oppose
From allegiance our minds that would draw,
Of duty the friend, of sedition the foes,
So shall honour sing 'Erin go bragh.'

Than in Ireland where nobler accomplishments
meet,
Let them show me the country who can:
'Tis the region of wit, hospitality's seat,
And for courage they'll fight to a man.
But as health breeds excrescences, spots dim the sun,
And the diamond exhibits a flaw,
By indulgence to errors our hearts shall be won,
While old England sings 'Erin go bragh.'

Ye deluded, turn back, in a profligate crew
Who seek mis'ry and shame without end;
Shake off disaffection, to duty be true,
And cherish your natural friend.
Be your only contention which fortunate isle
Shall our mutual enemies awe;
True glory shall court you, gay commerce shall smile,
And the world shall sing 'Erin go bragh.'

THE GENERAL LOVER.

I'M what the world calls, Sir, a general lover,
Yet no torments my bosom perplex;
And even caprice cannot call me a rover
For I'm constant to all the whole sex.
With me the word beautiful signifies woman;
They are all deck'd in Venus's zone;
And that we may possess our dear wishes in
common,
The toads never let me alone:
At Bath, now, last season, three-dozen Marias,
Five Silvias, nine Chloes, and fifteen Sophias,
A bundle of Tabbies, while each lovely she
Was willing at my beck and call,
Were ev'ry dear devil of 'em dying for me,
And I was in love with them all.

With me, cheeks are roses, teeth pearls, and lips
cherries;
Then there cannot be bad-coloured hair;
Black as crows, gray as badgers, or e'en brown as
berries,
For distinction they're all call'd the fair,
Some complain of their talking,—but that's a wrong
notion;
Since one day I must yield up my breath,
So their lips and their eyes their dear tongues set
in motion,

They are welcome to talk me to death.
Now at Margate, last summer, nine couple of Delias,
Six Margeries, twelve Gridelines, seventeen Celias,
Of Deborahs a dozen, Phillises three,
Still willing at my beck and call,
Were ev'ry dear devil of 'em dying for me,
And I was in love with them all.

When Mahomet's tribe were a paradise giv'n,
From women he swore 'twould have birth;
Thus they're angels—the place they inhabit is
heav'n—
And England's a heav'n upon earth.
The prophet is right, and all else are deceivers;
I'll credit whatever he saith;
Our religion is pleasure, we're Love's true believers,
And, for me, I shall die in the faith.
Why, last autumn, at Brighton, a score of Camillas,
Six Rachels, twelve Claras, and nineteen Myrtillas,
A large mob of Marys, so kind and so free,
All willing at my beck and call,
Were ev'ry dear devil of 'em dying for me,
And I was in love with them all.

A SEAMAN'S DITTY.

Come, listen to a seaman's ditty,—
Tom Taffrail was the hero's name;
His tale shall start that tear of pity
The brave and good from virtue claim

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Tom went to sea ; duty inclin'd him
 His king and country to defend ;
 But how in grief to leave behind him
 A lovely wife and faithful friend ?

Kind hearts may dwell in bosoms homely ;
 Nothing can virtue's impulse check :
 At sea, trick'd out a tar so comely,
 Tom met his friend upon the deck ;
 And see his wife, by love directed,
 In man's attire Tom's steps attend :
 Thus was he bless'd, when least expected,
 With his dear wife and faithful friend.

True pleasures are for no one mortal :
 A storm arose no skill could mock ;
 Tore masts away, strain'd ev'ry porthole,
 And bilg'd the vessel 'gainst a rock.
 Torn the dear objects he had cherish'd,
 His own life ebbing near its end,
 He smil'd, in death, that he had perish'd
 With his dear wife and faithful friend.

ANCIENT BRITONS.

If you of ancient Britons speak,
 The hardy sons of Gaul,
 So, of all Britons, you will seek
 Most ancientest of all ;
 And Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Picts,
 And Normans eke also,
 Ne'er from their mountains could unfix
 So tough and prave a foe :
 As pards, and priests, and seers, of old,
 With crowdies, harps, and lyres,
 Have sung, and have, moreover, told
 About their kitchen fires.
 And when, at last, py Longshanks won,
 For sureties and for pails,
 They pow'd not, till he made hur son,
 Got pless hur ! Prince of Wales.

You've peradventure heard, with choys,
 At Cressy and at France,
 That many hardy Monmouth poys
 Made Frenchmen skip and prance.
 'Twas in a garden,—greens did crow,
 And plums and pears, perhaps,
 And leeks most plentiful also,
 To crace their Monmouth caps ;
 Quivers of arrows they let fly,
 And also us'd the sling,
 As you shall hear ; and py and py
 Took pris'n'r the French King.
 Why was the tay, I pray you, won ?
 Why turn'd the French their tails ?
 Because Plack Edward led them on,
 The gallant Prince of Wales.
 At Agincourt was laurels won,
 When Henry took the field,—
 Henry, a Welshman pred and porn,
 That thousands made to yield.

But Henry, as with rage he purn'd,
 Did fall, and also lay ;
 When David Gam came in, and turn'd
 The fortune of the tay.
 Then should the French put up our plood,
 We're sons of David Gam ;
 And they'll find they might provoke as good
 The tevil and his tam.
 Then strike the harp, and peat the string,—
 The French shall turn their tails ;
 For George, Got pless hur ! is hur King,
 And hur son is Prince of Wales.

THE BRITISH HEROES.

The war's begun,—the British fair,
 All weakness overcome,
 The harp and lyre beneath their care,
 Now hail the sprightly drum :
 Like Sparta's matrons, nobly great,
 Wives, mothers, daughters, vie
 Who most shall heroes animate
 To conquer or to die.
 Sound the trumpet loud !
 Bid the minstrel join
 The pray'r of yonder lovely crowd,
 For our sons of Fame ;
 In sounds divine,
 Invoking each auspicious name
 In battle to defend them ;
 ' Hail ! ' they exclaim, rending the air ;
 ' O listen to our fervent pray'r,—
 May victory attend them ! '

See, with delight, some lovely fair
 Her parting hero deck ;
 A laurel-wreath adorn his hair,
 Her portrait grace his neck :
 Thus arm'd, he pants to join th' attack ;
 She firmly bids him go,
 And warns him soon to bring her back
 Some trophy from the foe.

Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

A mother cries, ' My love's first joy !
 Go,—fame and honour bring ;
 From me thou hold'st thy life, dear boy,
 In trust to serve thy king :
 Yet, from the reeking slaughter come,
 Whatever chance betide,
 In safety bring thy father home,
 Or perish by his side.'

Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

Thus shall the lovely British dame
 To latest times be sung ;
 Great, brave, and noble, as the fame
 And honour whence she sprung.
 Thus heroes perils shall survive,
 Shall love and glory share ;
 And, angel-guarded, shall derive
 Protection from the fair.

Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE FALSE ALARM.

WHAT a glorious sight! why, it glads my old heart!
When posterity once shall be told
To the proud goal of victory how Britons shall
start,—

'Twill eclipse our achievements of old.

What are Henries, and Edwards, and Richards,
and Johns,

Who their foes beat again and again?

In all their grand battles with Frenchmen and Dons,

Could they muster two millions of men?

Sound the trumpet and drum!

Let 'em come, let 'em come!

[Eh, zounds! what's that?—they are certainly
coming! O no! 'tis only a drove of pigs.]

Let them come, let them come, if they dare:

While our trumpets and drums cleave the air,

And strike them with mortal alarms,

How the mounseers will tremble and stare

To see a whole nation in arms!

In a quarrel like this, each alert artisan

Shall all occupation forego,

And of trade every implement turn, to a man,

Sure destruction to hurl on a foe.

Knock 'em down in large lots, shall our brave
auctioneers;

Hack and hew 'em shall each brother chip;

Our farmers shall thrash 'em; the bold tailor's
shears

Their thread of existence shall snip.

Sound the trumpet and drum!

Let 'em come, let 'em come!

[Eh, hark! here they come—stand to your
arms!—No! 'twas only the mail-coach.]

Let them come, let them come, &c.

Each age and condition the conflict shall join,

To deserve well posterity's thanks;

Lords, knights, 'squires, and tradesmen, 'gainst

France to combine,

Shall manfully fall in the ranks.

Of youth and of strength ev'ry sinew and nerve

Shall be strain'd, hostile projects to mar:

While those old, like me, and unable to serve,

Strain their purses, the sinews of war.

Sound the trumpet and drum!

Let 'em come, let 'em come!

[What's that?—Well, then, now they are cer-
tainly coming!—O no! damme! there was
nothing French in that.]

Let them come, let them come, &c.

THE SUBSCRIPTION AT LLOYD'S.

[As this subscription was the origin of that noble
institution which was afterwards denominated 'THE
PATRIOTIC FUND,' in which our suffering tars and
their distressed families so largely participated, we
think it right to insert, at length, the advertisement
which preceded the list of contributions received on

the 20th July, 1803, that being the day on which the
first public meeting for promoting the humane object
was held. It took place in the rooms belonging to the
Subscribers to Lloyd's, then situated over a portion of
the late Royal Exchange, which was totally consumed
by fire on the night of Wednesday, January 10, 1838.
The following advertisement fully explained the objects
of the subscription:

'Lloyd's, London, July 20, 1803.

'The Merchants, Underwriters, and other Subscri-
bers to this House, having this day met for the pur-
pose of settling on foot a General Subscription, on an
extended scale, for the encouragement and relief of
those who may be engaged in the defence of the coun-
try, and who may suffer in the common cause; and of
those who may signalize themselves during the present
most important contest:

'And feeling confident, that when our very existence,
as a Great and Independent Nation, is at stake, it
only becomes necessary to point out any means by
which the exertion of our native spirit, and the appli-
cation of our powerful resources, may receive an ad-
ditional stimulus, they beg leave to submit to the
liberal consideration of their fellow-subjects the fol-
lowing Resolutions, which have been unanimously
passed at this Meeting, and presume to hope that the
object of this Subscription will be so promoted and
sanctioned by Public Bodies in general—by the Higher
Ranks, and Opulent Classes of Society—and by indi-
viduals of every description, that the mite of the la-
bourer, combining with the magnificent donation of the
noble and the wealthy, shall be the best pledge of our
unanimity—shall inspire our seamen, our soldiers, our
countrymen at large, with a well-grounded confidence
in the liberality and gratitude of the community; and
shall impress on the minds of our enemies the appalling
conviction, *That the energies of this great Empire are
irresistible as its resources are incalculable.*

'Brook Watson, Esq. in the Chair.

'The following Resolutions were unanimously passed:

'That in a conjuncture when the vital interests of
our country, when the peculiar blessings which, under
our beloved Sovereign and happy Constitution, endear
our social state, are involved in the issue of the present
contest; when we are menaced by an enemy, whose
haughty presumption is grounded only on the present
unfortunate position of the Continental Powers; and
when we seem to be placed, for the moment, as the
last barrier against the total subjection of Europe by
the overbearing influence of France—it behoves us to
meet our situation as Men—as Freemen—but, above
all, as Britons! On this alone, with the Divine aid,
depends our exemption from the yoke of Gallic Des-
potism—on this alone depends, under the same Pro-
tecting Power, whether this empire shall remain, what
it has for ages been, the strenuous supporter of religion
and morals, the asserter of its own and the guardian
of the liberties of mankind, the nurse of industry, the
protector of the arts and sciences, the example and
admiration of the world—or whether it shall become an
obsequious tributary, an enslaved, a plundered, and
degraded department of a Foreign nation.

'That to give more effect and energy to the mea-
sures adopted by Government for the defence of our
liberties, our lives, and property—to add weight to
those personal exertions we are all readily disposed
to contribute,—it behoves us to hold out every encou-
ragement to our fellow-subjects, who may be in any
way instrumental in repelling or annoying our implac-
able foe, and to prove to them that we are ready to
drain both our purses and our veins in the great cause
which imperiously calls on us to unite the duties of
loyalty and patriotism, with the strongest efforts of
personal exertion.

'That to animate the efforts of our defenders by
sea and land, it is expedient to raise, by the patriotism
of the community at large, a suitable fund for their
comfort and relief—for the purpose of assuaging the
anguish of their wounds, or palliating in some degree
the more weighty misfortune of the loss of limbs—of
alleviating the distresses of the widow and the orphan
—of smoothing the brow of sorrow for the fall of their
dearest relatives, the props of unhappy indigence or
helpless age—and of granting pecuniary rewards, or
honourable badges of distinction, for successful exer-
tions of valour or merit.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

“That a Subscription, embracing all the objects in the foregoing Resolution, be now opened; and to set an example to the Public Bodies throughout the United Kingdom and its Dependencies, and to our fellow-subjects of every class and denomination, that, independently of our individual contributions, the sum of Twenty Thousand Pounds, Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, part of the funded property of this Society, be appropriated to this purpose.”

Resolutions were then passed for appointing a Committee, Receivers of Subscriptions, &c.; and, finally, “That all sums, however small, which shall be offered by the patriotism of the poorer classes of our fellow-subjects, shall be accepted—the cause affecting equally the liberties and lives of persons of every description.”

It was computed that about 5000 persons attended this memorable meeting. No less than ten individuals or firms contributed £1000 each before it broke up. In the course of about a month, upwards of £150,000 had been subscribed; and, at the end of about six years,—

At a meeting of the Subscribers to the Fund, held on Aug. 24, 1809, Sir Francis Baring, Bart., in the chair, it was stated that the sum received up to that period, including collections at churches and chapels, theatrical contributions, &c. &c., amounted to about £350,000; which had been increased by interest, and by the profit on stock sold from time to time, to the total amount of £424,832. 16s. 7d. The disbursements had been as follows:—£250,000 to the wounded, and to the families of those who had been killed; £40,000 to the Naval and Military Asylum; £16,000 to British prisoners in France; £16,000 in honourable badges, &c., as rewards of merit; and about £11,000 in advertising, printing, and other unavoidable expenses. Thus (to use Dibdin's expression), *magnificently* responded to was the appeal of the benevolent originators of this splendid contribution!]

If the world ever saw a magnificent act,

That time might on adamant write,
Sons of Commerce! 'tis yours;—that mankind shall attract—

Astonishment mix'd with delight!
With a spirit so noble, so hon'rably giv'n,
That all ostentation avoids;—
Oh! of thousands the pray'r shall be put up to Heav'n
For the gen'rous subscribers at Lloyd's!

When the Briton stands forth for each English-
man's right,
Such encouragement mis'ry beguiles;
And though crippled and maim'd in the glorious
fight,
Pain's appeas'd, and calamity smiles.
In his country's defence though he risk limb and
life,
He uneasy reflection avoids;
Ensured ev'ry want of his children and wife
By the gen'rous subscription at Lloyd's.

Then France! drunk with rage, to thy destiny start!
For plunder and riot grown warm;
Benevolence' voice shall appal ev'ry heart,
And Humanity wither each arm.
Though thy turbulent leader no bounds can control,
Though all reason and truth he avoids,
Let him consciously dread, and be struck to the
soul
By the glorious subscription at Lloyd's.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

THE sailor is the soldier's friend—
The soldier is the sailor's;
Though, just for gig, time without end,
They're 'gainst each other railers.
But let 'em moor 'longside a foe
In Freedom's cause to mawl 'em,
I only should be glad to know
Which best would overhaul 'em:
For though they spar like man and wife
And brother fights with brother,
Yet foes of one must take the life
Ere they can harm the other.

To have each other on the hip,
Once, when a storm was gab'r'ing,
Jack swore he would the lobster tip
A little decent lath'r'ing.
A spray spill'd one, to end their strife,—
The other never stands on't,
But over jumps and saves his life,
And so they both shook hands on't.
And thus they spar, &c.

Cried Jack, ' French treach'ry to repay
Fate and the times decree it;
England shall arm in proud array,
And glorious 'tis to see it!
But should this harvest come about,
Though both have the same meanings,
Why, we must keep a bad look-out,
Or you'll but thrash the gleanings.'
And thus they spar, &c.

How can these thieves themselves persuade
That they a scheme have hit on,
A coast so glorious to invade,
Where ev'ry man's a Briton?
They know our deeds, for all the world
Still wonder as they read 'em,
When English banners are unfurl'd,
And Britons fight for freedom.
Then let them come! in friendly strife
While brother vies with brother,
Our foes of one shall take the life
Ere they can harm the other.

CA N'IRA PAS; A SEQUEL TO CA IRA.

MONSIEUR, mon general, first consul,
I will not tell no lie;
I come de English Johnny Bull
And all his trick to spy.
First, ven I get from sea-sick free,
Just after Dover cliff,
I spy, vat I have never see,
One charmant piece rosbif.
Ta ra la, la, la,
Arrête ton bras;
Can'ra pas, ça n'ira pas—Ma foi, ça n'ira pas

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

I spy von people grand, so good,
De lamb is no so mild
If unprovoke;—put up his blood,
De tiger's no so vild.
I spy de men so bold advance,
For honour risk his lives;
And, vat I never spy in France,
De vomen all good vifes.

Ta ra la, la la, &c.

Ve say de English dog is spawn
De mastif—dat is right!
For dough like us he never fawn,
Upon my soul he bite.
Dat all your scheme vill be forsake,
I know by vat I've spied;
So, as you 'll not de lion take,
You must not sell his hide.

Ta ra la, la la, &c.

Dey glory have not mosche to seek,
For freedom haf soche charm!
Tout la canaille, in 'bout six veek,
Ave hero all in arms.
You must not dink you can prevail;
Dey're fortified all parts;
And, if you come, you'll have to scale
A vall of English hearts.

Ta ra la, la la, &c.

Dus, my commission to fulfil,
I spy vat vill be found;
One half your army vill be kill,
De 'tother vill be drown'd.
So, if in France he's all go mad,
He may expect to come;
If in his vit, he vould be glad
Better to stay at home.

Ta ra la, la la, &c.

THE AULD PIBROUGH.

ALLAN Ramsay and Burns
Ha cheerly sung, by turns,
The deeds of the crouse, bonny, bra Scottish man;
Wi' his arms awe sae sheen,
As they glisten'd in the een;
While the canty pipe sae gay
The auld pibrough did play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

Frae Ossian to Bruce,
The bra deeds to produce,
Would take monny and monny a long hour to scan;
For mickle were the bairds
Sung the feats of Scottish lairds,
When, the swankies in array,
The canty pipes did play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

With the bonnet aw so blue,
And the nimble dirk in view.

While the Andrew Farraro each arm shall bravely
span;
For the cause each bosom warms,
And they're awsome in arms,
While, the foe to dismay,
The warlike pipe shall play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

From Egypt's burning sands,
Made red by Scottish hands,
The invincible Skybalds fled, aw to a man;
For the standard that they bore
From its keeper's grasp we tore,
And the French were all dismay'd,
As the pibrough we play'd—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

Of that tune the second part
Shall fash each bangster's heart;
For if they dare approach we'll their rear make
their van:
Sons of Wallace and Bruce,
Mighty vengeance let loose;
Ancient courage display,
While the canty pipes shall play—
'There never was a Scot but was true to his Clan.'

THE GOOD SINGER. •

CÆLIA, Cælia, Cælia, Cælia, Cælia.

(DIALOGUE.)

With the hound and the horn
Awaken the morn;
Tally-ho! hark forward, my boys!
While the birds in the woods,
And the fish in the floods,
Are amazed at the glorious noise.
Sly Renard appears,
And pricks up his ears,
While Echo peeps out of her den,
Astonish'd to see,
In high spirits and glee,
Such a troop of dogs, horses, and men.
While the horn and the hound,
And the hound and the horn,
And Echo, sly Renard, the birds, and the morn,
And the horses, and—the dogs, and Echo, and Renard, and—

(DIALOGUE.)

See the battle rages high, and heroes nobly dare;
And the trumpet, sounding loud, pierces the yielding air;
And, hark! the thund'ring drum succeeds the cannon's roar,
While fierce Bellona wades through streams of foaming gore.
Hark! hark! the loud clangour!
A nation in anger

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

The heart of each patriot warms ;
While, the foe struck with wonder,
Drums' and trumpets' loud thunder
Excites ev'ry hero to arms.

(DIALOGUE.)

Gay Bacchus riding on his tun,
One morning took the air ;
The Loves and Graces join'd the fun,
And Venus, too, was there,
With her tiddle liddle liddle liddle lido.

And Momus join'd the noisy crew,
Nor car'd who took offence ;
But soon about his wit he threw
At ev'ry god's expense—

With his tiddle, &c.

He Vulcan quizz'd, he bullied Mars,
And fulminated Jove ;
Swore Venus' charms were all a farce,
And even laugh'd at Love.

With his tiddle, &c.

Meanwhile they made, with zeal devout,
The sparkling nectar foam ;
Till, though they sober had set out,
They tipsy all came home.

With their tiddle, &c.

VICTORY, AND GEORGE THE THIRD.

WHEN Dryden wrote, and Purcell sung,
'Britons! strike home!'

The patriot sounds, re-echoing, rung
The vaulted dome.

To George, a soldier and a saint,
To consecrate his lay

The poet pray'd ; his numbers paint
Our prayer of this day.

To George, our theme, a Briton born,
No less be honours giv'n,

Whose various virtues might adorn
The registers of heav'n.

Rise, all who hear me—rise, and sing
Our hearts' dear chorus, 'God save the King!'

General Chorus.—God save the King!

Since Heav'n first made Britannia sway
The ample main,

And will'd the wondering world t' obey
Her mighty reign,

From pow'r to pow'r, the great behest
By time was handed down,

That fame and glory might invest
The splendid British crown.

George was the boon by Nature will'd,
Now sov'reign of the waves,

Who the conditions well fulfill'd—
Britons should ne'er be slaves!

Chorus—Rise, all who hear me, &c.

Ye Britons! bear in soul and mind
The glorious term,

And what your ancestors enjoin'd
Do you confirm ;

Steady in Freedom's glorious cause,
United heart and hand,

Fighting for honour and the laws,
Chase slav'ry from the land.

In Arthur's reign their swords they drew,
'Heav'n and St. George, the word,—

Arm! arm! and be the word from you
'Vict'ry, and George the Third!'

Chorus—Rise, all who hear me, &c.

From Valentine's Day.

THE COMPLAINT.

O LOVELY day! ah me! the while
How hard, alas! to see
That Nature should so sweetly smile
On all the world but me!

Hark! the gay tenants of the air,
How gratefully they sing!

And hail by instinct, as they pair,
The harbinger of spring!

O lovely day! &c.

As twilight brings, in streaks so gay,
Aurora bright and clear,

So, child of promise, is this day
The twilight of the year.

O lovely day! &c.

VALENTINE'S TRAIN.

SAYS the parson of the parish, all rosy his gills,
'To increase and to multiply Scripture fulfils:
I shall take this young damsel to have and to hold—
She's the loveliest lambkin in all my whole fold;
With her fortune and int'rest once added to mine,
I shall soon be a bishop—oh rapture divine!
Of my lordly induction I long for the day,
While the organ an anthem so sweetly shall play.'

Says the lord of the manor, 'No poaching, d'ye hear!
For my own proper sport I have turn'd out this deer;
I shall dodge her and watch her from woodland
to field,

Till, panting and tir'd, to my merey she yield;
When once she's run down, leave you all in the lurch,
And in splendid procession appear at the church,
The hounds and the horses in order so gay,
While the mellow-ton'd horn the tantivy shall play.'

Says Sir Morgan ap Evans, 'Odds splutter hur nails!
'Gainst hur pirths and extractions yours nothing
avails;

Hur can boast a fine, large, and long pedicree,
Where hur ancesters crew like the poughs on a tree:
Hur to pleasant Glamorgan will carry hur pride,
And hur'll skip like the coats, and the keffels peside;
And hur'll sing, and moreover hur'll tance through
the tay,

While the harps and the dulcimers sweetly shall play.'

EVERY MAN'S FRIEND.

ALLEGRETTO.

The first system of the musical score is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a melodic line, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO.' and the dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The system concludes with the vocal instruction 'Come,'.

The second system continues the musical piece with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'all jol-ly to - pers, the toast as ye pass, Who have sworn to keep Bac-chus's' are written below the vocal staff. The piano part consists of chords and single notes in both hands.

The third system of the score contains the final lyrics: 'laws, The con - di - tions re - peat, lay your hands on the glass, And'. The musical notation continues with a vocal line and piano accompaniment, ending with a final chord in the piano part.

EVERY MAN'S FRIEND.

vin - di - cate wine and its cause. So long as the pow - er of

gen - er - ous wine Shall the prac - tice of ho - nour in - spire, Our af -

fec - tions and pas - sions to rule and re - fine, — Our af - fec - tions and pas - sions to

rule and re - fine, As gold, as gold, as gold is - sues pure from the

EVERY MAN'S FRIEND.

fire; - - So long o'er the mind may its em - pire ex - tend,— So

The first system of the musical score for 'Every Man's Friend'. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'fire; - - So long o'er the mind may its em - pire ex - tend,— So' are written below the vocal line.

long o'er the mind may its em - pire ex - tend,— So long o'er the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'long o'er the mind may its em - pire ex - tend,— So long o'er the'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

mind may its em - pire ex - tend, And the gen-er-ous bot-tle—

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'mind may its em - pire ex - tend, And the gen-er-ous bot-tle—'. The piano accompaniment features more complex chordal textures, including some triplets in the right hand.

And the gen-er-ous bot-tle— And the gen-er-ous bot-tle—the

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'And the gen-er-ous bot-tle— And the gen-er-ous bot-tle—the'. The piano accompaniment continues with sustained chords and rhythmic patterns.

EVERY MAN'S FRIEND.

The musical score is written in a key of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "gen - er - ous bot - tle be ev' - ry man's friend—the gen - er - ous bot - tle be". The piano accompaniment features a simple harmonic structure with chords and single notes. The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics: "ev' - ry man's friend." and the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the final notes of the piece, ending with a double bar line.

While in brisk circulation it genially glows
 Through each sluice of the heart in full speed,
 Turning sourness to milk in the veins as it flows,
 The children of sorrow to feed ;
 While its liberal influence, to honour so dear,
 With such pity the heart shall impress,
 As with Charity's hand to wipe off the sad tear
 That glistens to mark out distress ;
 So long o'er the mind may its empire extend,
 And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.

But when in the glass the fiend Envy shall lurk,
 Her foul train waiting near at her call,
 On the credulous mind to achieve her fell work,
 And the milk of the heart turn to gall ;
 Then may wine change to poison, and each can-
 Detected, asham'd, and alone, [k'rous elf,
 Despis'd by the world, and despis'd by himself,
 By death for his errors atone.
 So shall wine at the last serve humanity's end,
 And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Cries the rapturous lover, 'Go! quickly resign
 Charms celestial, like hers, to a passion like mine;
 He for beauty and sweetness alone has desert,
 Who riches despises, and seeks heart for heart:
 Were my love stripp'd of fortune, deserted, unknown,
 In our cottage's threshold I'd fancy a throne;
 With tenderness mutual beguiling the day,
 While the riv'let in murmurs so sweetly should play.'

Says Alderman Stuffit, 'I'm worth a whole plum;
 What girl in her wits but would yield to that sum?
 Her charms are all turtle, and ven'son, and wine;
 Then say grace, my good Domine, that I may dine.'
 Says a warrior, 'I love the dear creature, oh far
 More than death, or the noble destruction of war;
 O'er her charms what a vict'ry to carry the day,
 While the drums and the trumpets so loudly shall play!'

'Sure as death,' cried the doctor, 'her pulse I shall feel :'
 'To me,' cried the lawyer, 'she'll sign and she'll seal :'
 Cried the gamester, 'I'll win her, or else I'm undone :'
 'She'll be mine,' cried the sportsman, 'as sure as a gun :'
 'Hold your tongues,' cried the poet; you can't have her all;
 For me, to whosever kind lot it should fall,
 So you pay me, I'll sing both the song and the day,
 While the Loves and the Graces so sweetly shall play.'

EVERY MAN'S FRIEND.

Come, all jolly toppers, the toast as ye pass,
 Who have sworn to keep Bacchus's laws,
 The conditions repeat, lay your hands on the glass,
 And vindicate wine and its cause.
 So long as the power of generous wine
 Shall the practice of honour inspire,
 Our affections and passions to rule and refine,
 As gold issues pure from the fire;
 So long o'er the mind may its empire extend,
 And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.
 While in brisk circulation it genially glows
 Through each sluice of the heart in full speed,
 Turning sourness to milk in the veins as it flows,
 The children of sorrow to feed;
 While its liberal influence, to honour so dear,
 With such pity the heart shall impress,
 As with Charity's hand to wipe off the sad tear
 That glistens to mark out distress;
 So long o'er the mind may its empire extend,
 And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.
 But when in the glass the fiend Envy shall lurk,
 Her foul train waiting near at her call,
 On the credulous mind to achieve her fell work,
 And the milk of the heart turn to gall;

Then may wine change to poison, and each can-
 k'rous elf,
 Detected, asham'd, and alone,
 Despis'd by the world, and despis'd by himself,
 By death for his errors atone.
 So shall wine to the last serve humanity's end,
 And the generous bottle be ev'ry man's friend.

THE SHIPWRECK'D TAR.

ESCAP'D with life, in tatters,
 Behold me safe ashore;
 Such trifles little matters,
 I'll soon get togs galore;
 For Poll swore, when we parted,
 No chance her faith should jar;
 And Poll's too tender-hearted
 To slight a shipwreck'd tar.

To Poll his course straight steering,
 He hastens on apace;
 Poor Jack can't get a hearing,—
 She never saw his face!
 From Meg, Doll, Sue, and Kitty,
 Relief is just as far:
 Not one has the least pity
 For a poor shipwreck'd tar.

This, whom he thought love's needle,
 Now his sad mis'ry mocks;
 That wants to call the beadle
 To set him in the stocks;
 Cried Jack, 'This is hard dealing!
 The elements at war
 Than this had kinder feeling,—
 They spar'd a shipwreck'd tar.'

But all their taunts and fetches
 A judgment are on me;
 I, for these harden'd wretches,
 Dear Nancy, slighted thee:
 But see, poor Tray assails me!
 His mistress is not far;
 He wags his tail and hails me,
 Though a poor shipwreck'd tar.

'Twas faithful love that brought him,—
 O lesson for mankind!
 'Tis one,' cried she, 'I taught him;
 For on my constant mind
 Thy image dear was graven;
 And, now, remov'd each bar,
 My arms shall be the haven
 For my poor shipwreck'd tar.'

Heaven and my love reward thee!
 I'm shipwreck'd, but I'm rich;—
 All shall with pride regard thee;
 Thy love shall so bewitch
 With wonder each fond fancy,
 That children near and far
 Shall lisp the name of Nancy,
 That sav'd her shipwreck'd tar.

THE SHIPWRECK'D TAR.

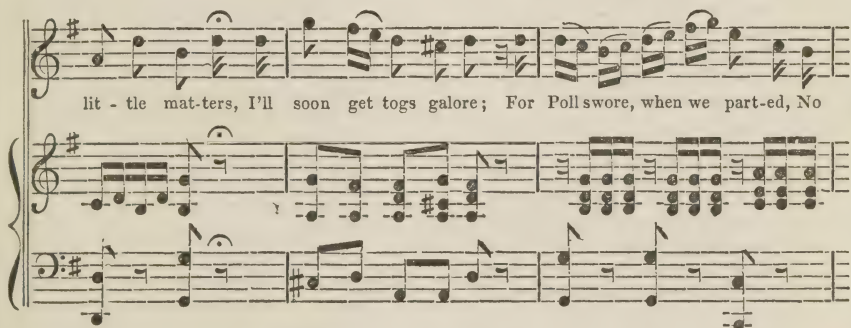
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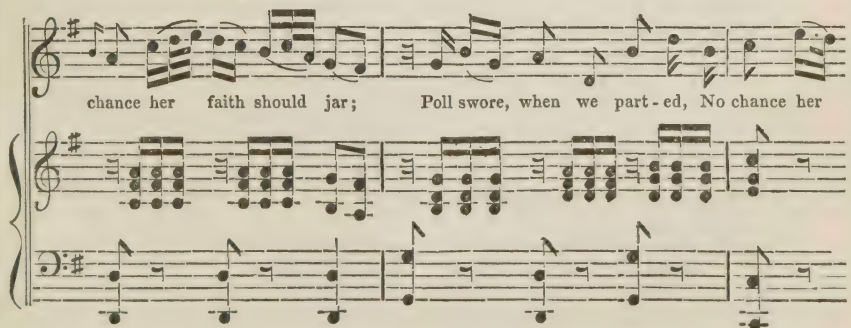
Es - cap'd with life, in tat - ters, Be - hold me safe a - shore; Such tri - fles



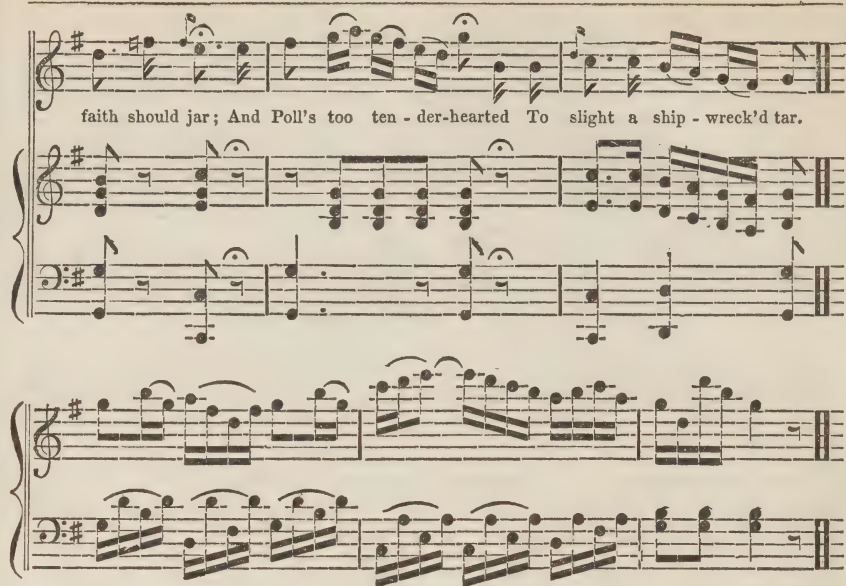
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THE TAILOR'S DAUGHTER.

THE Tailor's fair daughter of our gay town,
As a body may say, was a wag;
She had not the heart on a lover to frown,
Though of lovers in plenty she'd brag:
With her father's whole shopboard she'd toy and
she'd laugh,
Of their torment and pain making fun:
'Fie, wench!' cried the aunt, 'you're too forward
by half,—
You should never encourage but one.'

Cried Miss, 'My dear Aunt, as they sit in a row,
Can weak females beware of their arts?
Their legs graceful bending are Cupid's cross-bow,
And their needles are so many darts:
Did Venus this troop of Adonises see,
They'd all win her as sure as a gun;
Then how, my dear Aunt, can a mortal like me
Resolve to encourage but one?

'There's the polish'd Joe Thimble, the neat Tommy
Tit,
And Frank Finedraw, of love know the art;
Of Tom Sheers and Ned Needle, might soon the
keen wit

Cut out work for a duchess's heart:
Then on Goose, Snip, and Cabbage, with rail'ry
so neat,

Does Will Whipstitch so quibble and pun,
That in happiness how could my hopes be complete,
From this set did I choose out but one?'

Cried the Aunt, 'Do you think, Miss, I've not had
my day?

There was Hobnail the smith, and Tom Slough;
And Slaughter the butcher, so tender and gay;
And then Guzzle, that kept the Dun Cow;
Then the sexton and clerk would have led me to
church;

Sudds the barber, and Bob at the Tun:
But your uncle I saw, left them all in the lurch,
And e'er since have been constant to one.'

Then cried Miss, 'We're agreed, and I'll soon tell
you how,

For the maxim on't none can deny;
At your feet in the dumps, sigh, and promise, and
vow,

Nine lovers you've had, so have I:
But your case, my dear Aunt, is quite different to
mine,—

Yours were men, mine but nines only run;
So, d'ye see, even though I should wed the whole
nine,

I should still be but constant to one.'

THE PATENT COFFIN.

[There were two descriptions of these *patent* recep-
tacles for the dead: one of them was the invention
of Messrs. Richard Jarvis and Son, of Piccadilly; the
other, altogether made of iron, that of a tallow-chandler
in Goswell-street-road, of the name of Bridgman, who

subsequently removed to Fish-street-hill, and opened
his house as 'The Patent Iron Coffin Manufactory.'
They were intended as protections against the depreda-
tions of a class of traders called '*resurrection-men*,'
or, more correctly, though less classically, '*body-
snatchers*,' whose frequent robberies of the graves at
that period, for the purpose of supplying the surgeons
with '*subjects*' for dissection, had created very general
alarm among the living. They were so constructed,
that when once the lid was closed, it was so firmly
fixed by springs in the inside, that it could not be
opened till the coffin had been broken to pieces. The
durability and unyielding quality of the metal was,
however, an objection to their adoption: for the per-
sons who were interested in the profits derived from
burial-grounds almost universally prohibited their re-
ception.]

EACH age has boasted curious elves,

By patent notoriety,
Whose inventions have enrich'd themselves,
For advantage of society:
I an immortal artisan—

Pray, gents, forbear your scoffing—
Produce to-night—Muse! sing the man
That made the Patent Coffin:

Then toll the knell;—
Each passing-bell

Shall of the mighty name
Of this wondrous man be talking,
While foremost in the ranks of fame
His coffin shall be walking.

We've patent legs, and patent eyes,
And many other fallacies:

And next shall patent pillories
Succeed to patent gallowses:

Ephemeron of art, away!

In trifles only clever:
Your labours may exist their day,
But his shall last for ever.

Then toll, &c.

Yet to take heed you must not fail,
Lest to the grave they hurry you,
If you're not dead as a door-nail
Before you let them bury you:
Though waking from a trance when in,
You cry, and rave, and shout again,
Caught fairly in our patent gin,
The world can't let you out again.

Then toll, &c.

Resurrection-men! your fate deplore,—
Retire with sore vexation;
Your myst'ry's gone, your art's no more,
No more your occupation:
Surgeons! no more shall ye ransack
The grave, with feelings callous;
Though on the Old Bailey turn'd your back,*
Your only hope's the gallows.

Then toll, &c.

Death-hunters! mutes shall sing my verse,
The wondrous man applauding;
And sable plumes on many a hearse
For joy shall fall a nodding:

* This is an allusion to the hall in Warwick Lane,
immediately at the back of Newgate, in which the
College of Surgeons formerly met.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Hatchments and tombs his name shall raise,
Clerks, sextons, undertakers;
While graves shall open in the praise
Of this Prince of Coffin-makers.

Then toll, &c.

A DOSE FOR THE DON'S.

DEARLY as the stream that guides its vital motion,
Be cherish'd by each grateful British heart
The great event that gave the lordly ocean
To English tars fresh laurels to impart:
Valentine's Day in smiles came on,
Love fill'd the seaman's anxious mind,
Delighted with past scenes so sweet,
While ardent hope kept ev'ry pulse alive,—
Sweet hope some glorious moment might arrive,
To serve the wife and king and friend he left
behind,
When Jervis, with his gallant fleet,
Discover'd the proud Don.

Strange signal-guns all night distinctly hearing,
When day's faint dawn presented first the shore,
We, anxious, on the starboard tack were steering,
While east-by-north, eight leagues, Cape Vincent bore:

Near ten, propitious hope came on;
Our signal for a large fleet flew;
When instant, with a press of sail,
Form'd in two lines, onward we gaily stood;
Till boldly dashing through the yielding flood,
While honour fir'd each ship's determin'd crew,
We proudly bore up within hail
Of the astonish'd Don.

Ships twenty-seven now bid a bold defiance;
Fifteen our number, and of smaller size:
So tow'ring elephants look down on lions,
Till of their courage they become the prize:
For now the trying hour came on,
That each must act a gallant part;
Fate on one grand manœuvre hing'd,—
One mighty stroke, prompt, dangerous, and bold:
But what of English tars the courage can withhold?
We broke their straggling line, scar'd ev'ry heart,
And Jack the tawny whiskers sing'd
Of the astonish'd Don.

Here might I dwell on this unequal'd action,
That soars beyond example out of sight,—
That gain'd four ships,—that broke a dang'rous
faction;

But English seamen never brag—they fight.
Then let perfidious France come on,
Aided by Holland and by Spain,
In the deep a wat'ry grave to meet:
Fair England proudly with one voice shall sing
The worth and virtues of a patriot king;
While some such heroes lead the glorious strain
As Jervis and his gallant fleet,
That humbled the proud Don.

JERVIS FOR EVER.

[The Notes appended to the song entitled 'Naval Victories' (pp. 197, 198) will explain the occurrences referred to in this and the preceding song.]

I've sail'd the salt seas pretty much,
And rough'd it in all weathers,
The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch,
To buckle to their tethers:
And in these voyages I must need,
You see, have known some service;
But all I've know'd, and all I've seed,
Is now outdone by Jervis.

You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow* and Boscawen,

* In November, 1693, Benbow sailed with a squadron of twelve men of war, four bomb-ketches, and ten other vessels, to the coast of St. Malo, and anchoring within half a mile of the town, canonaded and bombarded it for three successive days. On the 19th, taking advantage of a dark night, a fresh gale, and a strong tide, he sent in a fire-ship, called the *Infernal*, in order to burn the town; but she struck upon a rock before she arrived at the place, and the engineer was obliged to set her on fire and retreat. She at length blew up with such an explosion as shook the whole town like an earthquake, unroofed three hundred houses, and did great mischief for three leagues round. A capstan that weighed 200lbs. was thrown upon a house, and levelled it to the ground; the greater part of the wall towards the sea fell down, and the inhabitants were so overwhelmed with consternation, that a small number of troops might have taken possession without resistance, but there was not a soldier on board. The sailors, however, took and demolished Quince Fort, and did much damage to the town of St. Malo, which had been a nest of privateers that greatly infested the English commerce.

On August 19, 1702, Benbow discovered the French squadron near the island of St. Martha, steering along the shore: it consisted of ten ships, and was commanded by Admiral du Casse. Benbow immediately formed the line, and an engagement ensued; but he was very ill-seconded by some of his captains. Nevertheless, the battle continued till night, and he determined to renew it the next morning, when he perceived all his ships at the distance of three or four miles astern, except the *Ruby*, commanded by Capt. Walton, who joined him in plying the enemy with chase guns. On the 21st, these two ships engaged the French squadron; and the *Ruby* was so disabled, that the admiral was obliged to send her to Jamaica. Next day the *Greenwich*, commanded by Capt. Wade, was five leagues astern; and the wind changing, the enemy had the advantage of the weather gage. On the 23rd, the admiral renewed the battle with his single ship, unsupported by the rest of the squadron. On the 24th, his leg was shattered by a chain-shot; notwithstanding which, he remained on the quarter deck in a cradle, and continued the engagement. One of the largest ships of the enemy lying like a wreck upon the water, four sail of the English vessels poured their broadsides into her, and then ran to leeward, without paying any regard to the signal for battle. The French then bearing down upon Benbow with their whole force, so much crippled him that he was obliged to lie by to refit, while they took their disabled ship in tow. During this interval, Benbow called a council of his captains, and expostulated with them on their behaviour: but they observed that the French were very strong, and urged him to desist. He now plainly saw that he was betrayed, and with the utmost reluctance returned to Jamaica; having not only lost a leg, but also received a severe wound in the face, and another in his arm, while he in person boarded the French admiral. Exasperated at the treachery of his captains, he granted a commission to Rear-Admiral Whetstone and other officers to hold a Court-martial, and try them for cowardice. Captain Hudson, of the *Pendennis*, died before

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going :
All pretty lads, and brave, and rum,
That seed much noble service ;
But, Lord ! their merit 's all a hum,
Compar'd to Admiral Jervis !

Now, there 's the famous ninety-two,
That made so great a bustle,
When the Rising Sun and her whole crew
Were all sent down by Russel :*
A glorious sight, I've heard them say,
And pretty was the service ;
But not like that on Voluntun's Day,
Led on by valiant Jervis !

Bold Rodney did the kingdom thank,
For that brush in the West Indies ;

his trial ; Captains Kirby and Wade were convicted, and sentenced to be shot ; and Capt. Constable, of the Windsor, was cashiered and imprisoned. Capt. Vincent, of the Falmouth, and Fogg, the captain of the admiral's own ship, the Breda, were convicted of having signed a paper that they would not fight under Benbow's command ; but the Court inflicted no other punishment than that of a provisional suspension. Capt. Walton, of the Ruby, had likewise joined in the conspiracy while in a state of intoxication, but afterwards repented, and fought with great courage until his ship was disabled. The offensive manners of Benbow had caused this base confederacy. He was a rough seaman, but remarkably brave, honest, and skilful. He took this affair so much to heart, that he became melancholy ; and his grief co-operating with the fever occasioned by his wounds, he put a period to his life.—Wade and Kirby were sent home in the Bristol, and, on arriving at Plymouth, shot on board of the ship, by virtue of a dead-warrant for their immediate execution, which had been in waiting for them. The same precaution had been taken in all the western ports, in order to prevent applications for the remission of their sentences. There are two anecdotes connected with this engagement which ought not to be omitted.—When one of the lieutenants expressed his sorrow for the loss of the admiral's leg, 'I am sorry for it, too,' replied the gallant Benbow : 'but I would rather have lost them both, than have seen this dishonour brought upon the English nation.—But, do you hear ? If another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out.' When Du Casse arrived at Carthage, he wrote to Benbow to this effect :—'Sir, I had but little hope, on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin ; but it pleased God to order it otherwise : I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up : for, by God ! they deserve it.

'Yours, Du Casse.'

* On May 18, 1692, Russel, having been joined by three Dutch squadrons, set sail for the coast of France with a fleet of ninety-nine ships of the line, besides frigates and fire-ships. Early the next morning he discovered the enemy, commanded by M. Tourville, and by eight o'clock the line of battle was formed. The French fleet did not exceed sixty-three ships of the line ; and, as they went to windward, Tourville might very easily have avoided an engagement : but he had received positive orders to fight, on the supposition that the Dutch and English squadrons had not joined. The French king was, however, apprised of their junction before they were despatched by his admiral, to whom he despatched countermanding orders by two different vessels : but one of them was taken by the English, and the other did not arrive till the day after the battle. Tourville, therefore, in obedience to his first orders, bore down on Russel's own ship, which he engaged at a very short distance. He fought with great fury till one o'clock, when his rigging and sails being considerably damaged, his ship, the Rising Sun, which carried 104 guns, was towed out of the line in great distress. Nevertheless, the engagement con-

And Parker, on the Dogger-Bank,
The Dutch beat off the hinges :
Van Tromp said how he'd sweep the sea,
Till Blake show'd him some service :
Fine fellows all,—but don't tell me
That they're the likes of Jervis !

Howe made the Frenchmen dance a tune,
An admiral great and glorious ;
Witness for that the first of June,—
Lord ! how he was victorious !
A noble sight as e'er was seen,
And did the country service ;
But twenty-seven beat with fifteen
None ever did but Jervis !

As for that same equality,
That this battle well was foughted,

tinued till three, when the fleets were parted by a dense fog. When this abated, the enemy were discovered lying off to the northward, and Russel made the signal for chasing. Part of the fleet came up with them about eight in the evening, and engaged them half an hour, when Admiral Carter was mortally wounded. Finding himself in extremity, he exhorted his captain to fight as long as his ship could swim, and expired with great composure. At length the French bore away, having lost four ships in this day's action. Next morning they were discovered crowding away to the westward, and the combined fleets chased with all the sail they could carry, until Russel's fore-topmast came by the board. Though retarded by this accident, he still continued the pursuit. On the 22nd, early in the morning, part of the French fleet was perceived near the Race of Alderney, some at anchor, and some driving to the east with the flood tide. Russel and the ships near him immediately gave chase. The Rising Sun, having lost her masts, ran ashore near Cherbourg, where she was burnt [It will be observed that Dibdin says she was 'sent down'] by Sir Ralph Delaval, together with the Admirable, another first-rate, and the Conquerant, of eighty guns. Eighteen other of the French ships ran into La Hogue, where they were attacked by Sir George Rooke, who destroyed them and a great number of transports laden with ammunition, in the midst of a terrible fire from the enemy, and in sight of their camp. Sir John Ashby, with his own squadron and some Dutch ships, pursued the rest of the French fleet, which escaped through the Race of Alderney by such a dangerous passage, that the English could not attempt to follow them without exposing their ships to the most imminent danger. It was alleged, by some, that Russel did not follow up his victory by all the advantages that might have been obtained. It was also said that his regard for the service was in a great measure cooled by the disgrace of his friend, the then Earl of Marlborough ; that he hated the Earl of Nottingham, through whom he received his orders ; and that he adhered to the letter rather than to the spirit, of his instructions. 'But this,' says Hume, 'was a malicious imputation, and a very ungrateful return for his manifold services to the nation. He acted in this whole expedition with the genuine spirit of a British admiral. He plied from the Nore to the Downs with a very scanty wind, through dangerous sands, contrary to the advice of all his pilots ; and by this bold act effected a junction of the different squadrons, which otherwise the French would have attacked singly, and perhaps defeated. He also behaved with great gallantry during the engagement ; and destroyed about fifteen of the enemy's capital ships : in a word, he obtained such a decisive victory, that during the remainder of the war the French would not hazard another battle by sea with the English.' The Queen (Mary II.) was so pleased with this victory, that she ordered £30,000 to be distributed among the sailors. She also caused medals to be struck in honour of the action, and the bodies of Admiral Carter and Captain Hastings, who had been killed in the battle, to be interred with great funeral pomp.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

In England, high and low degree
Are equally delighted :
'Tis in the mouths of all one meets,—
All praise this noble service ;
And ballad-singers in the streets
Roars—' Admirable Jervis !'

They say that he's become a *lord*,
At his Majesty's desire ;—
He always was a *king* a-board,—
How can they lift him higher ?
'Tis noble, that must be confess'd,
And suits such worthy service ;
But the title he'll be known by best
Will be—Gallant Admiral Jervis !

To Thompson let the bumbo pass,
Grey, Parker, Walgrave, Caulder,—
Nelson, that took St. Nicholas,—
My timbers ! how he mau'd her !
But we a freight of grog might start,
To drink all on that service ;
Here 's blessings on each noble heart
That fought with valiant Jervis !

And bless the king, and bless the Queen,
And bless the fam'ly royal ;
Let Frenchmen come,—'twill soon be seen
That British hearts are loyal :
Let Dutch and Spaniards join their hosts,—
They'll see some pretty service ;
Zounds ! who 's afraid, while England boasts
Such admirals as Jervis ?

VALENTINE'S DAY.

THEN since this is the day love and nature invite
Males and females in wedlock to pair,
May it here be the source of unceasing delight,
Show'ring joy on each youth and each fair ;
While the birds gay and jocund so sweet swell
their throats,

Their kind mates to delight on the spray,
To creation may happiness thrill in their notes,
To celebrate Valentine's Day.

May each husband and wife, while in love they exult,
Strive to make of each other a friend ;
And while mutually prudence they court and consult,
May their happiness be without end :
Though pure inclination should pleasure increase,
While Cupid shall Hymen obey,
Inclination to cherish that springs from caprice,
Would dishonour sweet Valentine's Day.

Be but these, then, the terms : may in wedlock your
joys

With each blessing terrestrial be crown'd ;
Be your girls good and lovely, a comfort your boys
For truth and fair honour renown'd :
May the smiles in which each happy face shall be
dress'd

Of the heart the sweet transport display.
May the single be married ! the married be bless'd !—
So all hail to sweet Valentine's Day !

From New Year's Gifts.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

SINCE custom commands us to give
Some wish to our friends at this season,
And of those by the public who live
Is requir'd all they can give in reason,—
For me, I'd bestow ev'ry good
That can fall on child, woman, and man ;—
But since I can't give what I would,
You'll permit me to give what I can ;
And while your protection my mind nobly lifts,
Like friends let us give and receive new year's gifts.

If I could, I'd to lovers impart
That condition, so sweet and delicious,
That as they hold honour at heart,
So might all their hopes be propitious :
To those who to merit are blind,
Common sense should recover the sight ;
And in those who distress human kind,
Remorse should turn crime to delight :
'Twas for this wholesome end, that the mind nobly
lifts,
Sprung the custom to give and receive new year's
gifts.

Public speakers, a sound pair of lungs ;
To guttlers, a choice of rich dishes :
To the ladies, the sweet gift of tongues ;
And to placemen, the loaves and the fishes :
I'd give prudence to those who to sail
Down the torrent of folly are bent ;
And on those who at Providence rail
I'd bestow the sweet balm of content.

'Twas for this, &c.

As to us, while discussion and wars
By the roots we're effectually grubbing,
Old England's brave soldiers and tars
Shall the Spaniards and French give a drubbing ;
And who knows, since in dignified ire
Our banners are nobly unfurl'd,
We, before the new year shall expire,
May give freedom and peace to the world.
'Twas for this, &c.

MANNERS.

THE same fidgety manners and whimsical taste,
The same April and changeable weather,
Mark the fashions in England, adopted in haste,
And that last not three hours together.
The same folly 's encourag'd, frivolity priz'd,
The same imposition protected ;
The same sober advice is contemn'd and despis'd,
The same genius and merit neglected :—

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

Yet 'tis only in fools all this nonsense has birth ;
By the worthy, the wise, and the clever,
The genuine offspring of honour and worth
Is as heartily cherish'd as ever.

The same ewes, dress'd lamb-fashion, cough, ogle,
and leer,

Of palsy and love in possession ;
The same beaux, beyond fifty by many a year,
Will be never at years of discretion.

The same dream of existence, call'd fashion and life,
Puts the vot'ries of ton in the vapours ;

The same puffs, for a nostrum, a horse, or a wife,
Are daily held out in the papers.

Yet 'tis only, &c.

Yet a genius appears, whose desert none can miss,
And in whom no one's judgment's mistaken,
By Providence giv'n to no country but this,
As in Newton, or Shakspeare, or Bacon.
All superior gifts of the mind neatly plac'd,
One beautiful casket well pack'd in,
Nature, anxious for England in matters of taste,
Sent young Roscius* to renovate acting.

Thus 'tis only, &c.

THE WIFE.

As a sailor's all one as a piece of the ship,
So my wife is a piece of myself :
We eat the same biscuit, partake the same flip,
And, wer't worlds, she should keep all the pelf.
All her wishes are mine ; we have only one heart,
One maxim, one pleasure, one fancy :
Not oceans our love for a moment can part,
For I always am present with Nancy.

When leagues far and wide, for my comfort and use
If I want to examine my chest,
What delight to my heart does the rummage produce
When I'm rock'd in my hammock to rest !
The cordials and comforts, so tidily plac'd,
Haul her taught to my heart and my fancy ;
And the needles and housewife her fingers have
grac'd

Quell my soul, till I'm nothing but Nancy.

Then in case that in battle I wounded should be,
Here a rag, there a bandage, appears,
All mark'd with her hair,—and 'tis easy to see
That she wash'd them, poor soul ! with her tears.
And should I get wounded in fight, maim'd, or blind,
What a dainty delight for my fancy !
The misfortune would make me, sweet love ! she's
so kind,
More dear to the heart of my Nancy.

* The celebrated Master Betty, who was denominated 'The Young Roscins,' made his first appearance on the stage at Covent Garden Theatre, on Dec. 1, 1804, being then but a lad. He was undoubtedly possessed of considerable talent, and for his years his acting was extraordinary ; but not to such a degree as to justify the *furor* that seized all classes to attend his performances, or such hyperbolic rhapsodies as the one contained in the line above.

All true honest tars have their duty at heart ;
Their country and king they defend ;
They spare foes, they love honour, and never depart
From their post as a Briton and friend.
But how, were their courage so kept up by love,
They'd indulge in the generous fancy !
They'd fight like the lion, forgive like the dove,
If, like me, they'd a wife such as Nancy !

DISCIPLINE.

SINCE discipline's the strongest cord
That ties the martial ranks,
Attention be the soldier's word,
To win his country's thanks.
Each cannot be a general,
Nor lead the glorious van :
To be a hero, stand, or fall,
Depends upon the man.
Let all, then, in their station stand ;
Each point of duty weigh !
Rememb'ring those can best command,
Who best know to obey.

In wide creation's stock, the mite,
However low its birth,
With just regard in Heaven's sight,
Holds estimated worth.
Thus glory will its radiance shed
With energy divine,
Nor more on gen'erals at the head,
Than privates in the line.
Let all, then, &c.

Obedience ev'ry worth combines ;
Diffuses to each part
That ardour which the mind refines,
Expands and mends the heart ;
For honour, glory, and the laws,
Is native courage giv'n ;
And he who fights his country's cause
Fights in the cause of Heav'n.
Let all, then, &c.

Thus, made of parts, each grand machine
Moves on as by one will ;
For were the least obstruction seen,
The fabric would stand still.
So armies, with one mind that act,
In duty to their king,
Move in a column close, compact,
Their courage the mainspring.
Let all, then, &c.

YOUR GOOD KIND OF MAN.

THROUGH nature just show me, my soul, if you can,
Such a blessing in life as your good kind of man ;
Who, while he the midway in life's road always
chooses,
Still cherishes most the dear friend he abuses.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

'Tis true, he's as mawkish as water lukewarm,
And never does good—but he never does harm;
So gen'rous, he'll give you—advice by the hour;—
As to more, he has neither the will nor the pow'r:
But since no kind of friend can give more than
he can,

Give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

He is often officious, impertinent, rude;
And risks an offence,—but 'tis all for your good;
And who now would be so fastidious and nice,
An insult to check that was meant for advice?

He'll show you to keep your false friends at a distance,

Which were all mighty kind, if they had but existence;

In a constant alarm he'll instruct you to live,
And forewarn you of dangers that ne'er can arrive;—

Yet his friendly anxiety blame if you can:
No! give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

All his senses are your's, which were all very well,
If, like any one else, he could see, hear, and smell;
But he smells out a plot none would dare to attempt,
And he hears people talk of what no one e'er dreamt:

Then he sees all the world to his merits are blind,
Plain as cats in the night, or as pigs in the wind;
And thus cautiously warn'd in no snare to be caught,

If you won't be unhappy, it is not his fault.
Ah! such friendly anxiety blame if you can:
No! give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

I confess, though he bores you with counsel, this elf
Is the last man on earth to take counsel himself;
For though 'gainst friends and foes all his scandal
is hurl'd,

He's so pure, that he has not a fault in the world.
Besides, since your good he has always in view,
Were he black as the devil, pray what's that to you?
Can't you let him go on, and his nonsense endure?
Does not Nature give poisons distempers to cure?
Thus nothing you've said, when you've said all
you can,—

Ah! give me, my dear jewel, your good kind of man.

THE FRENCH CALENDAR.

BEN Bouse and Kit Capstan, two whimsical dogs,
Were sporting their gibes and their jeers,
And pretty well handling the nation of frogs,
And all the whole race of Mounseers.

'Why their months be all alter'd throughout the
whole year!

Then they count by ten days!—I say, Kit,
Just tell us the go of this calendar here—
You jabbers that lingo a bit.'

['And a sweet lingo it is—why don't they talk

English, like other people?—but they don't do
anything like anybody else. Why can't they
reckon by the week, as we do? I said they would
go headlong to the devil when they left out Sunday.'—
'Yes, yes! the old gemman has got pretty
fast hold of them with his grappling-irons; and
so, to keep 'em sure, he has sent them one of his
imps for an Emperor.']

Yet 'tis pity such millions to slav'ry to bring—
Poor devils! I wish that, like us, they'd a king!

'Well about and concerning their months,—let
us see;

How they rule these poor ignorant slaves!—
Why, I should not have know'd what they very
well be,

But I sav'd a Mounseer from the waves.
Why, Nivose is snowy, and Pluviso is rain,
And Trimaire is frost, Ventose wind;
Germinal's about sowing of seed and of grain;
Fructidore means all fruits in their kind.'

'Well, as they sow, so they may reap; but I
fancy, sow how they will, we shall reap the fruits
of their labours.'—
'Why, damme! what a vain
and impudent set of monkeys they are, to think
the elements have nothing else to do than to please
their fancies! Honest Englishmen be contented
with what sort of weather 'tis the will of Providence
to send 'em; but they arn't satisfied with
trying to capsize all Europe—they want to capsize
the world.'—
'Damme! let 'em take care we don't
capsize them.'] Yet 'tis pity, &c.

'Well, Prairial's green fields, and Thermidor's heat,
And Messidor's when they make hay;
And Florial's all about flow'rs that smell sweet,
When their frolics and gambols they play:
Then Brumaire means a fog, when they can't steer
at sea;

Vendemaire is concerning of grapes;
But the grapes will be sour if they falls foul of we,—
My gilms! what a nation of apes!

['Why, it puts me in mind of a thing in a story-
book, where there is a sort of an amphibious animal,
that had somewhat of a monkey, and somewhat of
a cat, and somewhat of a tiger, and somewhat of
a fox; and with all these pretty innocent gifts, he
managed to gain over the beasts well enough: and
this, you see, so puffed up his pride, that he
thought he could be a match for the lion, and so
he affronted him. Lord help the poor stupid
monster of a thing! the lion, just for the good of
the other beasts, only put his paw upon him, and
he lay stretched in a moment. Now, you see, the
little Corsican may play his monkey tricks upon
the Continent, and frighten, and tease, and coax,
and threaten, as much as he pleases;—only let
him take care of the lion, that's all I say. Why
'what idiots these French be!']

Yet 'tis pity, &c.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE FINISHED TRAVELLER.

I've rang'd o'er creation,
Each climate and nation,
That knowledge to gleam for which travellers roam;
Yet I found, by men's actions,
Those manly attractions
That visit the world are in England at home;
For jewels and treasure,
A store beyond measure
From all corners of earth our wide commerce shall
draw!
To prove, while each blessing
We thus are possessing,
No nation like Britain the sun ever saw.

As to men, all inherit
Some suitable merit:
In Germany science; in Italy parts;
In Portugal meekness;
In Spain fear and weakness;
In France they have tongues; and in England
they've hearts,
And in manners and features
Heav'n's perfectest creatures,
Who honour observe, and obey reason's law;
They proclaim their own nation,
Throughout all creation,
Most happy and great that the sun ever saw.

As to women, sweet faces
And exquisite graces,
To complete that dear race, in each country abound;
But their heav'nly communion,
In true perfect union,
Nowhere in the world but in England is found.
Then be vice of all nations,
Like foul exhalations,
Absorb'd in our minds by truth's lenient law;
So, our right thus awarded,
Shall be England recorded
The happiest land that the sun ever saw.

THE RED-COATS.

When the soldiers so gaily march into a town,
The market-place, lin'd with these sons of renown,
Gives new life to the fair, while each wondering clown
With surprise and delight is struck dumb:
The billets are sign'd; to their quarters convey'd,
They instantly set up the foraging trade;
From roll-call at morning and ev'ning's parade,
Till Go-to-bed Tom beats the drum.
The officers pay their devoirs to the fair,
And make good their quarters their favours to
share;
They attend the 'Squire's lady and spruce Mistress
Mayor,
And they vacantly whistle and hum;

And they simper and leer, and they lounge and they
loll,—
For they all wear red coats, and are handsome and
tall;
And they follow the fiddle all night at the ball,
And next morning they follow the drum.

The sergeants the chambermaids try to seduce;
Molly Bar wins the corp'ral, so neat and so spruce;
While the clowns' wives and daughters, inclined to a
truce,

With the soldiers to parley soon come:
Entertainments go forward, joy lights up each face,
For they march with a strut, and they dance with a
grace;

Martial law now acknowledg'd throughout the
whole place,
They to nothing attend but the drum.

Now the rout is arriv'd, and the raptures all cease;
Farmers, glad to their souls they have got a release,
Go, and carefully lock up their daughters and geese,
While the females look ev'ry where glum;
Strange vows and quaint oaths join the kind part-
ing cup,
While sighing and blubb'ring are mix'd with each
sup;
And the officers spruce to the windows look up,
And march off to the sound of the drum.

VIVE LA PESTE.

'VIVE L'EMPEREUR!' vociferates a true Paris
parrot;
So a magpie near Wandsworth bawls out;
While the Emp'r'or of France, and the Emp'r'or of
Garratt,*
About pedigree make the same rout:
For both are rank scrubs in their titles and names:
Garratt's millions are vermin and fleas,
And the Empereur des Galles the French language
proclaims,
As the chief of a shabby disease.

* The origin of the mayor and members of Garratt was thus:—About 1750, several persons who lived near that part of Wandsworth which adjoins Garratt Lane, had formed a kind of club, not merely to eat and drink, but to concert measures for removing the encroachments made on that part of the common, and to prevent any others being made for the future. As the members were most of them persons in low circumstances, they agreed, to contribute at every meeting, a trifle in order to make up a purse for the defence of their collective rights. When a sufficient sum of money was sub- scribed, they applied to a worthy attorney in that neighbourhood, who brought an action against the encroachers, in the name of the president (or, as they called him, the Mayor) of the club. They gained their suit with costs; the encroachments were destroyed; and, ever after, the president, who lived many years, was called 'The Mayor of Garratt.' This event hap- pening at the time of a general election, the ceremony, upon every new parliament, of choosing out-door mem- bers for the Borough of Garratt, has been constantly kept up, and is still continued.

THE NAUTICAL ANATOMIST.

MODERATO.

f

Jack Jig - ger, a cu - rious and whim - si - cal tar—For a sort of a ge - nus was

mf

Jack— One day with the French, in a bit of a spar, By a small shot was

ta - ken a - back; It swi - vel'd his fin - gers, and splinter'd the bone, And the

THE NAUTICAL ANATOMIST.

arm a-bout pretty well knock'd: 'Now,' cried he, with a dam - me in-

stead of a groan, 'I sup - pose I must go and be dock'd!' The sur-geon with

feel - ing made Jack understand That the arm must come off—' Why then, brother, Man the

Repeat 1st Sym.

nippers and knife—for we tars understand In mis - fortune to help one a - no-ther.'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Let the French, in their raptures so vapid and vague,
This mock emp'ror with honours invest;
So the thieves, as they plunder'd a house in the
plague,
To each other cried out—'Vive la Peste!'

But who shall deny that the Corsican hero
Has as ancient a house as you'll see?
Dionysius, Caligula, Claudius, and Nero,
Were all men of blood—so is he;
And in murder and plunder he'll still take the lead,
Like them, a fierce blood-hound, full bred;
Only let him, while safe in fond fancy, take heed,
Lest he pull this old house on his head.

Let the French. &c.

The fly, born to flutter about and expire,
Boasts from Phœbus' bright radiance he sprung;
But the upstart forgets, that, whoe'er was his sire,
He issued from carrion or dung.
So Napoleon is right to high birth to pretend,—
Lord knows who his great father to call!
Lest he, like Prince Prettyman, prove, in the end,
The son of no father at all.

Let the French, &c.

The first hangman of France was a thief nam'd
Bourreau;
The worst stigma the state could invent,
'Twas decreed that the name and the office should go
Through his race in a lineal descent:
Then let all in whom malice and mischief unite
Have the curse of each man true and hearty;
So shall, e'en from this hour till the world sinks in
night,
Ev'ry villain be called Bonaparte.

Let the French, &c.

MRS. O'LEARY.

From the gridiron of love I'm come off piping hot,—
Ne'er so pepper'd was any fond lover;
Cupid's darts so flew round me, like large red-hot
shot,
That I'm kilt, and can never recover:
So murd'rous he look'd, as he play'd in her eyes,
That I thought him the Corsican fairy—
Devila bit! 'twas young Cupid, hid snug in disguise
In the twinklers of Mistress O'Leary.

'Oh! Mistress O'Leary! most heavenly fair!'
Cried I, 'I'll be your's from this hour;
For I'd not give a rap for your lovers that swear
To do anything out of their pow'r:
They must eat up a crocodile, swallow the sea,
As neat as a glass of Canary,
And do each uncomatable thing that can't be,
For such a sweet Mistress O'Leary!'

Cried Mistress O'Leary, 'My heart would you
gain,

You must stick you just kneeling before me;
And, while tortur'd, declare there's no pleasure
like pain,

And you did it because you adore me.'
'Devil fire you!' cried I; 'would you kill me
outright?

Sure, you're always at some new vagary:—
En't I mad all the day, and distracted all night,
For the charms of sweet Mistress O'Leary?

Do you think she was cruel?—The devil a bit!

In boldness there's nothing forbidding:
She was pleas'd with my person, and charm'd
with my wit,

And we talk'd of the feast and the wedding.
The colcannon went forward, the pipes and the
whisky,

And we danc'd till the bridesmaids were weary;
And now, my dear jewel! to Mistress O'Frisky
Is transmogrified Mistress O'Leary.

THE NAUTICAL ANATOMIST.

JACK Jigger, a curious and whimsical tar—

For a sort of a genus was Jack,
One day with the French, in a bit of a spar,
By a small shot was taken aback;
It swivel'd his fingers, and splinter'd the bone,
And the arm about pretty well knock'd:
'Now,' cried he, with a damme instead of a groan,
'I suppose I must go and be dock'd!'
The surgeon with feeling made Jack understand
That the arm must come off—'Why then, brother,
Man the nippers and knife,—for we tars understand
In misfortune to serve one another.'

As he saw in his berth, in the cockpit below,
That blood which his messmates had spilt,
Of the doctor poor Jack was vast curious to know
In what manner a seaman was built.
The surgeon held forth about art'ries and veins,
About muscles, and sinews, and limbs,
While Jack all his lingo took in with great pains,
His mouth open, and staring his glims;
And as he replied to each curious demand,
Call'd the doctor a friend or a brother,
And swore that all weathers all tars bear a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

'Why if this is the maxim, by all that I sees,
A man's built just the same as a ship:
From the keel, the backbone, to the tops and
cross-trees,

To take in life's ocean a trip.
A muscle and sinners, a brace and a stay;—
And as for men's fears and their hopes,
They're the masts, and the fibres his frame, that
belay

Running rigging, and all the small ropes.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

And as all in their station in full understand,
Take the part of a friend or a brother,
To their duty turn in, and like tars lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

'His senses and feeling, his lingo and wit,
The complement make of his crew;
And ships knock'd about must come in to refit,
All as one as I now comes to you.
Then as ships by the wind, if a breeze or a gale,
Venture either for life or for death,
So a man through the ocean of life could not sail,
Were he not kept afloat by his breath:
And as men who sail under Ma'am Fortune's com-
mand
Are all kind, like a friend or a brother,
So from cables to ratlines the ropes lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.

'The heart is the rudder, the bowsprit the head;
Ship and man at fair weather rejoice;
Man struggles through life, just like heaving the
lead;
The bold speaking-trumpet's the voice;
And when wore to a hulk, or by storms took
aback,
To the dregs Fate has emptied his can—
The lot of all vessels, as well as poor Jack—
The ship founders, and so does the man.
Let each man, then, that sails under Heaven's
command,
Still turn out a friend and a brother,
And faithful to honour, like tars lend a hand,
Just only to serve one another.'

THE PARROT.

OLD Quibus, with yet a colt's tooth,
Was tied to a lass of sixteen,
Who to charm him not only had youth,
But such beauties as rarely are seen:
But the neighbours, who always a rout
Love to make about people's affairs,
In Quibus's absence watch'd out,
And saw a gallant brought up stairs.
'You're abus'd,' cried a very kind friend,—
'Her treach'ry I saw from my garret;
All your comfort and hope's at an end—
If you won't believe me, ask the parrot.
Cunning devil! he knows 'tis all truth;
Why, bless you! he saw and heard all!—
Poll, did you not see a fine youth
In this room?'—'Room for cuckolds,' cried Poll.

Thus, much mischief accomplish'd, the door
Was scarce shut on this meddling elf,
When Quibus, to go slow and sure,
Cried, 'I'll talk to the parrot myself:—
Pretty Poll, when I was away,
Did you e'er see my wife toy and kiss?'
Ha, ha, ha! cried the parrot; 'Nay—nay,—
Do you think I'm a—you know what?'—'Yes!'

'And is the dog handsome?'—'Yes!'—'Young?'
'Yes!'—'Is't true he came here in a chariot?'
'Coach for Poll!'—'Twas a raven that sung!
Shall I then pin my faith on a parrot?
Curs'd bird, and fond idiot I!
Ere thus I my happiness thrawl,
To the world's furthest verge will I fly
To find peace!'—'Room for cuckolds!' cried Poli.

The wife, struck with an excellent thought,
Thinking on a sure footing to go,
To be even with Quibus, next taught
Meddling Poll to say nothing but 'No.'
Cried he, 'I'll make one more essay:
Tell me, devil, what said my false wife
When her spark ask'd to kiss her?'—'No!'—
'Hey!

Does she love him?'—'No!'—'Thou givest me
life!'
'Did she flout him?'—'No!'—'Bid him not
come?'
'No!' no.'—'Shut the portal, and bar it?'
'No!'—The wife now burst into the room:
'Mighty well, sir, to credit a parrot!
My virtue suspected!—Is't thus
I am treated and vex'd, after all?
My happiness turn'd to a curse!
Begone!'—'Room for cuckolds!' cried Poll.

In hysterics she now sigh'd and sobb'd,
And shed a few crocodile tears,
Till in concert old Quibus' heart throbb'd,
And he begg'd her to banish her fears;
Said her tears would but spoil her sweet face;
Naught his heart of its pleasure should chouse;
That he'd leave such a scandalous place,
And instantly take a new house.
'Twas envy, and malice, and spite;
His happiness nothing should mar it;
And he'd now, to ensure his delight,
Sue the neighbours, and part with the parrot.
He next, not to lengthen his stay,
Pack'd up wife, goods, and chattels, and all;
While in fun, as they took her away
To be sold—'Room for cuckolds!' cried Poll.

THE PUFF DIRECT.

[The present generation will look with astonishment
on a lottery puff delivered from the stage: but at the
time when these very questionable sources of revenue
were at their zenith, no expedient or expense was
spared to excite public attention to them; and none
seemed to feel abased in co-operating to the same
purpose, provided they were well paid for their ser-
vices. An enumeration of the principal lotteries will
be found at page 210 of this work.]

A JACK-TAR had receiv'd a large sum
At Lloyd's, for a valorous deed;
Which, summon'd by duty from home,
With Poll he entrusted to breed.
She kept a small pothouse at Wapping,—
For from trifles we fortune begin;
But Jack, on the Portsmouth road stopping,
Found Poll had set up a large inn.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

For, Jack gone, Poll, determin'd to nick it,
And cut in the world a fine dash,
Had purchas'd a lottery ticket,
[At Pope's, near the Royal Exchange, close to the
Bank,]

And got a large prize with Jack's cash.

A farmer in Yorkshire to ruin
Went, spite of his labour and care;
For the fool, still resolv'd to be doing,
Betted high on the Thornton* affair.

The law did his property rifle;

But, one day, of a fellow in need

Some papers he bought for a trifle—

For the beggar could not write or read.

What he'd lost by the faucet, the spigot,
By this chance, had most luckily found:—

He had purchas'd a lottery-ticket,

[Sold at Bish's establish'd lottery-office, No. 4,
Cornhill,]

That turn'd up the ten thousand pound!

A poor woman, with tears her eyes swimming,
Torn with mis'ry, that worst of all sores,

By her husband, who follow'd bad women,
Was shamefully turn'd out of doors.

One morn, near the Serpentine straying,
She had made up her mind to jump in:

But 'twas shallow; and something was playing,
That, bobbing about, hit her chin.

Whate'er Fortune sends, always nick it:

The poor wretch, scarce believing her eyes,

Soon found 'twas a lottery-ticket,

[Sold at Hazard's and Co., under the piazza of the
Royal Exchange,]

And it turn'd up a capital prize.

Thus, unless some adventure surprising

Should fall out, 'twill not merit your thanks;

For if purchas'd by fair advertising,

Lott'ry-tickets will all turn up blanks;

But if, as the monkey is playing,

They are almost destroy'd by his paw,—

Or if fishermen, near the shore straying,

Find 'em hid in a crocodile's maw,—

Hail the chance! for then sure shall ye nick it;

Then the day of your fortune shall dawn;

For ev'ry such fortunate ticket,

[Either bought at Richardson and Goodluck's, or
Branscomb's, or Hodson's, or Swift's, in
the Poultry, or any other of the lucky
lottery-offices in London and Westminster,]

Will turn up a prize as first drawn.

THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES.

Two farmers a right were determin'd to try

About a few sheep that were mark'd,

Thick here with an U, and thick here with an I;

And in a fine mess they embark'd.

* This alludes to the wonderful performance of a celebrated race-horse, the property of the no less celebrated Colonel Thornton.

They'd employ'd a poor fool that could not read or
write,

To dab 'em with ochre and pitch;

But he did 'em all wrong: now I know'd, by their
breed,

Without any marks, which were which;—

But as dull as their sheep, when they bleated out ba,
Naught these farmers would serve but they mun
go to la.

We were brought up to 'zize, and the counsel their rigs
And their fun did not lay on by halves;

And zo zimple they look'd, with their cauliflower
wigs,

The sheep zeem'd to be tried by the calves.

I were first cross-examin'd,—a pretty good name,

For curs'd ill-natur'd they grew;

But, for all their fine larning, I thought 'twere a
shame

That they could not find out I from U.

Foolish neighbours! thought I, as your sheep that
cry ba,

To fatten such cattle by going to la!

Zo cried one, 'You know sheep, Sir, and things
of that zort,

And can tell us about I and U;'

'Yes, I can, Sir; and, zince I've been brought up
to court,

I have larn'd to know sheep and wolves too.'

'Well, among all our gowns in that room that there
lie,

Could you one in particular hit?'

'No, no! Mister Counsel! for, 'twixt you and I,
Your gowns be'n't like sheepskins a bit.'

So they laugh'd like so many sheep that cry ba,
Though 'tis no laughing matter when folks go to la.

At last, being told that they'd each of 'em win,

And the parties were both zet agog on't,

'Bout these sheep, when the jury their verdict
brought in,

They neither could make hog or dog on't.

Zo the farmers came home just as wise as they went,

To take care of the ditches and fences;

Obligated to lessen their next Christmas rent,

To pay for the lawyers' expenses.

And it com'd a by-word, when the sheep cried out ba,
For friends to live quiet, and ne'er go to la.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE.

I WAS spoil'd by my mother in youth;

Had a vicious old devil of a tutor,—

Who, however, had yet a high tooth,

And 'twas plain to mamma was a suitor.

A shame to his cloth and his age,

He encourag'd each scandalous passion,

And did all he could to engage

My mind to the vices in fashion.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

For my mother, her husband now dead,
The old lad had some influence upon her ;—
But my father, upon his death-bed,
Cried, 'Dear Tom! never part with your honour !'

Put up to all manner of tricks,
Of their virtue the girls to be bilking,
I stroll'd in the farms, 'mongst the ricks,
And saw pretty Dolly a milking.
She told such a pitiful tale
Of her poor aged friends and lame brother,
That I cried, 'My dear girl, mind your pail,
And give this to your father and mother.'
No, no! it shall never be said
That I meanly and dastardly won her!
'Twas my father said, on his death-bed,
'Dear Tom! never part with your honour !'

Scarcely out of this hobble I'd got,
With a comfort so pure and so winning,
When I peep'd in a neat little cot,
And saw comely Jenny a spinning.
My heart throbb'd; but of Robin she talk'd,
And true love mix'd with sighing and sobbing,
That I cried, though confoundedly balk'd,
'Jenny, give these five guineas to Robin.'
And I felt nothing like so dismay'd
As I should had my flattery won her ;—
For my father, upon his death-bed,
Cried, 'Dear Tom! never part with your honour !'

The cots of Mog, Cicely, and Sue—
For in beauties our village abounded—
I entered as rich as a Jew,
And came away poor and confounded.
At length, my whole fortune my own,
Of my will having now no disputer,
Of my conduct I alter'd the tone,
Fix'd my mother, and turn'd off the tutor.
A sweet prudent helpmate I wed,—
Kindness, truth, and fidelity won her ;—
Thus my father's words, on his death-bed,
Are obey'd, for I still keep my honour.

MRS. RUNNINGTON'S WIG.

Mrs. Runnington wore a wig,
Contriv'd to peep at a man,
And every feature to twig,
As commodious as the sticks of a fan ;
For the book of her labour and cares
Now drew pretty near the last page ;
And this twig had a few grizzly hairs
That escap'd from the ravage of age.
Mr. Doddington—ah! a nice man!
Rather old, and a little a prig,
Fell in ecstasy, stark staring mad,
With sweet Mistress Runnington's wig!

Mr. Doddington wore a wig,
To hide his poor head so crazy,—
'Twas neither too little nor big,
Nor so much a wig as a jasey :

But he wheez'd pretty much with a cough,
And, being long since past his prime,
He look'd, when the jasey was off,
Exactly the figure of Time.

Mrs. Runnington fell in the snare,
Thus laid by this amorous spig,
Believing 'twas natural hair,
As did he Mrs. Runnington's wig.

He kiss'd her, the bargain to strike,—
For they both had agreed on the match,
When the wirework of her vandyke
Caught the buckle that fasten'd his scratch.
In vain they both struggled and grinn'd,—
'Twas useless to labour and pull :
Their nappers as tightly were pinn'd
As the dog at the nose of a bull.
At length both the fabrics crazy,
By a resolute effort and big,
Down fell Mr. Doddington's jasey,
And poor Mrs. Runnington's wig.

Now, as bald as my hand, or two coots,
They stood petrified at the disaster ;
But it soon finish'd all their disputes,
And tied their affection the faster.
Each, admiring the other's good sense,
Made the best of their dismal miscarriage,
And alleg'd, in their mutual defence,
Secrets e'er should be kept before marriage
Though they look'd like two monkeys run crazy
While they laugh'd at the frolicsome rig,
She restor'd Mr. Doddington's jasey,
And he Mrs. Runnington's wig.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

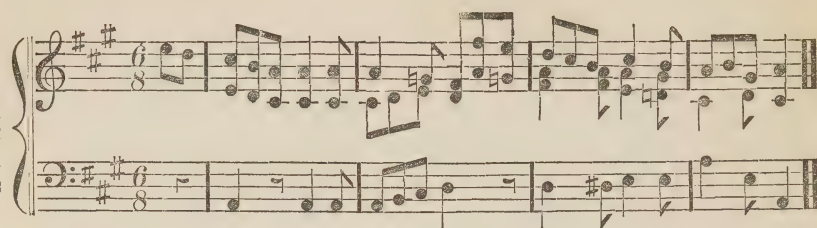
WHILE our minds are expanded,
And the glass widely handed,
No face on this day but in smiles shall appear ;
And since men, all related,
Were brothers created,
Let us wish all creation a happy new year.

No climate so rigid,
So frozen, so frigid,
But of sweet love and friendship possesses some
spark ;
Those in deserts so burning,
The night once returning,
By the light of good fellowship welcome the dark.
Then our pleasures expanded, &c.

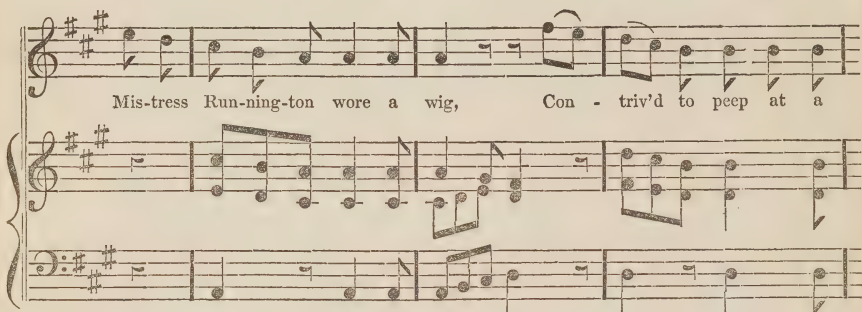
All climates inherit
Some portion of merit,
That no vice can eclipse, or atrocity quench ;
Nay, their virtue resuming,
Did reason illumine,
Their stray'd minds, our good wishes we'd give to
the French.
Then our pleasures expanded, &c.

MISTRESS RUNNINGTON'S WIG

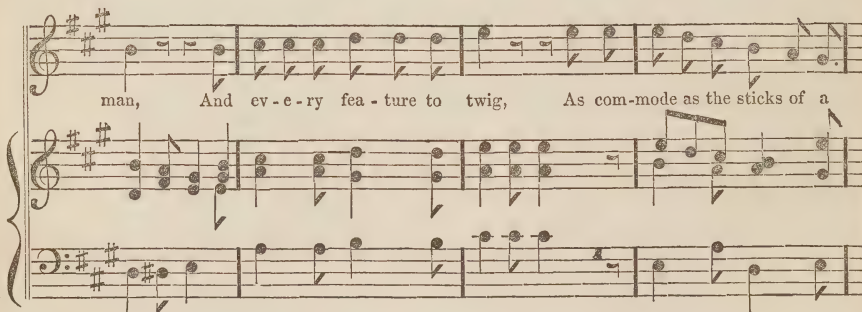
ALLEGRETTO.



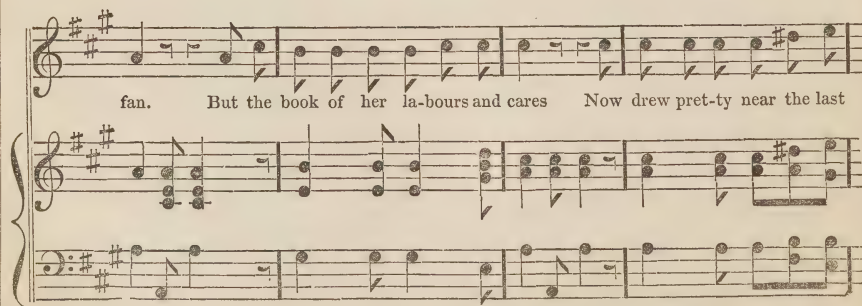
Mis-tress Run-ning-ton wore a wig, Con - triv'd to peep at a



man, And ev-e-ry fea-ture to twig, As com-mode as the sticks of a



fan. But the book of her la-bours and cares Now drew pret-ty near the last



MRS. RUNNINGTON'S WIG.

page; And this wig hid a few griz-zly hairs, That es-cap'd from the ra-vage of

age. Mis-ter Dod-ding-ton—oh! a fine lad, Ra-ther old, and a lit-tle a

prig, Fell in ecs-ta-cy stark sta-ring mad With sweet Mis-tress Run-ning-ton'

wig.

[Remainder of Words on page 331.]

THE SAILOR'S WILL.

MODERATO.

mf

The net-work stow'd with ham-mocks all, To arms had beat the drum, To

quar-ters pip'd the boat-swain's call, The threat'-ning dan-ger's come ; The

hand-spears, spun-ges, ham-mers, crows, Lay well ar-rang'd a - bout : And,

THE SAILOR'S WILL.

to an - noy old En - gland's foes, The great guns were run out. While all the ship, firm

This system contains the first two staves of music. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the melody.

in the cause, Si - lent as death was still, Each tar em - ploy'd the aw - ful pause, — Each

pp

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the melody. A piano (*pp*) dynamic marking is present.

tar em - ploy'd the aw - ful pause To whis - per out his will.

cres

This system contains the next two staves of music. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the melody. A crescendo (*cres*) dynamic marking is present.

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The melody continues in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The system ends with a double bar line.

[Remainder of Words on page 336.]

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE SAILOR'S WILL.

THE network stow'd with hammocks all,
To arms had beat the drum,
To quarters pip'd the boatswain's call,
The threat'ning danger come ;
The handspears, sponges, hammers, crows,
Lay well arrang'd about ;
And, to annoy old England's foes,
The great guns were run out.
While all the ship, firm in the cause,
Silent as death was still,
Each tar employed the awful pause
To whisper out his will.

'I have a friend, who to distress
Did ne'er in kindness fail ;
He sav'd my life, gave half his mess,
And took me out of gaol ;—
Give him this watch :—when I was sick
From his own hands it came ;
And say, whene'er I heard it tick,
I thought upon his name.
He's call'd Will Worthy, I Ben Breeze ;
My mind his merits fill ;
And 'tis to noble hearts like these
True tars should make their will.'
'I have a wife ;—this picture here
She hung about my neck,
And seal'd it with a parting tear,
When forc'd to leave the deck.
Tell her the ties with mine to furl,
Safe stow'd till her last breath—
Then give it to our little girl,
When we are join'd in death ;—
Thou'lt find her—she's call'd constant Nan.
This duty then fulfil,
And let the world say thou'rt the man
To guard a sailor's will.'

'I no relations have myself,
But those that honour bring :
So prize-money, and all my pelf,
In trust, I give the King !
His Majesty !—God bless his heart !
When my poor hulk's at rest,
With int'rest will each tar give part,
Or swell the Chatham chest.
My name's Tom Loyal ; and I know
Each duty to fulfil :—
Where can I, then, so well bestow,
In trust, my dying will ?
A broadside's giv'n !—we hear no more ;
The sanguine fight comes on ;
And, lifeless, stretch'd in clotted gore,
Lies many a proud Don.
The vic'try's gain'd ! the can goes round ;
The strife no longer glows ;
And English tars, now safe and sound,
Hail friends, and succour foes.
Ben's friend, Tom's King, and William's wife,
Yet do their bosoms fill :

They swear to honour 'em through life,
And, dying, in their will.

THE MASQUERADE.

SEE ! see ! see !
The jolly train advancing,
As blithe as blithe can be,
All fiddling, piping, dancing :
As old as Poles, and as big as tuns,
Three graces lead the revels ;
Then devils tame as lambs, and nuns
As impudent as devils.
[Conversation among the characters.]
Thus leaving every care behind,
The pack, dull reason scorning,
Chase pleasures of the night, to find
The headache of the morning.

See ! see ! see !
The motley crew advancing,
As mad as mad can be,
All hopping, frisking, dancing :
See all conditions, sexes, years,
Unite to keep the farce on ;
A swearing Quaker next appears,
And next a drunken parson.
[Observations from the characters.]
Thus, leaving ev'ry care behind &c.
See ! see ! see !

They riot, frisk, and revel ;
While, mad as mad can be,
They row and play the devil :
Beaux chatt'ring nonsense loud in peals ;
Belles furnish'd well with clappers ;
Tumblers and dancers without heels,
And lawyers without nappers.
[Confused conversation of the characters.]
Thus, leaving ev'ry care behind, &c.

Heads or Tails.

[Feeling that the infirmities of age were coming on, Dibdin, although he did not adhere to his resolution, had determined to close his entertainments with the piece that follows ; and accordingly, on the last night on which he performed it, April 12, 1805, he took leave of his audience in the following feeling and appropriate address :

'The moment is at length arrived when I must dismiss these imaginary characters, and bid adieu to my generous friends. A very few words will answer every purpose. I have now remained before the public more than 45 years ; and it is with infinite pleasure I reflect that, during the whole of that period, I have not made a single apology for absence, inattention, or neglect, or received the smallest disapprobation. I now retire ; and I flatter myself I bear with me, from the candid and the liberal, the same hearty and sincere good wishes that, out of affection to my fellow subjects, and duty to my king, I have uniformly manifested for every individual of this prosperous and happy country. Nothing now remains but to entreat you to accept my warmest acknowledgments for the marked and kind applause I have had the honour to receive this evening.']

PROLOGUE—ALL THE WORLD'S A SONG.

WHILE truth upon his accents hung,
The bard of Avon sweetly sung
That all the world's a stage ;

And, e'en from infancy's first dawn
To seventy, when the grave shall yawn,
Men act from age to age.
Songs are epitomes of plays;
And equal merit, equal praise,
In place, to both belong;
And, this position made appear,
No axiom ever was more clear,
That all the world's a song.

From earliest melody of birds,
It needs but little stretch of words
Its ancient claim to prove:
Echo repeated to the plains
The various pleasures, various pains,
That shepherds sung of love;
Love Persian beauties paints like snakes:
The rose the fond Sicilian takes,
To show his passion strong;
At length appear'd the sacred Nine;
And, whether love, war, hunting, wine,
All poetry was song.

To fields of death when heroes come,
The clanging trumpet, rattling drum,
The song can tune and brace,—
Can cheer the hound, and wind the horn,
When Echo calls the rosy morn
To urge the fleeting chase.
Wine has produc'd a wit more keen
Than Helicon or Hippocrene!
What can the time prolong?
What lift mere mortal, plodding clods,
To emulate the joys of gods,
Like a convivial song?

As centres broadly scatter rays,
Hence spreading in a thousand ways,
Times, manners, customs, men;
Lottery-tickets, party jars,
The pangs of love, or feats of tars,
Employ the lyric pen.
For me, inoffensive mirth,
True to the land that gave me birth—
Heav'n only knows how long—
An honest public zeal I'll pay,
To show that vile men act a play,—
Their actions are a song.

THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

GIVE me leave, Mr. President, first to present
A kind friend, who lends money at fifty per cent:
What then! 'tis no ugly resource, by my soul!
Fait! logicians explain a part's more than a whole!
And though, what with large profits of tradesmen
that call,
And high int'rest, the borrower gets nothing at all,
When poverty presses, and friends are but few,
The best-hearted Christian you'll find is a Jew.
Then put round the bottle, to no creature foes,
Let us pleasantly picture the world as it goes.

Sir, this jolman's a hero: pray ven'rate his scars,
For no peace could we have if we did not have wars;
When he leads to the battle his glorious band,
Death and he are such friends that they walk hand
in hand.

He's the foremost in danger, and first in a scrape,
For, you know, death and tars no soul can escape;
But if kilt, in the large bed of honour he'll lie,
And for ever to live, ah! now who would not die?
Then put round the bottle, &c.

This bard, sir, 's a bard to whom none can compare:
In his garret he lives, like chameleons on air;
On fanciful nothing he guttles and doats,
The horse beating hollow that liv'd without oats:
With Apollo his friend, and the Muses his wives,
Just as parrots live cen'tries, or cats have nine
lives,
His fame's up; and though supperless he goes to
bed,
Fait! he'll feast like an alderman after he's dead.
Then put round the bottle, &c.

EYES.

WHAT victims are lovers! some heavenly charm,
Like Fate, still presides in each feature,
That gives to the bosom some dang'rous alarm,
And with cruelty arms the dear creature.
Chins and lips, teeth and hair, cheeks, mouths
noses, and ears
Are all batt'ries well arm'd for surprise;
But the source would you know of your hopes and
your fears,
You have only to guard against eyes.

Thence the enemy fair their artillery dart,
Rang'd in tactical bold evolution;
While that coward besieger, the timorous heart,
Feels the force of their whole execution.
Whole volleys of ogles and broadsides of leers,
Well aim'd, and puff'd forward by sighs,
While spong'd, as recharg'd, by a sprinkling of
tears,
Are sent forth from those batt'ries, their eyes.

The languishing eye through the eyelash that peeps;
The eye downcast, that timidly glimmers;
The twinkler that laughs; or the falt'rer that
weeps;
The gogglers, the starers, the swimmers;
The fierce swivel eye, the sheep's eye, sleepy eye,
All some hidden destruction disguise;
For 'twas only a cat's sleep, and, their power let fly,
Trusting lovers fall victims to eyes.
The words of command are 'T' th' right cock your
eye,
I' th' left blink, point your glance, eyelid crinkle;
Pupil roll, ground your sight, cornea still, tunics
sly,
Eye advance, eyelid raise, iris twinkle.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Thus are eyes drill'd in order, the same as the fan,
 With manœuvring each skill can devise;
 And she's a poor gunner who can't kill her man,
 If she levels his fate from her eyes.

Shall this be submitted to?—Lovers, to arms!
 Sally forth in a quarrel so glorious;
 Your terror shall vanish, subside your alarms,
 And the vanquish'd shall soon be victorious;
 While you firm, yet not bold, look the foe in the face,
 In nothing fair honour disguise;
 A surrender on both sides shall nobly take place,
 The mutual conquest of eyes.

WUISHLA MA CREE.

An ignorant peasant, call'd Murdoch Macmora,
 To the woods and the bogs sung the charms of his
 Norah;

But Norah, hard-hearted, repuls'd each advance,
 And swore she'd ne'er love him till he'd learn'd to
 dance.

What could poor Murdoch do, of his comfort
 bereft?—

He dance!—he knew not his right foot from his left;
 But Love, mighty Love, did his rhet'ric so ply,
 That heart-broken Murdoch determin'd to try.
 To the piper he went, who, to touch the right key,
 As the properest tune, play'd up Wuishla ma Cree;
 Which Love's inspiration he knew must impart,
 For Wuishla ma Cree means the pulse of my heart.

Now, tuning his chanter, the bagpiper play'd,
 While Murdoch stump'd on, half asham'd, half
 afraid;

The more he persisted, the worse was his plight,
 How the plaguery left foot to find out from the right.
 A remedy quickly the piper applied:

A large wisp of straw on the left foot he tied,
 Which Soocan he call'd; while its unmuffled
 brother

He call'd Gad, that poor Murdoch might know
 one from t'other. To the piper, &c.

Now the piper cried out, as he stump'd on like mad,
 'Arrah! rise upon Soocan, and sink upon Gad;
 What art, urg'd by love, will not nature find out?
 Taught by Cupid and time, Murdoch caper'd about.
 No longer was beautiful Norah a jilt;

'Twas the love of her charms that taught Murdoch
 a lilt;

Till, her whole train of lovers now left in the lurch,
 They both in a lilt danc'd together to church.

To the piper, &c.

NANCY AND HOME.

If 'tis true what wise ones tell us,
 That pleasure 's bought with pain,
 What mortals can excel us,
 Who 'tempt the boist'rous main?

We kick about all weathers,
 Brave battle, quicksand, storm;
 And buckle to our tethers,
 If climes burn, freeze, or warm.

Why, 'tis all a joke
 With hearts of oak!
 We dance and sing,
 And drink the King,
 Whatever chance may come;
 Bless'd with a store
 Of joys ashore,
 In Nancy and home.

For me, all parts I've sounded,
 As a tar would wish to see;
 At Minorca I was wounded,
 And shipwreck'd at Goree.
 But on Afric's coast if burning,
 Or numb'd with Greenland's frost,
 Of fame my pittance earning,
 No toil my patience cross'd.

Why, 'twas all a joke!
 True hearts of oak,
 I'd dance and sing,
 And drink the King,
 Whatever chance might come:
 To taste a store
 Of joys ashore,
 In Nancy and home.

Then, for a chance of dying,
 Why should a tar complain?
 All sorts of death are flying
 Ashore as on the main:
 Some strike to a consumption,
 Some are took back by a rope—
 To murmur is presumption;—
 The best bower-anchor 's hope.
 Then, 'tis all a joke!
 True hearts of oak,
 Let us dance and sing, &c.

THE PULLET.

YOUNG Guillot, a poor simple swain,
 Yet with some little cunning at least,
 When his conscience no more would contain,
 To relieve it would hie to his priest.
 'Well, son, what d'ye care to confess?
 'These young sinners are always in harm!'
 'Why, Sir, I'm in mighty distress—
 I have pilfer'd some eggs from a farm.'
 'Oh! shameful! and where were they laid?'
 'In the hen-house, upon the high shelf.'
 Cried the priest, 'I must stop this vile trade;—
 So the next time took the eggs for himself.

When again to confession he went—
 'Well, my son, what has happen'd afresh?'
 'Why, you know, Sir, we all should repent,
 When we're carnal, and giv'n to the flesh;—

Now, my neighbour's sweet daughter!—'Oh! oh!
This sweet daughter!—Well?'—'when I would
see,

Unknown to her father I go;

For I love her—and, Sir, she loves me.'

'And pray is she handsome?'—'O, dear!

She's an angel!—has plenty of pelf!

'I charge you, no more interfere;'

For, thought he,—'I'll have her to myself.'

'These crimes from your heart you must wean;

You must penance perform, and let blood:—

What's her age?'—'Sir, she's just seventeen.'

'Seventeen, and an angel!—that's good!

O you wicked young dog! for this fault

Absolution I never can give,

Till to proper repentance you're brought:—

And, pray, whereabouts does she live?'

'A good joke,' cried out Gillot, 'Ifegs!

Master Priest, I'm not quite such an elf;—

You must e'en be content with the eggs,—

For the pullet I'll keep for myself.'

THE GRASSHOPPER.

THE Alax, a river, serene and at peace,
That winds round proud Locris and Rhegium, in
Greece,

Of bore the rich galleys with lyrists well stor'd,
As gay city-barges their bands take on board.

A bard, born in Rhegium, waving his quill,

One of Locris provok'd to a trial of skill:

Cried the Locian, 'Vain boast! that from vanity
springs;

For at Locris the grasshopper merrily sings.'

'On that score,' cried the challenger, 'need we no
jar—

Come to Rhegium, we soon shall be both on a
par;

For there, though no grasshopper music inspires,
Our plectrums are bold, and well corded our lyres.
All the modes we explore, and the passions ex-
cite,

As the Phrygian, the Darian, or Lydian delight;
Each mortal affection is mov'd by our strings,
Though no silly grasshopper merrily sings.'

The challenge accepted, the air loudly rang,
And the hearts of the hearers were rais'd by each
twang;

Till the Locian, ev'ry way thwarted and cross'd,
Snapp'd a cord, and the prize was giv'n over for
lost.

At this moment a grasshopper—hear and admire—
That had follow'd the bard, proudly perch'd on
his lyre;

The prize is obtain'd by the succour it brings,
And thus nature the grasshopper merrily sings.

THE LOOK-OUT.

[The last verse of this excellent song is so inappropriate to the age in which we live, and so far from essential to the theme, that every vocalist of good taste will omit it in singing.]

OLD Cunwell, the pilot, for many a year

Had plenty of vessels in charge;

And knew of each sandbank and shoal to steer clear,

Whether sailing close-haul'd or at large:

At last, safely moor'd, with a well-timber'd purse,

Heart and house open'd wide to his friend,

With old Poll, once a dasher, now turn'd to a nurse

He had bought a snug berth at Gravesend.

From a kind of poop-lantern, plac'd over the Thames,

Where he took with his messmates his grog,

Bound outward or homeward, the ships and their
names

They spied as they guzzled their grog.

Now cocking the spy-glass, and clearing the Nore,

'Why, Jack! there they come without end!

There's the Neptune, the Glory, and, further in
shore,

Fame and Liberty making Gravesend.

'And see where the river in branches divides,

Cut in two all the same as a fork;

How proudly the Commerce with Industry rides,—

Then the Blarney—O, she's bound to Cork.

There's the homeward-bound fleet from the

Downs—only see!

So stor'd, their top-gallant masts bend;

There's the Silkworm, the Beaver, the Ant, and the
Bee,

And all standing on for Gravesend.

'There's the Fortitude yonder, at danger that
mocks;

The Nimble, that swims like a tench;

The bold Resolution that steers clear of rocks;

The Britannia, that laughs at the French.

Thus a magnet old Thames firmly holds in his mouth

To which all sorts of merchandise tend;

And the trade of all nations, west, north, east, and
south,

Like the needle, points right to Gravesend.

'Let the French plant their liberty's tree here and
there,

With their fine gewgaw ensign unfurl'd:—

Damne! we're a whole forest, and plenty to spare,

That our commerce conveys round the world.

And would Corsican Boney from folly awake,

His dream of false fame at an end,

How the dear little monster would tremble and quake

As he counted the ships at Gravesend.'

THE LOOK-OUT.

ALLEGRETTO CON SPIRITO.

p

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The music begins with a treble staff melody starting on a quarter rest, followed by eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the first measure of the treble staff.

Old Cun-well, the pi-lot, for ma-ny a year, Had plen-ty of ves-sels in

The second system contains the first line of the song. The treble staff has a vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is shown in both treble and bass staves, with chords and single notes. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

charge, And knew of each sand-bank and shoal to steer clear— and

The third system contains the second line of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the previous system. The key signature remains one sharp (F#).

THE LOOK-OUT.

First system of musical notation. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: "knew of each sand-bank and shoal to steer clear, Whe-ther sail-ing close-haul'd or at".

Second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "large—Whe-ther sail-ing close-haul'd or at large: At last, safe - ly moor'd, with a".

Third system of musical notation. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "well-tim-ber'd purse—at last, safe - ly moor'd, with a well-tim-ber'd purse, Heart and".

Fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "house o - pen'd wide to his friend, With old Poll, once a dash - er, now".

THE LOOK-OUT.

turn'd to a nurse,—with old Poll, once a dash-er, now turn'd to a nurse, He had

bought a snug berth at Graves-end— he had bought a snug berth at Graves-

end,

From a kind of poop-lantern, plac'd o'v' the Thames,
 Where he took with his messmates his grog,
 Bound outward or homeward, the ships and their
 They spied as they guzzled their grog. [names
 Now cocking the spy-glass, and clearing the Nore,
 ' Why Jack! there they come without end!
 There's the Neptune, the Glory, and, further in
 Fame and Liberty making Gravesend. [shore,
 ' And see where the river in branches divides,
 Cut in two all the same as a fork;
 How proudly the Commerce with Industry rides,—
 Then the Blarney—O, she's bound to Cork.
 There's the homeward-bound fleet from the
 Downs—only see!
 So stor'd their top-gallant masts bend;
 There's the Silkworm, the Beaver, the Ant, and the
 And all standing on for Gravesend. [Bee;

' There's the Fortitude yonder, at danger that
 The Nimble, that swims like a tench; [mocks;
 The bold Resolution, that steers clear of rocks;
 The Britannia, that laughs at the French.
 Thus a magnet old Thames firmly holds in his mouth
 To which all sorts of merchandise tend; [south
 And the trade of all nations, west, north, east, and
 Like the needle, points right to Gravesend.
 ' Let the French plant their liberty's tree here and
 there,
 With their fine gewgaw ensign unfurl'd;—
 Damme! we're a whole forest, and plenty to spare
 That our commerce conveys round the world.
 And would Corsican Boney from folly awake,
 His dream of false fame at an end,
 How the dear little monster would tremble and quake
 As he counted the ships at Gravesend.'

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

GRECIAN LYRES.

THIS is the lyre of Mercury, form'd from a tortoiseshell ;

This Orpheus' lyre by which he fetch'd Eurydice from hell,—

And which inspir'd bears, lions, wolves, and elephants to prance,

While, hand in hand, the trees and rocks join'd in the merry dance. Tol de rol, &c.

To Hercules 'twas giv'n, when he slew the Nemean lion,

And afterwards a present made politely to Amphion ;

He tun'd its seven strings to odes so musical and witty,

As made old Thebes, with seven gates, a great and mighty city. Tol de rol, &c.

This lyre, improv'd with three strings more, was given to Terpander,

Together with Timotheus, who charm'd great Alexander ;

But Sparta, fearing of its pow'r, of such improvement grew sick,

But not till all Lycurgus' laws Terpander set to music. Tol de rol, &c.

This lyre, when Alexander once was flush'd with wine and ire,

So wrapt, he set, at Lais' suit, Persepolis on fire ;

But poor Terpander rued the day that thus he had provok'd him,

For, gaping wide, a wag a fig threw down his throat, and chok'd him. Tol de rol, &c.

Anacreon, Linus, Chiron, Pindar, join'd the ancient quires,

And odes and dithyrambs were all spread by other lyres ;

Till, swallowed in the gen'ral ruin, never to recover,

Sparta and Athens, Greeks and lyres, together were done over. Tol de rol, &c.

PEG OF PEPPER ALLEY.

[You've heard of Venus?—Yes, you've heard of Venus. She sprang from the sea—had a cockle-shell for her cradle—married old Vulcan—fell in love with Adonis—]

You've heard of Venus?—how her charms

Among the gods so play'd the devil,

When Mars was taken in her arms,

That made Olympus roar and revel.

This Venus can no more compare,

Nor with the various beauties tally,

Than thorns to roses to my fair,—

Sweet smirking Peg, of Pepper Alley !

[You've heard of eyes?—Eyes, you know—the peepholes of the mind—the doors of the heart—

the little babbling devils that say Yes, when they mean No—]

You've heard of eyes, stuck in the head,

With brows unconscious of a wrinkle,

That sily, from their humid bed,

Dart death to lovers in a twinkl

Her eyes, like Phœbus' pointed rays,

That deal fell death at ev'ry sally,

Like Argus, look a hundred ways,—

O murd'rous Peg, of Pepper Alley !

[You've heard of music?—Music, you know—the music of the spheres—music of the hounds—warlike music, accompanied by cannons, drums, groans, and shrieks—music of the nursery—music of the cats upon the pantiles ;—there are a great many sorts of music, you know. Well—]

You've heard of music, how its might

Can soften brutes, set rocks in action ;

To men past hope convey delight,

And drive the happy to distraction.

Let her melodious tongue once run, .

Whether she scold, or rail, or rally,

Its music all the senses stun,—

Harmonious Peg, of Pepper Alley !

[You've heard of charms?—Charms, you know—not witches' charms, or charms for the ague or toothache ; but female charms—such as teeth, cheeks, noses, chins, and elbows ;—well—]

You've heard of charms like steels and flints,

That fire poor hearts in quick collision,

Convey'd by grins, or leers, or squints,

And lovers leave in sad condition.

A fine grog-blossom on her nose

Bids lovers not with danger dally ;—

O, I shall never know repose

Without sweet Peg, of Pepper Alley !

LOVE.

THE lover, wrapt in the fair he addresses,

Her affection his empire, her wishes his throne,

His heart, mind, and soul, and each good he possesses,

To her will so gives up he has none of his own.

The tall are majestic, the dumplings are pretty ;

The weak claim compassion, the strong knock us down ;

The silent are prudent, the prattlers are witty ;

Some murder with smiles, and some kill with a frown ;

So love, love is delightful !

Such pleasure, such rapture, such bliss it imparts,

That, whether the objects are lovely or frightful,

They some way or other can pilfer our hearts.

The toper, refus'd, has recourse to his bottle,

And swears never fair shall attack him by stealth,

Or else with the very first glass may he throttle,

Then fills to the brim his adorable's health ;

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

And, however relief in his liquor he fancies,
And declares never beauty triumphant shall prove,
At each amorous song with delight his heart dances,
And the longer he tipples the more he's in love.
So love, &c.

The bachelor swears that he single will tarry,
And the widower too—but the men will all fib;
For in one little month shall the bachelor marry,
And the widower lead to the church a new rib.
The soldier swears glory, the prudent man riches,
Shall engross their attention, possess all their care;

But what's there in glory or gold that bewitches,
When no lovely partners their influence share?
Thus love, &c.

HIS WORSHIP.

His worship, Justice Gander, sworn newly of the peace,

Resolv'd to set the neighbours together by the ears,

Of the half-crowns and the shillings their pockets well to fleeee,

Regardless of the public, their praises or their sneers.

Master Matthew was his clerk, a keen and cunning wight,

Studied Cunningham and Burn, for the law has various meanings:

'Remember,' cried his worship, 'when I'm wrong to set me right,

For you're my representative, factotum, locum tenens.'

Fomenting litigation, the neighbours flock around;
One came to get a warrant—a shilling was the cost;

'Here, Matthew, bring the book.'—'Sir, 'tis nowhere to be found;'

'Zounds! he'll repent—what shall we do? the shilling will be lost.

Swear, damme! and pay sixpence—I fancy that's the rule;

Those who can't get the harvest must set down with the gleanings;

How could you be so careless? you dolt! you stupid fool!

'Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.'

A rich lady 'gainst a helpless girl most loudly did complain;—

'Here, Matthew, make her mittimus, ne'er mind how she cajoles—'

'We must not, Sir, commit her—the law we cannot strain,

And the superior courts would haul your worship o'er the coals.

I could not for the soul of me distress so sweet a lass;
For justice sake, to equity the heart should have these leanings;'

'You're not proper for your place, Sir,—you're a goose, an oaf, an ass—'

'Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.'

Next day this pretty damsel was walking in a field;
His worship pass'd by too, and began to toy and play;

'You were yesterday my prisoner—to-day to you I yield;'

She ran for life, while he pursued, and begg'd of her to stay.

'Sir, is this justice? O for shame!—'Tis justice, lovely fair—

For justice on the bench and in love has different meanings;—

Nay, struggle not!—'Is there no friend? no hope?'
'None;—Zounds! who's there?'

'Your worship's representative, factotum, locum tenens.

'You hir'd me, Sir, to set you right whenever you were wrong;

For once, then, justice practise, Sir, since justice you dispense;

Give me this pretty damsel—we've lov'd each other long,—

And ne'er oppress those honest hearts that merit your defence.'

Cried Gander, 'Matthew, I'm the goose, the ass, and have been blind;

I now see law and equity have very different meanings:

Henceforth the poor shall bless me; and may each great man find

As able, as upright, and as just a locum tenens.'

THE JEW PEDLAR.

Come, puy my botens—come, puy my bockles,
My chewels, and rings, and dings, come puy;
From te sword of te prave to Fame tat trokles,

I have all sort de vare,
To de needle of de fair,

More sharp py haf dan her rokish eye.

Come all, to me, ye lads and lasses,—
I'll show you te fay to lead happy lifes,
By te filty defices

Before te day passes,
Tat fifes ket hosebands, and hosebands ket fifes.

Te plack, te prounn, and te fair, and te kray,
To puy my fine valentines all come afay.

[Come to me, mine maids, mine fifes, and fee-dows. I kot someting vat please you all: I kot

te shain of pershasion vat leat te lofer apout like
te tame monkey ; make him fetch, carry, leap ofer
te stick ; make him play, too, all manner stupid
trick. Vat you puy? vat you puy? I kot te
coshmetic te coot nature—vat make tomebel off all
te wrinkle ; make te old look young ; te ugly look
pootiful ;—vat you puy? vat you puy? Cure you
dat nasty shellasy, corset pad ting in a family, dat
tevelish evil ; make you look old, ugly, efery ting
vat is pad—vat you puy? vat you puy?]

I've te powknot of mariche vat naught can untie,
While for petter for furse, as you pake as you
prew,

Take afay vat you please vat shall last till you tie,
Unless before dat you should cut it in two,
If te heart and te tart

Dat cause to make smart,

While with art te fonde lofer so fell play his part.

[See te vicket rake ! how he kneel at her feet !
swear, jump, kick apout, tell te corset lie vat
make all te fimmen so happy, you. Den he say te
sheek pe rose, te lips pe roopy, te eye pe timent,
—all dis nonsense. Den she say, 'Indeed ! is it
possible you can lofe me so mosh tan all tiss?'
Den he swear tammy ; den she ploshe ; den rafish
von leetel kiss ; den he produshe te fedding-ring,
vat make her so happy, so comfortaple ; after
teece come vat you call te honey-moon ; he ko ;
te lofe and te teer he ko afay ; te toke and te eat
come te place ; scold, scratch, knock apout, pull
teffel pull paker !]

THE CAT.

A poor Irish priest who could well bait his nook,
'Mongst a throng at the barber's one day his post
took,

And cried out, as they gabbled their scandal and
news,

'What you give me, good Christians, you'll none
of you lose :

In charity's game 'tis the loser that wins,—

Besides, don't it cover an ocean of sins ?

Four to one you'll all gain by each threepence
that 's given—

Then earn a thirteen* for the dear love of heaven.'

For the whim of the thing, they soon put round
the hat,

And a decent collection was gathered for Pat :

'Come, barber,' cried one—'Nay, on him do not
call ;

His charity, fait ! shall cost nothing at all.'

'Well, what is't you want? Am I thus to be
brav'd?'

'What is it I want?—Don't I want to be shay'd?'

* Some of our readers may not be aware that, prior
to the Act for the assimilation of the currency of the
two kingdoms, (6 Geo. IV. cap. 79), the English shilling
passed, in Ireland, for thirteen-pence ; it was therefore
commonly called a 'thirteen.

'Who 's to pay me?'—'For that, fait ! our odds
are all even—

Arrah ! shave me, good Sir, for the dear love of
heaven.'

The barber, this boldness resolved to repay,
With a razor all notch'd on his chin work'd away ;
Till, pretty well flay'd, and half mad with the pain,
Thought he, Master Priest, you'll not come here
again.

Next, on top of the house they all heard such a
strife—

'What the devil 's all that?'—'O, 'tis nothing in
life

But a poor dear Tom Cat, with a razor uneven,
That somebody shaves for the dear love of heaven '

THE CHARMS OF NATURE.

I SING of plains,
And nymphs and swains ;
And walks and mazes,
And pinks and daisies ;
The milkmaid's pail,
The thrasher's flail,
The nut-brown ale,
The nightingale ;
The church-yard yew,
The morning dew,
The misty view,
The blithe cuckoo ;

Each hill, dale, thing, and creature :
From when Aurora 's up and dress'd,
Till Phœbus' beams point to the west,
Streams flow,
Flowers blow
Herds low,
Cocks crow,
The ploughman whistles,
The ass eats thistles !—
O the charms of nature !

Of swains that woo,
And doves that coo ;
The sportive kidling,
The curate fiddling ;
Bird, man, and brute
And owls that hoot,
And flowers and fruit,
And Strephon's flute ;
The waving corn,
The day new-born
The rosy morn,
The mellow horn ;
Each hill, dale, thing, and creature :
From when Aurora pins her cap,
Till Phœbus sinks in Thetis' lap,
Birds sing,
Woods ring,

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Bees sting,
Briers cling,
The aspen quivers,
The angler shivers ;—
O the charms of nature !

Of louts that quaff,
And clowns that laugh ;
Frogs all croaking,
Dunghills smoking ;
Archers' arrows,
Meads and farrows,
Ploughs and harrows,
Chirping sparrows ;
The luscious fig,
The tonish gig,
The funny rig,
The grunting pig ;
Each hill, dale, thing, and creature :
From when Aurora shows her face,
Till Phœbus to the night gives place,
Hodge calls,
Will bawls,
Bet squalls,
Ned sprawls,
As they are playing
The new-mown hay in ;—
O the charms of nature !

TOM TRANSOM.

TOM Transom, a seaman, sound to the backbone,
With a heart loyal, friendly, and true,
Married one Peg of Dover, sweet, tight, and well-
grown,

And she choos'd him from all the whole crew.
Peg brought him three sons, Thomas, William, and
Jack,

When ashore that he danc'd on his knee ;
And delighted to think, when with age taken back,
How they'd all serve their country at sea.

Tom, pretty well dock'd, on the books was he run,
Having lost a spare daddle and leg ;
But a friend and a comforter prov'd ev'ry son,
And a kind handy nurse turn'd out Peg.
'Well,' cried he, 'never mind : though the branches
are gone,

Heart of oak is the rest of the tree ;
Come, my lads, to revenge me, to danger rush on,
And be true to your country at sea.'

Tom first went aboard—was capsiz'd in a thought ;
Will shar'd the same dolorous fate ;
And while by his brothers, like lions that fought,
Poor Jack by a shot lost his pate.
Old Tom, now laid up, when he heard of their
death,

Cried, 'The King, Peg, will take care of thee ;
And now I bless Fate, as I draw my last breath,
I'd three sons serv'd their country at sea.'

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

Lord help you poor lubbers ashore !
How should you know the joys of the ocean ?
We're the lads sail the world o'er and o'er

And keep up the perpetual motion ;
Box the compass like true jolly souls,
And in every part find a wench ;
Kick about just to both the two poles,
And bother the Spaniards and French.
And what of this here, after all ?

While the globe turns round like a ball,
All weathers afloat or aground,

Try again shall the lads of the ocean ;
While, to keep up the farce,
The moon and the stars,
The night and the day,
Round and round glide away ;

The flip, the prog,
Our heads, and the grog,
And the world turns round,
To keep up the perpetual motion.

Your trav'lers odd fancies will meet,
Strange sights to all curious beholders :
Men that walk on their heads, not their feet ;
Men with nappers plac'd under their shoulders.

But trav'lers are given to lie :
Except drunkards, that reel to their beds,
I never, betwixt you and I,
See'd people that walk'd on their heads.

And what of this here, &c.

As to love, why, 'tis ev'ry where known,
Be the climate warm or else rigid ;
And lovers at the torrid zone
Are all monkeys, and bears at the frigid :

And then, as to finding a friend,
Were there ten globes of earth 'stead of one,
Whatever some people pretend,

Why, there's no such a thing to be done,
And what of this here, &c.

If we sink among Christians or Moors,
We're pick'd up by some true-hearted brother ;
If not, our time's come—so will yours,
Mister landlubber, some time or other.
Then another strange country we see,
When come home, and our cares left behind ;
For the fashions so alter'd all be,
Topsy-turvy Old England we find.

And what of this here, &c.

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

ALLEGRETTO.

mf

f

Lord help you poor lub-bers a - shore, How should you know the joys of the

o - - cean? We're the lads sail the world o'er and o'er, And keep

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO.' The first system features a piano introduction with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The second system continues the piano introduction with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The third system introduces the vocal melody with the lyrics 'Lord help you poor lub-bers a - shore, How should you know the joys of the'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics 'o - - cean? We're the lads sail the world o'er and o'er, And keep'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line and a more active right hand with chords and moving lines.

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

up the per-pe - tu-al mo - - tion; Box the com - pass like true jol-ly

souls, And in eve - ry port find a wench; Kick a - bout just to

both the two poles, And bo-ther the Spaniards and French, And

\ bo - ther the Spaniards and French. And what of this here, af - ter

The musical score is written in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a 'perpetual motion' in the right hand, which is a continuous sequence of eighth notes. The vocal line follows the melody of the lyrics. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano grand staff (treble and bass clef).

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

all? While the globe turns round like a ball, While the globe turns

round like a ball, All wea-thers a - float or a - ground, All

wea-thers a - float or a - ground, Try a - gain shall the lads of the

o - - cean; While, to keep up the farce, The moon and the stars, The

THE PERPETUAL MOTION.

night and the day, Round and round glide a-way; The flip, the

prog, Our heads, and the gog, And the world turns

Repeat 1st Sym.
round, To keep up the per-pe - tual mo - tion.

Your trav'lers odd fancies will meet,
 Strange sights to all curious beholders :
 Men that walk on their heads, not their feet ;
 Men with nappers plac'd under their shoulders.
 But trav'lers are giv'n to lie :
 Except drunkards, that reel to their beds,
 I never, betwixt you and I,
 See'd people that walk on their heads.
 And what of this here, &c,
 As to love, why, 'tis ev'ry where known,
 Be the climate warm or else rigid ;
 And lovers at the torrid zone
 Are all monkeys, and bears at the frigid :
 And then, as to finding a friend,

Were there ten globes of earth 'stead of one,
 Whatever some people pretend,
 Why, there's no such a thing to be done.
 And what of this here, &c.
 If we sink among Christians or Moors,
 We're pick'd up by some true-hearted brother ;
 If not, our time's come—so will yours,
 Mister landlubber, some time or other.
 Then another strange country we see,
 When come home, and our cares left behind ;
 For the fashions so alter'd all be,
 Topsy-turvy Old England we find.
 And what of this here, &c.

From Professional Volunteers.

[In the preface to this entertainment, which is dated March 1, 1808, Dibdin tells us that he was induced by circumstances to bring it out after he had professedly retired from the stage. He had published 'The Musical Mentor' for the use of young ladies, and had projected a work 'for the amusement and instruction of agricultural labourers, to be entitled 'The Yeoman's Friend.' Some portions from each of these, with some songs that he had by him, and a few that he wrote for the occasion, enabled him to make up an entertainment, which, upon the strenuous advice of some zealous friends, he produced. Thinking himself, however, unequal to the fatigue of a whole evening's performance, he enlisted some professional aid; and hence the piece was designated 'Professional Volunteers.' The names of his coadjutors were Grey, Mason, Desborough, and Lee. By some mismanagement, on the night announced for the first performance of 'Professional Volunteers,' these auxiliaries did not arrive at the theatre. Under these awkward circumstances, Dibdin not only undertook to return the money which had been received at the doors, but that the company might not go away without amusement, he offered to give them such portions of the entertainment as he could perform alone; and so well pleased were the audience with the new songs thus introduced to their notice, that they, with one accord, took orders for another night instead of their money. In each of his few subsequent entertainments, Dibdin had professional aid, Broadhurst being one of the number, who assisted him at his house in the Strand. 'The Little Bark,' 'Distress on Distress,' 'The Choice of Minerva,' and some other songs from other entertainments, were also sung in this.]

GLEE—PROFESSIONAL VOLUNTEERS.

COME, come away, our revels join,
And in each other trust;
A band of brothers we combine,
Our cause and quarrel just,
Of volunteers to raise a host,
For service of the fair:
Then, as we gaily pass the toast,
Allegiance let us swear.

GLEE—THE MUSTER.

WELCOME, welcome, at our call,
Each member of our band;
In honour's cause be one and all
United, heart and hand.
A fervent wish that war may cease
Let ev'ry bosom fire,
That sprightly songs of lovely peace
May string Britannia's lyre.

THE VETERAN IN RETIREMENT.

THOUGH laid up in port, I am not outward bound;
In my upper works there's nothing ailing;
My rudder and compass are both safe and sound,
And, if call'd on, I'm ready for sailing.
I am decently stor'd with the comforts of life;
Have of friends just what number I fancy;
And, what's more, I've a berth in the heart of my
wife,—
My lovely, my valuable Nancy

I well know that weevils and rats* play me pranks,
At my cost who are eating and drinking;
This nibbles my biscuit, that gnaws at my planks,
And would fly off at once were I sinking;
Lord help the poor things!—they can't hurt my
good name;

Let them pilch, then, away to their fancy:
They may pilfer my money, may injure my fame,
But they never can rob me of Nancy.

As well may the French kick against Dover rock,
That keeps ev'ry threat at a distance:
All folly I pity, at slander I mock,
And I envy no one in existence.
And when I am boarded by grim Captain Death,
No sorrow shall trouble my fancy;
I'll strike like a man, and yield up my last breath,
In a prayer for the health of my Nancy.

THE PARTING VOLUNTEER.

THE beacon's fir'd! the busy coast
Announces an infuriate foe!
The soldier feels himself a host,
And to the conflict longs to go.
'Hark!' cries the gallant volunteer,
'I come, to conquer or to fall,
For those than life I hold more dear,
Firm at imperious Honour's call!

'Dear to the heart is filial love;
Dear a gen'rous friend's embrace;
Dear to know our perils move
Tears that dim a lovely face:
Yet cannot these the danger shield;
Father, friend, wife, children—all
Must to a manly effort yield,
Made at imperious Honour's call.

'Without this noble feeling found,
What are of men the best deserts?
Children are rebels, friends unsound,
And lovers little merit hearts.
Let me this proud distinction prove;
Your sighs let me deserve them all,
And tear myself from those I love,
Firm at imperious Honour's call.

THE IRISH SAILOR.

O to hand, reef, and steer, is the thing sailors prize;
When we'd toast Bet and Poll on some sham-
mock,
I'd hand round the glass, take a reef in my eyes,
And steer in short trips to my hammock.

* Dibdin here alludes to some of the ungenerous scribblers of his day, who were guilty of defrauding him by the most unblushing plagiarisms. While this song displays Dibdin's extraordinary sarcastic powers, when called into exercise, it does much honour to his feelings.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Fait! honey, they'd call me the pride of the ship,
Wid my hornpipe so nate and so frisky;
Then on Saturday night, fait! I'd make 'em such
flip—

Oh! the best in the world except whisky!
Sing the perils of tars, that lead such happy lives,
Wid their foes and their friends, and their sweet-
hearts and wives!

You'd be charm'd to the life, were it not for your
fears,

Though of danger and death in the middle,
To hear the sweet billows so bodder your ears,
'As they play a duet with the fiddle.
Then, though shot-holes and leaks leave wide open
Death's doors,

And the chances against you are various,
Storms are all gig and fun—but for breakers and
shores;

Fights are safe—were they not so precarious.
Sing the perils, &c.

Why, one day, as I tumbled down plump from the
shrouds,

As neat as a bird or a fairy,
'Where the devil did you come from?' cried one—
'from the clouds.'

'Did I come from?—Arrah, fait! Tipperary.'
Then that time when we sail'd wid the wind in
our mouth,

Old Boreas to keep to his tether,
Fait! the compass I cunningly nail'd to the south,
That we always might sail in fine weather.
Sing the perils, &c.

BRITISH WIVES.

'Tis allow'd, the world over, the pride of our lives,
There's no country like this for industrious wives:
In France they are shameless—at morals they
blench;

Indeed, all the Continent now ape the French.
Yet for such innovations our wives are too nice,—
They ape sometimes the follies, but never the vice.
Then cherish, ye Britons, the best joy of life,—
Fair, prudent, and good, is a true British wife!

Our dear lovely neighbour, as harden'd as rocks,
With the heart of a tiger, the mind of a fox,
The mischief of monkeys, the eye of a lynx,
The hyena's pity, the guile of a sphinx;
Who all over Europe disseminates fear,
But who knows and regrets he can never come
here;

Such a foe to destroy we'll devote ev'ry life,
To preserve such a friend as a true British wife!

For she, if the war aught that's foreign denies,
From resources at home ev'ry want well supplies;
If silk she's depriv'd of, she feels no alarms,
But in Manchester muslin she decks out her
charms.

Thus their stupid embargo's as well let alone,—
We have good manufactures enough of our own;—
But the best manufacture, to charm us through
life,

Is that made by Heav'n—an industrious wife!

Depriv'd of our Burgundy, claret, and port,
To our wives for some substitute soon we resort;
Nor can aught but a churl at the difference repine,
While we've cowlslip, and currant, and gooseberry
wine.

These are wholesome! they're English! can hold
out no snare!

And, what's better, they're made by the hands of
the fair:—

Thus the joy, the delight, the solace of life,
Is to every Briton a true British wife!

WILLIAM AND JESSE.

THE whiten'd breakers lash'd the shore,
When William did from Jesse part;
And, as the surge heav'd more and more,
So swell'd with grief her bursting heart.
The ev'ning held its peaceful reign,
Then gently melted into night;
Soon did the sky shut in the main,
And William's ship was out of sight.

The whistling winds the billows jar;
Now William pulls the yielding rope;
No friendly moon, no twinkling star,
To lend a single glimpse of hope:
And now, a thousand leagues apart,
For many a mournful morn and night
Was tender Jesse sick at heart,
That William's ship was out of sight.

The radiant sun dispell'd the dew:—
Two ling'ring years had pass'd, and more,
When Jessie paid, to William true,
Her morning visit to the shore.
She saw a ship, at random driv'n;
Sweet hope created new delight:
And, as she pour'd her thanks to Heav'n,
Her William's vessel hove in sight!

LIFE.

THE shepherd whistles on his way;
The morning smiles, all nature's gay:
Soon angry clouds fly wild and rude;
The mountains smoke; the vale's a flood
The scatter'd flocks no shelter find;
The tempest rides upon the wind:
Yet shall the pelting storm subside,
When at his smiling fireside.

The sailor goes, his heart at ease,
And takes in health at ev'ry breeze :
The boatswain pipes; 'A storm!' 's the cry!
Yet Jack disdains to pipe his eye :
The thunder rolls, the storm comes on ;
Masts, yards, and rigging, all are gone :
Yet Jack sings loud, sweet hope his guide,
Once more to view his fireside.

The miner sinks beneath the ground,
And like a mole explores around :
A shaft takes fire! in rapid whirl
Of flame and smoke large volumes curl!
He sinks, as if in endless night :
The rope is pull'd,—he views the light!
And, as the fears of death subside,
Thinks of his smiling fireside.

Thus does the day of life come on
To ev'ning, from its smiling dawn ;
For soon the world our minds deforms,
And we are caught in passion's storms :
Yet pilot Honour shall not fail
To weather ev'ry dang'rous gale ;
And, to old age as we subside,
Delight our smiling fireside.

LUMKIN AND HIS MOTHER.

'Thou know'st, my dear Lumkin, my own dar-
ling son,
That thee and thy mother must part ;
And if London's temptations my boy should not
shun,

Dear soul! thou wilt break my poor heart !
I do know that girls will be setting their caps,
In love with thy sweet pretty face ;
With their tricks will the men lead thee into their
traps,

And bring us all into disgrace.
Then thy parentage honour, and turn out a man !
And the bells shall so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Tell all the village thou'rt married to Fan.'

'I do thank thee, dear mother,' cried Lumkin ;
'good bye ;

I can tell thee I'm not such an elf :
He must early rise up that's too cunning for I—
I knows how to take care of myself.

And as to the girls, I fears them least of all ;—
They scare I!—that would be a strange thing !
If the prettiest with Lumkin in love were to fall,
Cod! I'd give them as good as they bring.

No! I'll make, like my father that's gone, a good
man ;

And the bells shall so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Tell all the village I'm married to Fan.'

They parted: to town Lumkin hasten'd away ;
Fan and mother retir'd in the dumps ;
On the road he consider'd his cards how to play,
And how he should manage his trumps.

The ring-droppers, gamblers, the misses and all,
Did in vain to entangle him try ;*
For though quizz'd, hoax'd, and humm'd, in no
nets did he fall,

But gave to each wherefore a why.
So Lumkin wrote word he'd behav'd like a man,
And the bells should so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Welcome him home to be married to Fan.

At last, to return Lumkin made his best speed :
'Pratty soul! how dost do?' cried old dame ;
'And where hast thee been, lad? and what hast
thee zeed ?

En't town diff'rent from here?'—'Just the same!
Just like us, they've in London their sweets and
their sour ;

They have angels that dresses and paints ;
If their lawyers and doctors take fees, so do ours ;
And I don't see our angels are saints.'
So they went to the church ;—the glad news quickly
ran ;

And the bells all so merrily,
Merrily, cherrily,
Rang for the marriage of Lumkin and Fan.

THE JEW IN GRAIN.

THE little poy, about the street,
The monish all my care,
I cry to ev'ry one I meet,
The rollar for the hair.
The shoe-strings, shealing-wax, I call,—
Four, six, eight—dat's too dear ;
Well, twelve! so when they have it all,
Eleven pence I clear.

[So from my cradle I was a Jew ; and my
grandfather, Shadrach, was a Jew ; and my
grandmother, Rebecca, was a Jew ; and my uncle,
Zebulun, and my aunt, Bethsheba, and my cou-
sins, Absalom, and Nathan, and Jeroboam, and
Eleazer, and Gibeon, and Manasseh, and Joshua,
was all Jew ; and all teach me to give up father,
mother, wife, cousin, and sell my life, and pody,
and soul—every ting in the world, and trick the
very tevil himself, for the monish.]

So a very apt scholar I pretty well prove ;
I ket hold of the cash, and the timand and pearl,
And peg, porrow, and steal,—for the monish I love
More petter as any one ting in the world.

To cry old cloash I go my rounds,
I cheat 'um all so clean ;
The coat what cost a tousand pounds,
I puy 'um for fifteen.
I sell a vatch, for moshe good deal,
With fine gay seal and chain ;
I ket a tief de vatch to steal,
And puy 'um pack again.

* It would be well for them, if our country *bumpkins*
more frequently imitated the caution and the firmness
displayed by our wary friend *Lumkin*.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

[So by this time I come on pretty well. I take in the pawn, and I get the silver melted down in Duke's Place, and purn the gold lace in Rosemary Lane; and I play the kinny, and I sweat the kinny; and I make hole in the shilling, and say he all so lucky; and I make little tye for the coin, and the water-mark for the pank-note; but I take care never to be fone out,—let who will hang, I keep my neck ote de halter. I kive pail. I was the very Jew my lord judge say he will purn for the monish. I suppose he mean ko to the tevil, but I don't care moshe for dat.]

So true to my int'rest, I what you call prove;
I finger the cash, and the timand and pearl,
And peg, porrow, and steal,—for the monish I love
More petter as any one ting in the world.

A creat man crave, I take mosche care
Upon the monish spent;
On Stock Exchange the pull and pear,
What yield me cent per cent.
I kit my filla, cut a tash,
Crow purse-proud, rich, and creat;
To the plack-leg I lend my cash,
Then mortgage their estate.

[So all my life I never tink of anything but the monish. When I sold the roller, and the shealing-wax, I was ket cent per cent; when I have cry old cloash, I was ket cent per cent; when I hoax the spendthrift, sell the lottery-ticket, feed the gaming-table, the hazard, the faro—all these tings was ket cent per cent; and now I roll in luxury, cheat all the people, take in the flat, let out my pretty kall, my little decoy-duck.—Ah, dis is the fay to make de monish!]

And as to my int'rest, so constant she prove,
I kive her the cash, and the timand and pearl;
And, the monish excepted, my charmer I love
More petter as any one ting in the world.

LOVELY FAN AND MANLY BEN.

AN! listen to a hapless story
Of lovely Fan and manly Ben!
In goodness she her sex's glory,
In honour he the first of men.
So kind, so good, so tender-hearted,
Their love from infancy they bore;
Yet would she fear, if once they parted,
That she should never see him more!

His country all her youth requiring,
To fight her battles, to a man,
Ben's heart was patriot, hope inspiring;
He lov'd his country, lov'd his Fan.
Oh! such a parting! such sad faces!
Fond terror her sad bosom tore:
She cried, while sunk in his embraces,
'Alas! I ne'er shall see thee more!'

Each glad express some news repeated,
That Ben was foremost in the fight;
That glory in the field he courted,
The army's pride, his friends' delight:
Yet, dove-like, did sad fears surround her,
While fancied dangers she'd deplore;
Her sole reply to those around her,—
'Alas! I ne'er shall see him more!'

The foe at ev'ry point was routed;
Of hero Ben had earned the name;
England rejoic'd—the people shouted—
As home the conqu'ring hero came.
But where was Ben?—Fan sought him duly—
His friends did ev'ry rank explore:
Her fatal fears had told her truly!
Alas! she never saw him more!

THE BEST BOWER-ANCHIOR.

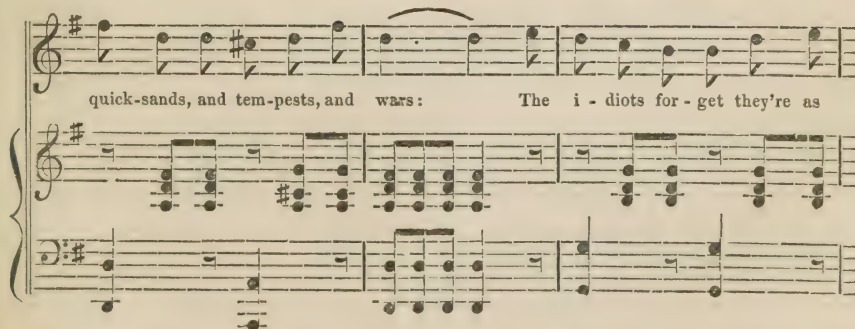
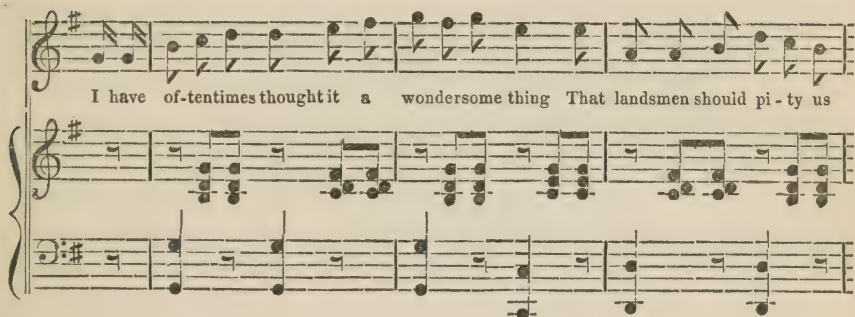
I HAVE oftentimes thought it a wondersome thing
That landsmen should pity us tars,
And talk of the hardships that hurricanes bring,
And quicksands, and tempests, and wars:
The idiots forget they're as bad off as we;
That they run as much danger, or more;—
In what respect safer than we are at sea,
I'd ask, are your lubbers ashore?
No, no: when Death comes, we shall all hear him
call;
What then? the same Providence watches for all.

Mayn't a tile from a house, or a tumble down stairs,
Or a fall from a horse, or a blow,
Or a surfeit, you know, take him back unawares,
More specious, when groggy or so?
Mayn't fevers and agues, and gout, and they things,
Prove than battles more worse, or as bad?
We hearties at sea are as happy as kings,—
We've no sickness;—besides, if we had,
Death will come when he will; what then? Let
him call:
The same gen'rous Providence watches for all.

We all of grim Death shall some time make the
port;
He'll be sure to fetch up our lee way;
And little it matters if life's long or short,—
Whether seven years hence, or to-day.
We are all born to die; there's no harm to be said;
'Tis he who dies best is the thing;
And I ax which is noblest—to die in one's bed,
Or while fighting for country and king?
Only just do your duty, you'll find, should Death call.
The same merciful Providence watches for all.

THE BEST BOWER-ANCHOR.

MODERATO.



THE BEST BOWER-ANCHOR.

bad off as we; That they run as much dan-ger or more;— In

what res-pect sa-fer than we are at sea, I'd ask, are your lub-bers a-

shore? No, no: when Death comes, we shall all hear him call; What then, the same

Repeat 1st Sym.

Pro-vi-dence watches for all; What then? the same Pro-vi-dence watch-es for all.

THE SHEEPSHEARERS.

MODERATO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 6/8. It begins with a melodic line marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Our sheep-shear-ing o - ver, sur - round the gay board, With

hearts full of plea - sure and glee! And while we par - take of its

plen - ti - ful hoard, Who so blythe and so hap - py as we? Who so

THE SHEEPSHEARERS.

blithe and so hap - py as we? From that sta - ple, the wool, all our

The first system of the musical score for 'The Sheepshearers'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'blithe and so hap - py as we? From that sta - ple, the wool, all our'.

con - se - quence springs;—The Wool-sack is next to the Throne; It a

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'con - se - quence springs;—The Wool-sack is next to the Throne; It a'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

free-dom se-cures both to pea-sants and kings, It a free-dom se-cures both to

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'free-dom se-cures both to pea-sants and kings, It a free-dom se-cures both to'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm.

pea-sants and kings, Which in no o - ther coun - try is known; It

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'pea-sants and kings, Which in no o - ther coun - try is known; It'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

THE SHEEPSHEARERS.

guards us a-wake, and pre-serves us a - sleep; It guards us a - wake, and pre-

serves us asleep :—Night and day, then, thank Heaven, that gave us the sheep; Night and

Repeat 1st Sym.

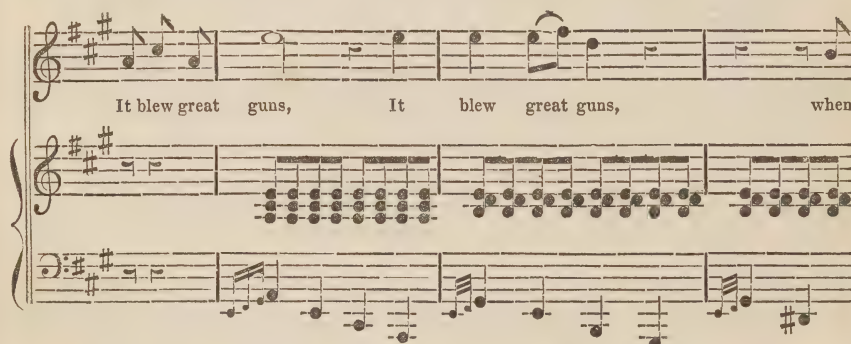
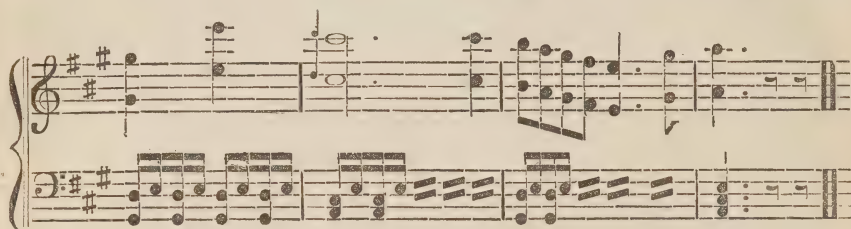
day, then, thank Heaven, that gave us the sheep.

When bleak piercing winter comes on with a frown,
 Frost and snow clogging hedge, ditch, and style,
 Annoying alike both the 'squire and the clown,
 Wrapt in wool, we look round us and smile.
 Did we sing of its praises from ev'ning till morn,
 'Twould our gratitude only increase:
 The dying old man and the infant new-born
 Are both kept alive by the fleece.
 Then how with the truth a fair pace can we keep,
 When in warmest expressions we speak of the sheep?

No words are sufficient, whate'er can be said,
 To speak out its uses aloud;
 For it never forsakes us,—nay after we're dead,
 It furnishes even our shroud.
 Nay, more: if the sheep, while it ranges our fields,
 For our wants all these comforts supplies,
 Faithful still to the last, to the butcher it yields,
 And for our daily nourishment dies.
 Thus, living or dead, we its benefits reap;—
 Then, ye sheepshearers, sing your true friend, the
 poor sheep!

GALLANT TOM.

MODERATO
CON ANIMA



GALLANT TOM.

Tom was ta - king in a sail; And squalls came on in

sight of home, That strength - en'd to a gale, - - - That

strength - en'd to a gale: Broad sheets of vi - vid light - ning

glar'd, Re - flect - ed by the main; Broad sheets of

GALLANT TOM.

vi - vid light-ning glar'd, Broad sheets of vi - vid light-ning glar'd, Re-

flect-ed by the main; And e-ven gal-lant Tom des-pair'd, And

e-ven gal-lant Tom des-pair'd To see his love a - gain; And

e - ven gal - lant Tom des - pair'd to see his love a - gain!

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

THE ARMOUR OF ÆNEAS.

[This song, although written and published as part of this entertainment, was not sung in it; probably on account of the number of other songs.]

OLD Vulcan forging bolts for Jove,
And pointing arrows tipp'd with love,
Was in Ætna's smithy toiling,
When his lovely dame,
Sweet Venus, came,
With a leer voluptuous smiling.

'Well, what news now? What curious farce?
Where's your Adonis and your Mars?
What frolic are you after?
I dare say you remember yet,
When snug I caught you in a net,
And vast Olympus rung with laughter'

She swore she lov'd him as her life,—
His loyal and obedient wife;
That Mars, Adonis, and the rest,
'Twas true for whim
She lov'd—but him
She always had lov'd best.

'I did!' cried she, 'by this sweet kiss!'
'And what am I to do for this?'
Cried Mulciber, 'bewitching charmer!'
'I want,' cried she, 'a polished armour,
For sweet Æneas, lovely boy!
Next to my husband all my joy?

Come, do it neatly,—
I'll look sweetly,
And give you kisses till you cloy!
Now, won't you, Vul?
'Go, you're a fool.'
'Dear Vul!' 'Sho, sho!'
'Say Yes, now.' 'No!'

'Cruel, to bid me thus be gone!
Now, art, assist me,—
Now resist me!

See Venus with her cestus on!
'I'm off the hooks—
How the jade looks!

My mind she's wound to such a pitch—
I'm murder'd, ravish'd, flung in a ditch!
Her fond caresses now confound him;
He eager calls the Cyclops round him:
'By Styx, it shall be done—never fear me;
Ye one-eyed rascals! don't you hear me?'
Old vaulted Ætna now rebounds;
Echo the hoarse sledge-hammer sounds,
Repeating ev'ry stroke and clang,
As brawny Cyclops loudly bang.

'Thou'lt forge it daintily,' said she,
'True to a thought; now give it me:
Thus am I arm'd!' And now we see
Minerva in the Queen of Love:
The ægis in her brilliant eyes;
And in her hair while Cupids rove,
She proudly bears away the prize.

THE SHEEPSHEARERS.

Our sheepshearing over, surround the gay board,
With hearts full of pleasure and glee!
And while we partake of its plentiful hoard,
Who so blithe and so happy as we?
From that staple, the wool, all our consequence
springs;—
The Woolsack is next to the Throne;*
It a freedom secures both to peasants and kings,
Which in no other country is known;
It guards us awake, and preserves us asleep:—
Night and day, then, thank Heaven, that gave us
the sheep.

When bleak piercing winter comes on with a frown,
Frost and snow clogging hedge, ditch, and stile,
Annoying alike both the 'squire and the clown,
Wrapt in wool, we look round us and smile.
Did we sing of its praises from ev'ning till morn,
'Twould our gratitude only increase:
The dying old man and the infant new-born
Are both kept alive by the fleece.

Then how with the truth a fair pace can we keep,
When in warmest expressions we speak of the sheep?

No words are sufficient, whate'er can be said,
To speak out its uses aloud;
For it never forsakes us,—nay, after we're dead,
It furnishes even our shroud.
Nay, more: if the sheep, while it ranges our fields,
For our wants all these comforts supplies,
Faithful still to the last, to the butcher it yields,
And for our daily nourishment dies.
Thus, living or dead, we its benefits reap;—
Then, ye sheepshearers, sing your true friend, the
poor sheep!

GALLANT TOM.

It blew great guns, when gallant Tom
Was taking in a sail;
And squalls came on in sight of home,
That strengthen'd to a gale:
Broad sheets of vivid lightning glar'd,
Reflected by the main;
And even gallant Tom despair'd
To see his love again!

The storm came on! each rag aboard
Was into tatters rent;
The rain through ev'ry crevice pour'd;
All fear'd the dread event:
The pumps were chok'd! their awful doom
Seem'd sure, at ev'ry strain;
Each tar despair'd,—e'en gallant Tom,
To see his love again!

* We are confident that our more intelligent readers will excuse our informing those who may not be aware of the fact, that the Lord Chancellor, whose seat is on the *Woolsack*, always stands on the right of the *Throne* when the Sovereign in person opens or closes the session of Parliament.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

The leak was stopp'd! the winds grew dull;
 The billows ceas'd to roar;
 And the torn ship, almost a hull,
 In safety reach'd the shore.
 Crowds ran to see the wondrous sight:
 The storm had rag'd in vain!
 And gallant Tom, with true delight,
 Beheld his love again.

FINALE.

Now let the joys our hearts expand
 Pervade our bless'd communion;
 So shall we ev'ry foe withstand,
 Thus one and all in union.

Round with the glass, and be the toast
 The navy and the army;
 Nor, while we fearless guard the coast,
 Ye fair! shall aught alarm ye.

In safety to possess your charms,
 We bid the world defiance;
 While commerce, courage, arts, and arms,
 March forward in alliance.

The Kent Day; or, the Yeoman's Friend.

[In this, the last-written of Dibdin's Entertainments, (*Commodore Pennant* being merely a compilation from previous pieces, with the addition of two or three new songs that appear in our subsequent collection of *Miscellaneous Songs*), a number of glees and catches were sung between the songs by professional singers, as in the entertainment called *Professional Volunteers*. They were generally selected from some of his operas; we have therefore introduced only those that he wrote purposely for this piece.]

GLEE—HEALTHS.

HERE 's a health to good Sir Thomas,—
 Joy without end!
 Who keeps all care and sorrow from us;
 By all the county,
 For his bounty,
 Call'd the Yeoman's Friend.

Round with the horn! our worthy host
 In his own stingo let us toast!

On each soldier and each seaman
 May health attend;
 Who fight the cause of ev'ry freeman,
 The admiration
 Of the nation,
 The jolly Yeoman's Friend.

Soldiers and sailors, where'er found,
 This is the toast,—then put it round.

Here's the King! and may his glory
 O never end,
 While truth and goodness live in story!
 Our hearts' elector,
 The poor's protector,
 And the Yeoman's Friend.

Soldiers and sailors, where'er found,
 This is the toast,—then put it round.
 Here's the King! and may his glory
 O never end,
 While truth and goodness live in story!
 Our hearts' elector,
 The poor's protector,
 And the Yeoman's Friend.
 The King! Great Britain's pride and boast!
 Come, heart and hand, put round the toast.

THE LION, THE PUPPY, AND THE MASTIFF.

THOU think'st thou'rt mighty witty;
 But when such fools come on,
 My anger's turn'd to pity,
 And all my fury's gone.

Mean things, like thee, the lion,
 As I have heard 'em say,
 Nobly disdains to fly on,
 But proudly walks away.

So honest Tray, to wound him
 When yelping curs assail,
 In scorn just looks around him,
 Walks on, and wags his tail.

THE CLOWN TURNED SEAMAN.

LIKE other lubbers, struck with dread,
 I fear'd to go to sea;
 For I had heard, and I had read,
 From risk no tar is free.

With visage grim,
 Death looks at him,
 As mountain high he goes;
 On horses standing,
 Topsails handing,
 Billows rattling,
 Thunders clatt'ring;
 Yet Jack, advancing,
 Singing, dancing,
 Roaring, ranting,
 Is always panting
 To drub old England's foes.

A friend had money got, and fame:
 'Wouldst thou, my lad,' cried he,
 'Earn riches and a glorious name!
 Just make a voy'ge with me:—
 What though, so grim,
 Death looks at him,
 As the bold sailor goes?
 On horses,' &c.

I went aboard, to work turn'd to,
 T' enrich my friends and wife,
 And now am foremost of the crew
 To praise a sailor's life:

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

What though, so grim,
Death looks at him,
As mountain high he goes
On horses, &c.

WIDOW WALMSLEY'S SHINERS.

WIDOW Walmsley, scarce her husband cold,
A little worn, and rather old,
But rolling in her dearee's gold,

Was open to designers :

The first week, like th' Ephesian dame,
She sunk in grief; the next, the same;
The third, a troop of lovers came

To touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

The neighb'ring 'squire chas'd her in view,
Whose fortune out at elbows grew;
And Irish jolmen, not a few,

All sapp'd the fort like miners :

They ogled, blarnied, sung, and dress'd;
She swallow'd ev'ry fulsome jest;
Till 'twas a bet, who flattered best

Would touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

A painter knew what to be at:
He drew her squirrel and Tom-cat,
A Cupid made her ugly brat—

An adept 'mongst designers;

Gave to each wrinkle in her face
A softness, symmetry, and grace,
Turn'd rough to smooth at ev'ry trace,
To touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.

Vermilion grac'd her fallow cheek;
On the canvass, lovely, fair, and sleek,
A living Venus seem'd to speak;

Till this pattern of designers,
When he had won the jolly dame,
Like hook-nos'd Cæsar great in fame,
With his *veni, vidi, vici*, came,

And touch'd Widow Walmsley's shiners.

DUET BETWEEN A TAR AND A CLOWN.

Clown. TELL us, for I have understood
That the advent'rous sailor's life

Be mortal full of wounds and blood,
And danger, peril, noise, and strife.

Sailor. A sailor's toil's not quite so sweet
As the stout labourer's ashore:

Yet is his pleasure as complete
As yours can be, perhaps, and more.

Clown. Why! don't you venture? don't you fight?
Don't danger every moment press?

Sailor. To do his king and country right,
What honest Briton would do less?

Both. No mortal is from danger free:

Life's sweets and sours to all are giv'n!
Whether ashore or out at sea,
Our lives are in the hands of Heav'n!

Clown. Father, this honour warms my heart:

I long to go and see these sights;

We have of pleasures but a part,—

Bold sailors seem to have delights.

Sailor. Yet let me tempt you not to roam:

True happiness to all is sent:

Be useful, harmless, stay at home,

Share peaceful bliss, and court content.

Clown. A nobler thought my bosom warms,—

I long of deeds of arms to sing!

Sailor. Well said, lad! glory has its charms,

And he dies well who serves his King!

Both. No mortal is from danger free, &c.

GLER—THE LABOURERS.

THE ploughman makes the furrows;

The sower spreads the grain;

Which grain the harrow burrows,

That it may spring again.

The reaper's sickle reaps it,

When yellow ears appear;

With flail the thrasher heaps it.

For the winnower to clear.

The miller aids his neighbour,

For the baker to make bread;

How many men must labour

Ere one man can be fed!

Then sing the ploughman, and sing the sower;

The harrower give his due;

The reaper, thrasher, and winnower roar

And dusty miller, too;

Who could do nothing without each other:

But when they're all combin'd,

Like Englishmen, or friend or brother,

Can succour all mankind!

JOAN IS AS GOOD AS MY LADY.

NEAT Nelly the milkmaid, in short-waisted gown,

All the airs of the fashion puts on,

And emulates all the fine ladies in town,

As she flirts and coquets it with John;

Has the same vapid stare, the same slide, the same
bob,

The same sigh without feeling or passion;

With the same rise and fall bids her bosom to throb,

As the rantipole woman of fashion.

To dress fine and showy, the men to entrap,

They both have an equal regard:

The lady owes only ten pounds for her cap,

While the milkmaid pays ten pence a yard—

So that, when at a distance, they've both the same
charms

To excite in the fellows a passion;

The same fine display of bare necks and red arms,

Both in Nell and the lady of fashion.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Thus the proverb's revers'd: 'twas the former remark,

And I b'lieve the thing's pretty near right,
As my lady as Joan was as good in the dark,
Now Joan is as good in the light.
So I'd have the fine ladies about them to look,
And to feel for themselves some compassion,
Lest the beaux should mistake the pert housemaid
or cook
For the rantipole woman of fashion.

THE PEASANT'S FUNERAL.

HARK! hark! 'tis Goodman Hearty's knell!

The village are in tears!
From youth his neighbours lov'd him well,
To a ripe length of years.
As mercy meek, and free from guile
E'en as his fleecy fold,
His looks diffus'd a gen'ral smile,—
But now his knell is knoll'd.
Awful and solemn was the call;
Yet shall it loudly tell
A lesson, grave, though sweet, to all
Who heard Will Hearty's knell!

'My life was happy, hale, and strong;
Then do not wail or cry:
The man who knows he's done no wrong,
E'en with a smile can die.
My frame's worn out, yet I survive,—
I've that Death cannot kill;
Th' immortal soul shall ever live
Of him who knows no ill.'
These were his words;—his friends and wife
These truths remember well,
That not to death, but to new life,
Toll'd out Will Hearty's knell.

This was the man they lay in earth,—
The flow'r of rustic pride,
Who lov'd his friend, lov'd harmless mirth;
Who, even when he died,
Could lay his hand upon his heart,
And with clear conscience cry,—
'Oh! Death! thou hast for me no dart;
Thou, grave! no victory!'
This was the man once ev'ry year
Of whom the peasants tell,
While all the country flock to hear
Of Goodman Hearty's knell.

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

JACK vow'd, old England left behind,
To hold his Nancy dear in mind;
And this kind vow did he so keep,
He nightly saw her in his sleep:
'Midst roaring thunder, raging seas,
His cheerful mind was still at ease:

Nor seas nor thunder made him start,—
He held his Nancy to his heart:
But sudden as the lightning's gleam,
He woke and found 'twas but a dream.

Wak'd from his dream and Nancy's charms
By the loud drum that beat to arms,
Jack rous'd from so much sweet delight,
And took his station in the fight.
The French were thrash'd; night clos'd the main;
Jack dream'd the battle o'er again:
Then Fancy play'd her usual part,—
He held his Nancy to his heart:
Alas! things are not what they seem!
He woke, and found it but a dream.

One night, a foul malicious fiend,
Like a nightmare, across him lean'd,
Stole Nancy's picture, and the charm
That she had brac'd upon his arm;
Then, as she seem'd to breathe her last,
A frightful monster held her fast,
Threat'ning he should from Nancy part,
No more to press her to his heart:
Jack gave in agony a scream,
Then smil'd, to find 'twas but a dream.

Next morn a vessel hove in sight;
An enemy!—Hot grew the fight!
She struck,—a brig of largest size,—
And Jack made England with the prize;
Reach'd home, where Nancy long had wept,
And, sore fatigu'd, turn'd in and slept:
But truth, assuming Fancy's part,
He held his Nancy to his heart;
Nor as at sea did these things seem,—
He woke, and found 'twas not a dream.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE.

You have all of you heard about Bays's eclipse,
Which, he says, by invariable law
Is perform'd by the sun, moon, and earth, as each
trips
In a kind of celestial pas-trois.
Now the sun hides the earth, now the earth hides the
moon,
Till they chassée and pass various ways;
While the spheres, as their fiddler, strike up a
quick tune,
Till they're all of them dancing the hays.
So Miss Dimple's three lovers laid claim to her
heart,—
Captain Squeak, Poet Scrawl, and Beau Frill:
Eclipsing each other, they each danc'd a part,
To gain the dear creature's good will.
The captain vow'd, swore, pick'd his teeth,
lounge'd, and lol'd;
The bard cried her up in his lays;
The beau her fine head-dress and necklace extoll'd;
Of affection all dancing the hays.

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCI.

As they swore, and wrote sonnets, and ogled and dress'd.

No method nor art was untried ;
They left her at no single moment at rest,
Each cock-sure he should make her his bride.
In their amorous frolics she let them go on,
Let them promise, and flatter, and gaze ;
Till, in total eclipse, she clop'd with big John,
And left them all dancing the hays.

BRITANNIA'S NAME.

BRITANNIA'S name, from age to age,

Has like her cliffs stood fast,
And promises, in hist'ry's page,
In honour long to last.

Her sailors, rulers of the sea,—
Her soldiers, of that soil
On which th' industrious peasantry,
To give it value, toil ;—
All, all shall hail Britannia's name,
By glory handed down to fame !

Then sing our tars, who boldly roam
Our glory to insure ;
And sing our soldiers, who at home
That glory well secure ;
And sing our peasants, at a word
Who, of mankind the friend,
Would turn each ploughshare to a sword,
Their country to defend.
All, all shall sing Britannia's name,
As glory hands it down to fame !

THE DINNER-PARTY.

THE dinner-party now arrive ;
The dinner-hour is four ;
They court'sy, bow ; the clock strikes five ;
The crowd grows more and more ;
The sweet Miss Ghastly, Mr. Lungs,
Miss Giggle, Mr. Squeak,
Begin to exercise their tongues,
And all together speak.

[Description of the conversation before dinner.]

Their mirth and their spirits are now all gone ;
To chatter no longer they're able ;
And just as they're ev'ry one yawning, John
Announces that dinner's on table.

Now listen to the motley group :
They taste of ev'ry dish ;
Nice curry mac'roon ! delicious soup !
Fine ven'son ! charming fish !
Some accidents their pleasures cross,
As wit and bumpers fly,—
Will Whiffle spills the lobster-sauce
In Miss Wriggle's gooseberry-pie.

[Description of the conversation at dinner.]

Thus in health and good wishes the time steals on,
All talking and nobody thinking ;
The gentlemen rise,—the ladies are gone ;
And ev'ry one sets into drinking.

Six bumper toasts, with three times three,
Chequer the jovial song ;
The sentiment, the catch, the glee,
Till nine the time prolong.
Healthis, speeches, politics, and noise,
Pervade the glorious sport ;
And, as they boast, these jovial boys
Pass Burgundy and port.

[Description of the conversation after dinner.]

Thus they drink and they revel, and riot and roar,
Till pretty near gone each blade is ;
And when they have swallow'd a few bumpers
more,
They all stagger in to the ladies.

THE THRASHER.

[Although this song was introduced into this entertainment, it was written for the Jubilee in honour of Shakspeare, held at Stratford-upon Avon, on Sept. 6, 1769, under the auspices of David Garrick. The intended pageant was, however, in a great measure frustrated by the unpropitious state of the weather.]

CAN any thing be half so great,
So kind, so good, as I ?
I give the hungry food to eat,
And liquor to the dry.
My labour's hard : but still 'tis sweet,
And easy to endure ;

For, while I toil to thrash the wheat,
I comfort rich and poor.
And I merrily sing, as I swing round the flail,
My reward, when work's over, a jug of brown ale.

If from wheat the bread is born,
Our miseries to cheer,
'Tis merry Sir John Barleycorn
Supplies us with the beer :
Besides, while thus I thrash the corn,
Our pleasures to insure,
I for my neighbours' good was born
A baker and a brewer ;

For I bake, and I brew, as I swing round my flail,
To provide them with bread and a mug of brown ale.

'Tis for myself, when all is said,
I work thus with such glee ;
For if for others I make bread,
My labour's bread to me.
For other mouths I must provide ;
My children must be fed ;
My wife, and some sick friend beside,
Who cannot earn his bread.

With these notions I merrily swing round my flail,
My reward, when work's over, a mug of brown ale.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

And when, my mortal race near run,
All toil and labour vain,
A jolly thrasher, shall my son
His crazy dad maintain.
Thus will I work, and laugh, and sing,
And at my thrashing toil,
Unless I'm call'd on by my king
To guard my native soil ;—
Then, accustom'd to thrashing, I'll swing round my
flail,
And thrash the proud foe, to secure my brown ale.

THE LAUDABLE CONTENTION.

WE are all of us lab'ers, and smack of the soil,
In life's vineyard by Providence destin'd to toil ;
The difference scarce more than 'twixt two grains
of sand,—
We tars plough the ocean, while you plough the
land.
For the produce of distant possessions we roam,—
You're content to improve our possessions at
home ;
Thus man should to man, like a friend and a brother,
Prove the comfort, protector, and friend of each
other.

Under life's heavy burden if any one groans,
And would mutiny—for in all hives there are drones,
Spare his life out of pity, but turn out the man,
A more bless'd constitution to find—if he can ;
But let us, who, industrious, are willing to thrive,
Seek the sweets of creation, to nurture the hive ;
Hail with rev'rence the earth as our natural mother,
That gives us to comfort and cherish each other.

By industrious exertions we both of us live ;
We in England with stores of all countries arrive ;
You freight us from England, our sails are unfurl'd,
And we bear our own produce to cherish the world.
Thus, whether we labour at sea or ashore,
Ev'ry man lends his mite to the general store ;
And if Discord's fell brats in the cradle you'd
smother,
Heart and hand be united, and cherish each other.

NOSES.

I FORGET what Sterne says in his Chapter of Noses,
With laughter to make our sides ache ;
But I think, like Lavater, he aug'ring supposes
Good or ill from their shape and their make.
But I'll let both alone, with each skit or reflection,
As they spar or together agree ;
And explain the effect, in my own recollection,
These same noses have had upon me.

Cock'd-up noses are pert, and some say not too
civil ;

Some have none, like a bear when a cub ;
A fine stately nose may sometimes hide a devil,
And an angel may beam in a snub :
The flat nose, like a platter, is scarcely worth
naming ;

The sharp nose is a pretty good sort ;
The mulberry nose, that like Bardolph's is flaming,
Makes one think of good claret and port.

Your fine Grecian nose, about which they so tease us,
Is admir'd ; but from this some will swerve ;—
For a nose should be beautiful, if it would please us,
And the true line of beauty's a curve.

The old Romans' hook'd noses were guards to
their peepers,—

They therefore were men of renown ;
For their sickle-like noses arm'd them all so like
reapers, \

They cut all their enemies down.

After all, a good nose is a generous feature,—

To the face gives an elegant air ;
It lends grace to men, is the type of good-nature,
And is not much dislik'd by the fair.
But the mind is the thing : for though noses are
hook'd,

Pale, ruby, depress'd, or elate,
As a razor as sharp, as a billhook as crook'd,
Never mind, so the heart is but straight.

THE CONCERT OF NATURE.

From the lark's playful notes in the morning,
To the nightingale's warble at eve,
What charms are the country adorning !
What joys we from Nature receive !
In her concert, though simple yet glowing,
Bird and beast bear a principal part ;
While their harmony sweetly is flowing
To ev'ry recess of the heart.

Musicians are learnedly talking
Of the air, and of sixes, and thirds ;
How much richer our music, while walking
To the air of the fields and the birds !
Music's but imitation of nature :
Then be silent, each mimicking elf ;
For while we admire ev'ry creature,
We listen to Nature herself.

THE SAILOR'S BRING-UP.

WHAT chance, my face set to the weather,
That if so be as I
In life takes roughs and smooths together ?
We all of us must die.

And, since each subject in the nation
 One common lot must share,
 What argues consideration
 Of how, or when, or where?
 Then sport the grog, and laugh at sorrow!
 Let ev'ry heart be sound;
 Nor care a rope's-end, though to-morrow
 We all are outward bound.

Just hear the chaplain's story, glowing
 With all that's good and wise;
 He swabs his bows, while tears are flowing—
 The scuppers are his eyes.
 He talks in terms to melt a lubber;
 And then he'll preach and pray,
 So moving, one could almost blubber;—
 But that 's all in his way.
 Come, sport the grog, &c.

Now, we'd a chaplain, rum and jolly,
 And holy, too, though free,
 That said all grieving is a folly;
 And said besides, says he,
 'That tar, though he may love droll stories
 Of fun, and gig, and sport,
 In's king, and wife, and friend who glories,
 Will find in heav'n a port!'
 Then sport the grog, &c.

A messmate now, should breakers catch him,
 And gasping should he lay,
 To whimper, or from death to snatch him,
 Pray which is the best way?
 No! lads: in spite of ev'ry railer,
 Who succours all he can
 Will prove not only the best sailor,
 But, I say, the best man.
 Then sport the grog, &c.

Mercy is nature in a tar,
 And best becomes the brave;—
 He'll rush where death and danger jar,
 And conquer but to save.
 You'll hear from ev'ry onc you meet
 The blow on France we've hurl'd;—
 They're drubb'd; we've nabbd the Russian fleet,
 And sav'd, perhaps, the world.
 Then sport the grog, &c.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE BRA- GANZAS.*

YE Britons, rejoice! let thanksgiving prevail,
 That the star of the despot begins to grow pale;

* This song must have been written shortly after the convention of Cintra, Sept. 3, 1808. The events referred to are altogether of so remarkable a character, that we think we shall be pardoned, particularly by our younger readers, if we notice them at some length.

The circumstances which led to the flight of the royal family of Portugal to the Brazils, (for that is what is meant by 'The Preservation of the Braganzas,') were these. Napoleon, after an astonishingly rapid succession of victories over the Prussians, entered their capital on the 28th of October, 1806—only nineteen days after the commencement of hostilities between France and Prussia. It was here that he

That the wrong'd Portuguese will their honour re-
 gain,
 Once more the ally and the brother of Spain.
 We can conquer a foe, our just rights to defend;
 But we can do better—can succour a friend.
 Thus the trumpet of Fame shall sound sweet to
 the brave;
 For, though noble to vanquish, 'tis nobler to save.

divulged his grand project for humiliating and enfeebling Great Britain, by endeavouring effectually to cripple its commerce. He accordingly, on the 19th of November, issued the celebrated Berlin Decree, declaring the British Islands to be in a state of blockade; and interdicting the whole world from holding any species of communication with them. On the 14th of October, 1807, Napoleon issued a second decree on the same subject; whereby he renounced all connection, whether political or commercial, with those continental powers which were at amity with England: he also threatened the Prince Regent of Portugal with dethronement. Three days afterwards, an army of 27,000 men, under Junot, commenced its march from Bayonne for Portugal, in order to compel that power to abide by the continental system which had been established: in consequence of which, the Prince Regent ordered all the ports in his dominions to be shut against the English. On the 27th of the same month, a secret treaty was also ratified at Fontainebleau, between France and Spain, whereby it was stipulated that an army of 20,000 men should immediately enter that country, and co-operate with the Spaniards in the conquest of Portugal; and on Nov. 14, Napoleon declared that the House of Braganza had for ever ceased to reign. The feeble government of Lisbon, menaced by France, and intimidated by England, was fearful of joining either of these powers, who were alike dissatisfied with its indecision. The French army, under Junot, at length advanced into her territory, and reached Abrantes, only sixty miles from the capital; the Portuguese government being ignorant of its approach, until they became aware of their alarming situation, by receiving the *Moniteur* newspaper, which had been conveyed to Lisbon by a vessel sent expressly by England to her Ambassador at that court. The consequence of this intelligence was, the projected flight of the royal family to the Brazils. The following particulars of this interesting event are from the official communications to the British government.

Extracts from the Despatch of Lord Viscount Strangford, his Majesty's Plenipotentiary at the Court of Lisbon, to the Right Hon. Geo. Canning his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

His Majesty's ship *Hibernia*, off the Tagus, Nov. 29, 1807.

SIR,—I have the honour of announcing to you that the Prince Regent of Portugal has effected the wise and magnanimous purpose of retiring from a kingdom which he could no longer retain, except as the vassal of France; and that his royal highness and family, accompanied by most of the ships of war, and by a multitude of his faithful subjects and adherents, have this day departed from Lisbon, and are now on their way to the Brazils, under an escort of a British fleet.

A decree was published yesterday, in which the Prince Regent announced his intention of retiring to the city of Rio Janeiro until the conclusion of a general peace, and of appointing a regency to transact the administration of government at Lisbon during his royal highness's absence from Europe.

This morning the Portuguese fleet left the Tagus. I had the honour to accompany the Prince in his passage over the bar. The fleet consisted of eight sail of the line, four large frigates, several armed brigs, sloops, and corvettes, and a number of Brazil ships, amounting, I believe, to thirty-six sail in the whole. They passed through the British squadron: and his Majesty's ships fired a salute of twenty-one guns, which was returned with an equal number. A more interesting spectacle than that afforded by the junction of the two fleets has been rarely beheld.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Only picture the fact;—A wrong'd nation of
friends

To our honour appeals, on our courage depends:
We fly to their succour! our flag is unfurl'd,
And we guide a whole people to seek a new
world:

On quitting the Prince Regent's ship, I repaired on
board the *Hibernia*, but returned immediately, accom-
panied by Sir Sidney Smith, whom I presented to the
Prince, and who was received by his royal highness
with the most marked and gracious condescension.

I have thought it expedient to lose no time in com-
municating to his Majesty's government the important
intelligence contained in this despatch.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
STRANGFORD.

Admiralty Office, Dec. 21, 1807.

Despatches, of which the following are extracts,
were received at this office on Saturday last, by Captain
Yeo, of his Majesty's sloop the *Confiance*, from Rear-
Admiral Sir William Sidney Smith, addressed to the
Hon. William Wellesley Pole.

His Majesty's ship *Hibernia*, 22 leagues
west of the Tagus, Dec. 1, 1807.

Sir,—In a former despatch, dated the 22nd and 26th
November, I conveyed to you, for the information of
my lords commissioners of the Admiralty, the proofs
contained in the various documents, of the Portuguese
government being so much influenced by the terror of
the French arms, as to have acquiesced to certain de-
mands of France operating against Great Britain. The
distribution of the Portuguese force was made wholly
on the coast, while the land-side was left totally un-
guarded. British subjects of all descriptions were
detained; and it therefore became necessary to inform
the Portuguese government, that the case had arisen
which required, in obedience to my instructions, that I
should declare the Tagus in a state of blockade: and
Lord Straungford agreeing with me that hostility should
be met by hostility, the blockade was instituted, and
the instructions we had received were acted upon to
their fullest extent. Still, however, bearing in recol-
lection the first object adopted by his Majesty's
government, of opening a refuge for the head of the
Portuguese government, menaced as it was by the
powerful arms and baneful influence of the enemy, I
thought it my duty to adopt the means open to us, of
endeavouring to induce the Prince Regent of Portugal
to reconsider his decision, 'to unite himself with the
continent of Europe,' and to recollect that he had pos-
sessions on that of America, affording an ample balance
for any sacrifice he might make here, and from which
he would be cut off by the nature of maritime warfare,
the termination of which could not be dictated by the
combination of the continental powers of Europe.

In this view, Lord Straungford having received an ac-
quiescence to the proposition which had been made by
us, for his lordship to land and confer with the Prince
Regent under the guarantee of a flag of truce, I fur-
nished his lordship with that conveyance and security,
in order that he might give to the prince that confidence
which his word of honour as the King's plenipotentiary,
united with that of a British admiral, could not fail to
inspire towards inducing his royal highness to throw
himself and his fleet into the arms of Great Britain, in
perfect reliance on the king's overlooking a forced act
of apparent hostility against his flag and subjects, and
establishing his royal highness's government in his
ultramarine possessions, as originally promised.

I have now the heartfelt satisfaction of announcing
to you, that our hopes and expectations have been
realized to the utmost extent. On the morning of the
29th ultimo, the Portuguese fleet came out of the Tagus
with his royal highness the Prince of Brazil and the
whole of the royal family of Braganza on board,
together with many of his faithful counsellors and
adherents, as well as other persons attached to his
present fortunes. This fleet of eight sail of the line,
four frigates, two brigs, and one schooner, with a
crowd of large armed merchant ships, arranged itself
under the protection of that of his Majesty, while the
firing of a reciprocal salute of twenty-one guns an-

We their kingdoms protect, clear from pirates their
shore,

And in triumph again the same people restore!
Thus the trumpet of Fame shall sound sweet to
the brave;

For though noble to conquer, 'tis nobler to save.

nounced the friendly meeting of those who but the
day before were on terms of hostility; the scene im-
pressing every beholder (except the French army on
the hills) with the most lively emotions of gratitude to
Providence, that there yet existed a power in the world
able, as well as willing, to protect the oppressed.

I have transmitted a list of the Portuguese fleet that
came out of the Tagus, which I received from the
admiral commanding it when I went on board the
Prince Reale to pay my visit of respect and congrat-
ulation to his royal highness the Prince of Brazil, who
was embarked in that ship. I also enclose the list of
those left behind. The absence of but one of the four
is regretted by the Portuguese, (the *Vasco de Gama*),
she being under repair; her guns have been employed
to arm the *Freitas*, 64, a new ship, and one of those
which came out with the prince. The other three are
mere hulks; and there is also one ship on the stocks,
the *Prince Regente*, but she is only in frame.

The prince said every thing that the most cordial
feelings of gratitude towards, and confidence in, his
Majesty and the British nation, might be supposed to
dictate.

I have by signal (for we have no other mode of com-
municating in this weather) directed Captain Moore in
the *Marlborough*, with the *London*, *Monarch*, and
Bedford, to stay by the body of the Portuguese fleet,
and to render it every assistance: I keep in the
Hibernia, close to the prince's ship.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.
W. SIDNEY SMITH.

It should be noticed, that the French took possession
of Lisbon on the very day after the Prince Regent
quitted it; and that the Portuguese fleet safely arrived
at Rio Janeiro on the 27th of January, 1808.

Thus the kingdom of Portugal, as well as that of
Spain, now became entirely subject to the will of Na-
poleon, who made Junot its governor. In a very short
time, however, both of those nations grew heartily tired
of the degrading situation in which they were placed,
and of the oppressions of which they had to endure. At
length the inhabitants of both kingdoms had recourse
to arms. On the 6th of June a French squadron of five
ships of the line and one frigate was taken possession
of by the Spaniards, in the harbour of Cadiz; the junta
of Seville having formerly declared war against France.
On the 16th of the same month a formidable insurrec-
tion of the Portuguese also broke out at Oporto, headed
by the bishop of that city, which spread with such
rapidity through the northern provinces of the king-
dom, that they were speedily evacuated by the French
troops.

The British government, encouraged by the spirit of
resistance manifested both by the Spaniards and the
Portuguese, promptly determined on sending out an
expedition to their assistance; and on the 12th of July
a body of about 10,000 men, under the command of the
then Sir Arthur Wellesley, (now the Duke of Wellin-
ton,) set sail from Cork, and arrived at Corunna on the
20th. Finding, however, that the Spaniards were so
powerful in that quarter as not to require assistance,
he proceeded to Oporto: but as the Portuguese force
in that district was also sufficiently strong to deter the
French from making any attack, or, if made, effectually
to repel them, he went on to confer with Admiral Sir
Charles Cotton, who commanded off Lisbon, as to the
practicability and prudence of forcing the entrance to
the Tagus, and attacking the forts in the vicinity. Sir
Arthur here received a letter from Gen. Spencer, who
was then off Cadiz with about 6,000 men, stating that
the junta of Seville declined to receive the aid of the
British, as they felt themselves strong enough to expel
the enemy without it. He therefore ordered Gen.
Spencer and his troops to unite with his own, and
resolved on attempting the total expulsion of the
French from Portugal. Accordingly, having made
himself acquainted with the strength and disposition of

ENTERTAINMENTS SANS SOUCL.

Then from Arthur's round table, so famous for fights,
Let posterity sing of our true British knights,—
What exploits they've perform'd, and what victo-
ries won!

For Sir Arthur achiev'd what Sir Sidney begun!
Then our children, through time, as each hero they
name,

Smith and Wellesley shall rank in the records of
fame;

And that page in our annals shall best please the
brave,

In which Heav'n gave us vict'ry a people to save.

FINALE.

ALL you who have light heels,
Dance to the pipe and tabor;
At country dances and at reels
Try how well you can labour.

the French army, he determined on landing his forces at Mondego Bay. Before the disembarkation, he received intelligence from the British government that a corps of 5,000 men, under General Anstruther, was proceeding to join him, and that 12,000 more, under Sir John Moore, would speedily follow. The troops having effected a landing, the advanced guard, on the 9th of August, marched forward on the road to Lisbon. On the 12th the army reached Leiria; and on the 15th the advanced guard came up with a party of the French at Obidos, and drove them in. On the 16th the army halted, and the general determined on attacking the enemy at Roleia on the following day. Their force amounted to about 6,000 men, of whom about 500 were cavalry, with five pieces of cannon. They were commanded by General Laborde; and there was reason to believe that General Loison, who, with his troops, was at Rio Major on the 16th, would join Laborde by his right in the course of the night. The plan of attack was arranged accordingly. An engagement ensued, and the enemy was defeated with a loss of about 1,500 men, and three pieces of cannon. On the 18th the British army moved to Lourinha, to protect the landing and effect the junction of the troops under General Anstruther; after which they resumed their march towards Lisbon. Junot, having been informed of the large reinforcement expected under Sir John Moore, determined to attack the British prior to its arrival. For this purpose, he left Lisbon, with nearly the whole of the forces under his command, and fell in with Sir Arthur at Vimeira on the morning of the 21st, when a hard-fought battle took place. The French, with fixed bayonets, attacked the British with their usual impetuosity: they were also met with the bayonet, and vigorously repulsed. They renewed their attacks again and again were as often driven back, and at last fled from the charge. In this battle the French lost thirteen pieces of cannon, twenty-three ammunition wagons, and about 3000 men, in killed, wounded, and missing. One general officer was killed, and another wounded and taken prisoner. The English loss amounted, in the whole, to nearly 1,000 men. Such was the result of the battle of Vimeira.

After the dispositions for the battle had been made, Sir H. Burrard arrived at the scene of action, but declined taking upon himself the command of the

The ploughshare, scythe, and flail,

Lay by till to-morrow:

Put round the humming ale,

And laugh away all sorrow;

Time with the minutes flies,—

Then care and trouble bury;

Though we should be merry and wise,

'Tis sometimes wise to be merry.

To-morrow's a new day,

That may some sorrow be bringing;

Then frolic and foot it away,

And spend this in dancing and singing.

Come, lads, we 've nothing to do

Than to be blithe and jolly;—

Thomas shall foot it to Sue,

And Hodge shall cross over to Molly.

Time with the minutes flies, &c.

army. On the 22nd Sir Hew Dalrymple, who had been called from his situation of lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar to take the command of all the British troops sent out to Portugal, reached Cintra, the place to which the army had moved after the battle. Within a few hours after his arrival, a flag of truce came from Junot, proposing a cessation of hostilities, in order that a treaty might be entered into, by which the French should evacuate Portugal. The celebrated Convention of Cintra was then concluded, by which the French were allowed to retire from Portugal without further molestation. The terms were, that they should retain all their arms, baggage, horses, artillery, ammunition, &c.; that the English government, at its own expense, should provide transports for the conveyance of the whole to one of the ports between Rochefort and L'Orient; and that the French troops, on being landed, should be immediately empowered again to serve against the British.

After the expectations which had been raised by the news of the defeat of the French at the battle of Vimeira, this convention was in England considered disgraceful in the extreme. Violent debates on the subject took place in both houses of Parliament; and such was the dissatisfaction created throughout the country, that a court of inquiry was appointed by the government to investigate all the circumstances connected with so humiliating a treaty. The court met at Chelsea on the 17th of November; and the result was that Sir Hew Dalrymple was reprimanded.

Dibdin was certainly rather premature, in so soon assuming the tone of exultation by which the whole of this song is so strongly characterized. Portugal was, to use his own words, 'cleared from pirates' but for a very short period; for on March 12, 1809, it was again invaded by the French under Marshal Soult: and it took 'Sir Arthur' some years of excessive labour and vigilance, at the expense of much British blood and treasure, again to expel them. As to the 'restoration' of the Braganzas, Dibdin never lived to see it effected: indeed, it did not take place till nearly seven years after his death. The Portuguese royal family did not quit the Brazils till the year 1821; and never set foot in Portugal again till the 6th of July in that year, when they landed at Lisbon, after an absence of nearly fourteen years.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

ODES, &c.

IN COMMEMORATION OF PUBLIC EVENTS.

ODE

IN HONOUR OF THE NUPTIALS OF THE PRINCE
AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

[Sung in April, 1795, after the entertainment of *Great News, or a Trip to the Antipodes.*]

DESCEND, and consecrate, ye sacred Nine,
The nuptial rites of George and Caroline!
Nor courted, nor invok'd; but wing your way,
Yourselves inspir'd, my mighty theme t'obey.
And first, sweet Polyhymnia, muse of sound,
Vibrate thy lyre; and while thou spread'st around,

Trembling ether sweetly filling
Thy rapt'rous airs, so soft, so thrilling,
Possess me! rule each sense at thy control!

Strain following strain,
Again and yet again!

Come! with thy melody entrance my longing soul.

In gliding measure charm to thee
The playful nymph, Terpsichore;
With ease, and grace, and look askance,

Her panting bosom burning,
As, twining, twisting, turning,

In winning guise she leads the mazy dance.

Now soft and soothing be thy strain,
To ease the fond Erato's pain;
Whisper, that in her realm no more
False, fickle love, shall she deplore.

Bid her behold, with glad surprise,
Her mistress in Love's tender arts;

A princess comes to bless our isle,
Whose form shall captivate all eyes,

And whose example fix all hearts!
Bid her the trembling tear to dry;
To dissipate the deep-heav'd sigh;

To smooth her low'ring brow, and smile,
And join, accompanied by thee,
The playful nymph, Terpsichore.

Now change the strain, and to thy spell
Mighty Calliope compel,

Displaying ample hist'ry's page;

Bid her Urania bring,

A virgin and a sage,

Who, skill'd in science' wondrous lore,

Can suns, and worlds, and heav'ns explore;

And a triumvirate to fill,

Bid Clio her celestial skill,

To aid the glorious purpose, join;

And, while the trumpet's silver notes proclaim
So great, so mighty, so august a name,
Bid them transmit to Fame those truths divine,
That speak the glory of the Brunswick line.

But hark! upon the ear what rustic strain
Cleaves the free air?—'Tis gay Euterpe's train!
That sylvan faun and hamadriade lead,
With horn, and flageolet, and oaten reed.

And first, the horn, whose mellow sound
Wakes Echo in the hollow rocks
T'inspire the fleet sagacious hound,
Where, to unearth the subtle fox,
The flageolet shall imitate
The feather'd songster, by his mate
Sequester'd in the conscious grove,
Impervious to all eyes but Love.

And now, as the lorn nightingale
Mourns sadly in the pensive vale,
Day's labour at an end,
Rustics the winding dance shall lead,
To the cadence of Euterpe's reed,
And mirth with sadness blend.

And thou, Melpomene, appear,
Whose woes find no relief,
Whose mind's best joy's the social tear,
Whose luxury is grief.

Behold her!—dim each sorrowing eye—
But let the torrent flow;
Be hallow'd that sweet sympathy
That mourns for others' woe!

Nor thou, Thalia, gay and trim,
Skulk where behind thy mask thou'rt peep-
ing;

Come forth, with frolic, wit, and whim;
Rouse sluggish Dullness, as he's sleeping.

With honest gibe and moral jeer,
And humour, honour's cause adorning,
Come, dissipate thy sister's tear,
As cheers the sun an April morning.

Say, as her grief thou bid'st her dry—
Each passion's virtue in its season—
That, as 'tis folly loud to cry,
So, laughing loud is sometimes reason.

Begone! disperse like air;
 To blue Olympus fly;
 There, plac'd on high,
 As the celestials, in their roseate bow'rs,
 Play with the smiles, and count the dancing hours,
 Strike the loud spheres,
 And charm their captur'd ears,
 Proclaiming Caroline's unequal'd praise!
 Her wisdom let Minerva fear;
 Bid her who young Endymion embrac'd,
 Blush, and resign the name of chaste;
 Tell lovely Venus, and the dimpled Graces,
 To yield to truth, and own,
 All sweet, all beautiful as are their faces,
 Her face perfection boasts alone.

All, while sitting in celestial state,
 That which they cannot equal, bid them wonder at;
 And, as your mandate they attend,
 And from the silver clouds astonish'd bend,
 Bid them behold, with a benignant smile,
 The rapture that pervades Great Britain's happy
 isle.

Fir'd with my theme, thus gave I nature law,
 Will'd at a wish, and what I fancied saw:—

Gods in troops attending,
 Well pleas'd from high Olympus bending;
 While sportive Nereides gayly gave
 The splendid yacht to Neptune's wave.
 I heard old Jove by Styx declare
 He ne'er saw mortal half so fair;
 While Juno own'd he'd ne'er known strife,
 Could she like her, have prov'd a wife:
 Minerva said, proud to extol her,
 She'd always been her aptest scholar:
 Again her mirror, and again,
 Venus regarded, but in vain;
 Then rubb'd the surface—'twas not right,—
 And rubb'd, and rubb'd,
 And rubb'd, and rubb'd,—
 At last she broke it, out of spite.
 One call'd for nectar—'Go and sip,'
 Cried Hebe, 'nectar from her lip;'
 Mars proudly said he saw a race
 Of future heroes in her face;
 While rough-hewn Neptune, smiling, swore
 Ne'er had his billows borne, before,
 A lovelier Venus to a happier shore;—
 And truly Ocean swore! scarce smil'd the fair,
 To thank Old Neptune for his anxious care,
 But troops of bards burst forth in one fond lay,—
 For light is light, and day we still call day;
 And as the obvious truth fell from each tongue,
 By each proud heart inspir'd they felt and sung—

Hail, lovely wonder! honour's meed!
 Rule ev'ry heart that virtue prizes;
 Eclipse each fair, as stars recede
 When from old Ocean Venus rises.

Haste with sacred love and truth,
 Grace smiling, Hymen's bless'd communion!
 Haste, and reward the only youth
 Whose virtues merit such a union.

See pictured in her face her mind,
 Beauty and goodness ne'er asunder;
 While Envy now, no longer blind,
 Grows kindness, and subsides to wonder.

Roses bloom beneath her feet;
 Cupids for a smile implore her;
 While Zephyr steals a kiss so sweet,
 It perfumes all the way before her.

Mute Admiration, that had hush'd the crowd,
 Yielded to acclamations warm and loud;
 For lo! a sight that ever shall impart
 Strongest emotions to each British heart!
 Scarce had the Princess, on the peopled strand,
 Admir'd the beauty of fair Freedom's land,
 When in majestic grandeur stood reveal'd,
 Bright as her crest, refulgent as her shield,
 Britannia! with a tender zeal impress'd,
 As tutelary guardian of her lovely guest!
 And, oh! ineffable was the angelic smile
 That bid the glorious stranger welcome to her isle!
 Nor ended there

Those shouts that rent the air;
 For as distinction's honours on the way
 Still courted some solicitous delay,
 Their longing eyes pursu'd the splendid train,
 Nor lost them till they reach'd fair Hymen's fane,
 Whom they address'd in fervent prayer—

Sacred Hymen! on this night
 Thy torch with fire celestial light;
 And in thy smiling crown of flow'rs
 Symbol this pair's delicious hours.

Let Flora's rose the wreath adorn,
 Depriv'd of each intruding thorn;
 Let the fond heliotrope be there,
 And Venus' myrtle fresh and fair.

Sacred Hymen, &c.

Mars for his laurel next invoke,
 And blend it with the civic oak:
 So, bliss, fame, constancy, shall prove
 Their lot bestow'd by thee and Love.

Sacred Hymen, &c.

And let me pause, ye pow'rs! or let me claim
 Than inspiration some superior name:
 Give me to speak the force of ev'ry grace
 Perfection e'er bestow'd on form and face;
 With all the gifts concentr'd in the mind,
 When gods their essence blend with human kind.
 So my strong zeal shall disappoint despair;
 So shall I sing the worth of this illustrious pair;
 So shall I paint, in conflict tender,
 As fear and joy alternate strove,
 That form that bid her heart surrender,
 While burning blushes spoke her love:

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Not Sol, that Belvidere delighted,
Nor yet Alcides of Farnese,
A form more perfect, that united
Superior strength with nobler ease.
Nor shall my glowing mind its ardour cease,
Till, as I paint, their happiness increase.
In willing numbers, no less warm than true,
I lay futurity to open view;
And, while a people join in loud acclaim,
Tell to the universe the prophecy of Fame :—
Long on this isle the solar ray,

Benignant eye of fav'ring Heav'n,
Shall beam, to consecrate the day
That saw a Brunswick to a Brunswick giv'n.

Swell, ev'ry voice !—beat, ev'ry heart !
All in the gen'ral bliss bear part—
While the loud trumpet's notes proclaim
Fate's fiat by the mouth of Fame.
In other states, while will and pow'r,
That strut, the pageant of an hour,
Treason destroys, and time absorbs,—
Like circling planets in their orbs,
Here shall a happy people's joys
Revolve in one grand equipoise ;
While time and virtue shall endure,
Their honour safe, their rights secure ;
Confirm'd to this bless'd race alone,
England's hereditary throne !

From Datchet Mead ; or, the Fairy Court.

[Dibdin wrote this little piece in honour of the nuptials of the then Princess Royal and the Hereditary Prince of Wirtemberg, and entitled it a *Serenata*. He performed it at the theatre in Leicester Place. He had concluded his usual season, but re-opened for the purpose of presenting this piece to the public. He reduced his entertainment of the season, *The General Election*, to two acts, and wrote an interlude called *Mecenas the Second*, by way of prelude to the piece that follows. We give the words entire.]

BRIGHT gleam'd the moon ! Zephyr, in am'rous gale,

Breathed perfume o'er Datchet's charming vale,
Where Windsor's turrets kiss the ample sky,
Shrouding from mortal sight that family
So dear to ev'ry British heart,—who prove
To honour dear, to goodness, and to love ;
When fairy Mab, virtue and truth her care,
Blessings to show'r upon the royal pair
Ere morn should summon them to Hymen's fane,
Thus from their lurking-places call'd her train.

'Elfin Filma, hither trip—
Leave those acorns, whence ye sip
Drops of rich nectareous dew ;
Leave those flow'rs of roseate hue,
That bloom in yon impervious glade,
For fairy elves to form a shade,
Where, thick as clust'ring bees on wing,
They sit around in mystic ring,
Still feasting on some tiny berry,
Titt'ring, frisking, making merry.

'Mote and Umbra, come away,
From where you've kept since break of day,
Like sentinels, your faithful watch,
From the waning moon to catch
Crystal drops of precious use,
O'er mortal eyelids to diffuse
A stupor dull and melancholic ;
While you play, and frisk, and frolic,
Through gimlet-hole and crevice peeping,
And quaintly tease them while they're sleeping.

Her fiat heard, in crowds the fairy band,
Like thought or lightning, came at her command,—
When thus her royal train the queen address'd :—
'To-morrow's dawn shall see a nation bless'd,
When of a prince to the expecting arms
Great George shall yield his royal daughter's charms !
Say, fairies, what perfection have ye wrought ?
What to add beauty still to beauty brought ?'

'I've brought the petals of a rose,
The thistle's down so fair ;
To match her cheeks so healthful those,
And these her silver hair.'

'I've coral brought, in which to set
Those orient pearls, her teeth ;'
'And I a sprig of mignonette,
Less fragrant than her breath.'

'One of those spirits, in my road,
All virtues that confer,
I met, and ask'd him for his load ;—
He gave it me for her.'

'I of that sprite to sons of earth
That spreads delight around,
Have brought the store ; for so should worth
With happiness be crown'd.'

'That's well, my sprightly elves ! I laud your zeal
Loyal, though useless, wishing as ye feel.
Can snow be purified ? can earth reach heav'n ?
Can to what's perfect be perfection giv'n ?
No ! all these gracious charms and gifts, and more,
The bounteous Gods provided her before :
But see where comes the laughter-loving Fub,
The fairy Momus !—Well, you chuckling cur !
What news with you ? and why, my merry mate,
When call'd by me, are you return'd so late ?'

'Return'd so late ? rather, so soon ;—
Oh ! what a jaunt ! Why, I've been to the moon !
I own I was tempted to make a short stay,
A syllabub to sip at the milky way ;
With the Virgin in the signs I of tea took a dish,
Eat rumpsteaks off the Bull, and drank tea with the
Fish.

[Away I went, spanking through all the constellations ; till, being almost overtipp'd in the Balance, having saluted the Lion, danc'd with the Bear, kicked up a riot in the Seven Stars, &c. &c. alarmed the Great Dog by setting fire to an *Au rora Borealis*.—]

With my nutshell gig, and my pony flies,
Like a cit on a Sunday I dash'd through the skies,
I call'd at Mount Ida, where, 'midst flats and
sharps,

The Muses were tuning and tinkling their harps;
And Phœbus, as stately through ether he rode,
On the joyful occasion was writing an ode;
Then an epithalamium rang in my ears,
The choruses join'd by the band of the spheres.

Oh! such a crash! you never saw such fun in
your life! The Fixed Stars were so shooting
about! the Comets so jiggling their tails! and as to
the Planets, why they were all dancing the hays,
trying all they could to eclipse one another; and
then, for the Loves and the Graces—why, you
would have sworn they were going to be married
themselves—they were so happy. So, you see,
when I had amused myself a little at the sight—]

With my nutshell gig, and my pony flies,
Like a cit on a Sunday I dash'd through the skies.

Then the Gods on Olympus how they did carouse!
Mars swore he'd protect the illustrious house;
On which to confer sacred honours and love,
Jove promis'd his Eagle, and Venus her Dove.
Mirth, whim, joy, and pleasure were all their
employ;

And for Bacchus—he fairly got tipsy for joy!

[So I took a sup of nectar with them, to the
health and happiness of the royal bride and bride-
groom; then I whisked away, and went—Oh,
Lord! it is impossible to tell you where I went;—
but this I can tell you, that all the universe is
delighted upon the happy occasion. So, hearing
your dear little shrill pipe, and determined to get
back as fast as possible—]

With my nutshell gig, and my pony flies,
Like a cit on a Sunday I dash'd through the skies.

Now haste, for morn comes on—your stations take,
And bid each Briton with new pleasure wake;
Electric joy let each to each impart,
While pride and pleasure speak the honest heart.
Meanwhile I bring, to swell the loyal stream,
Fit artists to describe th' exalted theme,
Which, while delight and admiration spring,
All know to feel, and all delight to sing.

Shepherds! bring the oaten reed,—

The pipe and tabor bring;

Ye pleasures! to the altar lead

The daughter of a King,

Who honour on a prince confers,

Already dear to Fame;

Her wishes his, his pleasures hers,

Their wedded hearts the same.

Sound the trumpet loud,

Bid the minstrels play,

While a willing people round her crowd,

As they approach the nuptial bow'r,

Invoking each auspicious pow'r

To bless and to befriend her;

'Hark!' they exclaim, rending the air,

'O listen to our fervent pray'r,—

May ev'ry bliss attend her!'

Graces! bring the dulcet flute;

The mellow clarion bring,

The tinkling harp, the tender lute,

The lovely theme to sing:

In some sweet strain that ardour moves,

Now paint her form and face,

Till Venus, and the laughing Loves,

Praise her superior grace.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

Sages! bring the sacred lyre;

The corded magic bring,

The graces that her mind inspire

So fitly form'd to sing:

And while in concert as you join,

Propitious pow'rs to laud,

May Phœbus and the tuneful Nine

Fair Wisdom's strain applaud.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

Cecilia next, to bear thy part

In the sacred theme we sing,

To portray the goodness of her heart,

The solemn organ bring;

And, as the senses wing their flight

To the realms of bliss above,

Like her, whose worth's our best delight,

Inspire celestial love.

Sound the trumpet, &c.

The world's awake! each sense imbibes delight!

Sweet to the ear, and glorious to the sight,

Shall be the joy and splendour of this day!

In mirth and pleasure shall it wear away;

While hearts and voices in the loyal sport

Shall join the revels of the fairy court.

The fairy flute, with tiny voice,

Shall rouse a people to rejoice!

Come on! come on! with heart and voice

Let loyal Britons now rejoice!

The myrtle and the laurel bring,

And mingle in the mystic ring,

Which to this wedding's joy shall tend,

Circling to flow and never end:

Myrtle and laurel garlands bring,

While merry bells shall sweetly ring,

And drums shall beat, and trumpets play,

And acclamations rend the air,

That Fate may listen to the pray'r

Of a people loyal, heart and voice,—

Be blessings shower'd on this auspicious day

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

A Thanksgiving.

FOR THE NATIONAL JUBILEE, OCTOBER 25, 1809.

[Sung after the entertainment of *The Rent Day*, in 1809.]

THE grateful thanks that Britons pay,
O, Heav'n! vouchsafe to hear :
Now mighty George begins, this day,
His fiftieth regal year.
This loyal praise shall latest times
Record, with one consent,
That to the Throne Almighty climbs
With general content.

The theme is not the loss or gain
Sustain'd, that Britons sing :
The pleasure is, that such a reign
Was grac'd by such a King ;
And had our ills been more unkind,
More hard, of greater length,
Where had been found a kingly mind
So good, or of such strength ?

Thus, of more happiness are we
Than all the world possess'd :
While we've our isle, and rule the sea,
Did others rule the rest,
Still should we hold a larger space
On the terrestrial globe ;
Which loyal Britons shall embrace,
Like an imperial robe.

Then let us one and all obey,
As we to truth submit !—
He who on Britain frowns to-day
This happy land should quit ;

Nor, while our loyal hearts rejoice,
Should discontentment lour :
Banish'd be he, whose treas'rous voice
Disturbs this happy hour !

Hail, hail, the land that gave us birth !
Here Heav'n its blessings show'rs !
Where is the nation on the earth
So great, so safe, as ours ?
Hence, then, all murmurs ; hence dispute :
Let no one voice be heard,
That dares the sacred theme pollute
With e'en a single word.

If to our marts the wond'ring world
Brings still increasing store ;
By vict'ry if our flag's unfurl'd,
What churl dare ask for more ?
No : let us bow this day to Heav'n,
Thanksgivings loud to sing ;
In mercy that this land has giv'n
A great, a Christian King.

O ! may he live to heal our woes ;
And may his precepts rest,
Long, long, beyond frail nature's close,
Within each grateful breast !
And when of England's Kings men speak,
In angel strains be heard
Shall sweet Religion, mild and meek,
Preferring George the Third.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Songs written during the Author's Sojourn in France.

I MADE A PROMISE TO BE WISE.

I MADE a promise to be wise,
But 'twas a promise out of season ;
So much so, that I'm sure he lies
Who says he always follows Reason.

I soon grew tir'd of Wisdom's dream,
And, turning from pale Melancholy,
Fell on the opposite extreme :
But I at last grew tired of Folly.

Thus sep'rate, what was next to do ?

Perhaps 'twould keep them to their tether
If I could work upon these two,
To live in harmony together.

After, of course, a little strife,
'Twas settled, without further pother,
One should be treated as a wife,
And only as a mistress t'other.

Her portion of my joys and cares
Now each, by my appointment, measures :
Reason conducts all my affairs,
And Folly manages my pleasures.

FAR FROM STRIFE.

FAR from strife and love's alarms,
With joyous heart and mind at ease,
Time was, when, with resistless charms,
Bacchus knew the way to please.

When, while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I saw each minute pass;
Nor had I ever heard a sound
Like the sweet tinkling of the glass.

My flask now broke, and spill'd my wine,
For Cupid, Bacchus' joys I quit:
The myrtle kills the blighted vine,
And Love, turn'd Fate, cries out—' Submit.'

GLEE.

WE, ON THE PRESENT HOUR RELYING.

WE, on the present hour relying,
Think not of future nor of past,
But seize each moment as 'tis flying,—
Perhaps the next may be our last!
Perhaps old Charon, in his wherry,
This moment waits to waft us o'er;—
Then charge your glasses, and be merry,
For fear we ne'er should charge them more.

With brow austere, and head reclining,
Let envy, age, and haggard care
Grow sour, and, at our joy repining
Blame pleasures which they cannot share.
Put round the glasses, and be jolly,
In spite of all such idle stuff;—
Whether 'tis wisdom or 'tis folly,
'Tis pleasure, boys—and that's enough!

IN WHICH OF ALL THY VARIOUS JOYS.

IN which of all thy various joys
The tongue of Fame so much employs,
Didst thou best taste—say, mighty Jove,
The pure unmix'd delights of love?
Not with Europa;—there recourse
Thou boldly hadst to brutal force:
Her wishes took with thee no part,—
She gave her person, not her heart.

Not with the beauteous Theban dame,
When thou assum'dst her husband's name:
For, though ingenious was the whim,
She knew not thee, but thought of him.
Not then, when, in a glittering show'r,
Thou visit'dst Danae in the bow'r:
The gold prevail'd, 'tis true, and she
Yielded to int'rest, not to thee.

Nor Semele, whom to obey
Thou cam'st in terrible array:

She, proud one, yielded not to love,
But to ambition, and to Jove.
No: 'twas Mnemosyne, sweet fair!
Thy joys, indeed, were perfect there:
Joys hadst thou not no bard had sung?
For thence th' immortal sisters sprung.

DEVOTED TO CELIA.

DEVOTED to Celia, and bless'd in her arms,
How I thrill'd with delight as I ran o'er her charms:
When methought on each grace, as I gaz'd with
surprise,
For pre-eminence pleaded her mouth and her eyes;
Like counsel this open'd, and t'other replied,
Appealing to me, as the judge, to decide.

Hermouth, op'ning sweetly, thus said with a smile—
' 'Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile;
I can speak, I can sing, I can vent the fond sigh,
And vain may eyes promise, if I should deny;
Then while rows of pearls vermilion lips sweetly hide,
On our different charms 'twere not hard to decide.'

With ineffable sweetness, while looking me through,
Her eyes careless cried—' Why I can speak too!
And in such charming language, so made to control,
That of sensible lovers it goes to the soul:
Mouths may fib; but while eyes to the heart are
the guide,
'Twere no difficult task on our charms to decide.'

Transported with rapture, I cried with an oath,
' Charming eyes! charming mouth! I'm in love
with you both:
To express your sweet influence no language has
terms,—
One makes me a promise, which t'other confirms:
Your words and your looks are my joy and my pride!
On your diff'rent claims then how can I decide?'

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

CURS'D be the sordid wretch of yore,
Who from the bowels of the earth
First drew crude heaps of shining ore,
Stamped the rude mass, and gave it worth:
Ere yet distinctions and degrees
In lovers' wishes bore a part,
Truly to love was then to please,
And heart was made the price of heart.

Henceforth, ye lovers, nothing hope,—
Your fire is dead, your ardour cold!
Love has no influence, pow'r, or scope,
But that which it derives from gold.
Long may you languish, long expect,
Vows lavish, wishes, sighs employ,
A brittle temple to erect,
Which gold can in an hour destroy.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

PROFITOUS gods, that rule our fate,
Whose ears are tir'd with idle pray'rs,
To banish ills that men create,
And chase imaginary cares :
And first they ask, in rank and pow'r,
A fate from ev'ry care exempt :
Vain hope!—ambition lasts its hour,
Then dwindles into just contempt.

Next, reputation in the field,
Renown, and to be great in story :—
I all such horrid honours yield—
No brother's blood shall buy my glory.
A sumptuous palace, gorgeous board,
A train of followers, next they crave :
Poor fool ! his guests retir'd, the lord
Is but a solitary slave.

Next to their mem'ries they'd erect
A statue, lasting fame to give :—
I ask but reason, and expect
My little pleasures while I live.
Happy in honours, power, wealth,
If you but grant my fond desire—
A blameless heart, unshaken health,
My friends, my bottle, and my lyre !

SUCH LOVE AS HOLY HERMITS BEAR.

SUCH love as holy hermits bear
The shrine where they put up their pray'r,
As love the feather'd race the air,
Or sportive fish the sea—
Such as in breasts of seraphs spring,
When on th' expanse of heav'n they wing,
To greet that Power by whom they sing,—
Such love I bear to thee !

Such thankful love as warm must glow
In those who, sunk in night and snow,
When welcome beams first faintly show
The long-lost sun they see—
As pleasure Youth, comfort the old,
Virtue the good, or fame the bold,
As health the sick, or misers gold,—
Such love I bear to thee ?

AN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

'CUPID,' cried Vulcan, 'tis no jest,—
I'll forge thy darts no longer, boy !
I cannot get a moment's rest,
Thy folly gives me such employ.
Not against Pallas—no, nor Mars—
My worn-out patience so revolts,
To furnish arms for all their wars—
Nor e'en to forge Jove's thunderbolts ;

'Their conscience is in their demands :
But thou wouldst tire me out, in sooth,
Had I Briareus' hundred hands—'
Cries Cupid—'Dad, wilt hear the truth ?
The darts thou mak'st so blunt are found,
Scarce do I draw my bow at men,
But instantly heals up the wound,
And all my work's to do again.

'Vainly I lavish heaps of darts,
And empty quiver after quiver ;
Which while they guard their well-arm'd hearts,
These lovers into atoms shiver.
Find out some surer temper new—
So shall, like Jove's resistless fiat,
My power grow fix'd as fate—and you
Will henceforth live a little quiet.'

Old Mulciber began the work—
Forg'd dart the first—Quoth Love, 'Let's see !'
Then pois'd his bow, and with a jerk
He made his *coup-d'essai* on me.
The stroke had pow'r each wav'ring trace
Of folly from my mind to sever ;
And now, I feel, one lovely face
Has fix'd my willing heart for ever.

GLEE—BACCHUS, COME.

BACCHUS, come, thy vot'ry own me,—
'Tis said that thou all cares canst end ;
A perjur'd fair has basely flown me,
Fled with a false perfidious friend.

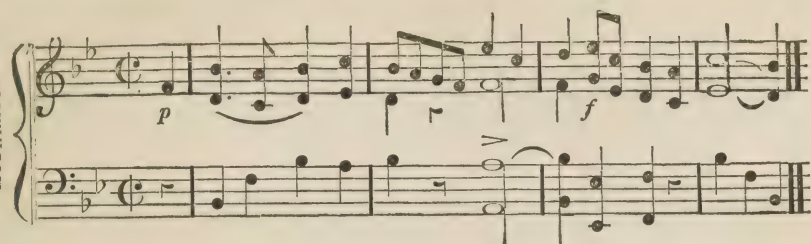
Let's drink !—'Tis true : my sorrows pass ;
New joys exhilarate my soul ;—
I find a friend in ev'ry glass,
And a kind mistress in the bowl.

CATCH—HERE LIES A PHILOSOPHER.

HERE lies a philosopher, knowing and brave,
From whom Madame Nature ne'er hid the least
wonder ;
Who, looking to heav'n, tumbled into his grave,
And disdain'd that same earth which he rotting
lies under.

THE THRASHER; OR, A JUG OF BROWN ALE.

MODERATO.



Can a - ny king be half so great, So kind, so good as I: I

give the hun - gry food to eat, And li - quor for the dry. My

la - bour's hard, though still 'tis sweet, And ea - sy to en - dure, For

A JUG OF BROWN ALE.

while I toil to thrash the wheat, I com-fort rich and poor; And I

mer - ri - ly sing, as I swing round the flail, — I mer - ri - ly sing, as I

swing round the flail, My re - ward, when work's o - - ver, a jug of brown

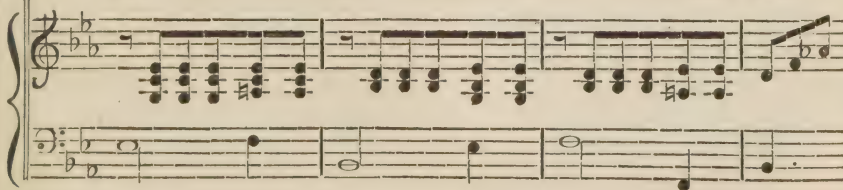
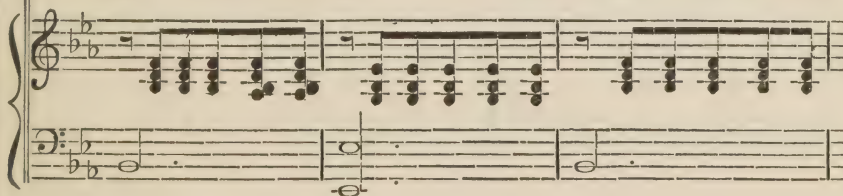
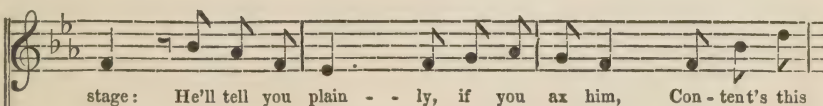
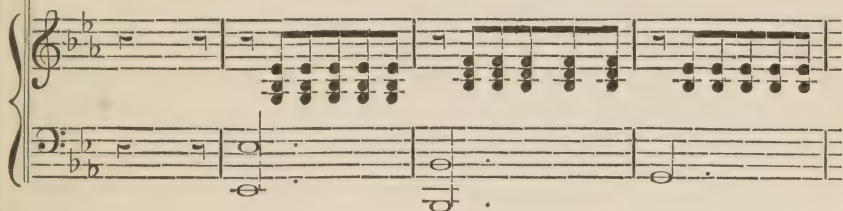
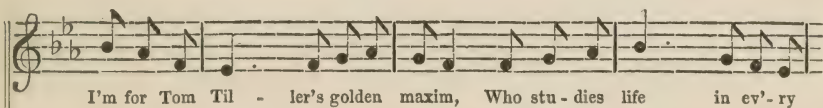
Repeat 1st Sym.

ale— My re - ward, when work's o - - ver, a jug of brown ale.

[For remainder of Words see p. 367.]

LIFE'S WEATHER-GUAGE.

MODERATO.



LIFE'S WEATHER GUAGE.

I own Tom had but lit-tle learn-ing, Such as you flats pick up at

school: Yet he is cun - ning and dis - cern - ing; And though no conj'r'er, Tom's no

fool.

'A tar,' cried Tom, 'to peace a stranger,
'Fore Fortune's tempest cuts and drives,
No single moment free from danger,—
The same as ev'ry man that lives:
In toil and peril he his part takes,
Stands fire, and hurricane, and shot;
He has his qualms, headaches, heartaches;—
And where's the lubber that has not?

'The gold he gets does good to others,
Though he at random lets it fly;
For, as mankind are all his brothers,
He keeps it in the family:

Hair-breadth escapes each hour he weathers,—
No moment he can call his own;
And thus are men put to their tethers,
Up from the cottage to the throne.

'The thing is this;—in ev'ry station
We're born for pleasure and for trouble;
And if you strike to each vexation,
Good Hope's true Cape you'll never double.
But take the good and evil cheerly,
And sum up creditor and debtor;—
If in this world they use you queerly,
Be honest, and you'll find a better.'

British War Songs.

[In 1803, Dibdin was engaged by the government to write a series of songs, to keep up the national feeling against the French. He sang them in turns in the entertainment called *Britons Strike Home*, and published them under the title of '*British War Songs*.' The series consisted of but five, his engagement ceasing with the war he thus assisted in bringing to a glorious close. The set consisted of—

No. 1.—*Fall or Conquer*; a Parody on Bruce's Address to the Scots, the Words by a gentleman, and the Music by Dibdin, as he states; but he can only mean that he arranged the Music of Burns's celebrated poem for his own use.

No. 2.—*The British Heroes*.

No. 3.—*A Song of Death*.

No. 4.—*The Soldier's Oath of Allegiance*.

No. 5.—*The Song of Acre*.

The words of No. 1. not being Dibdin's, cannot properly have a place in this work. No. II., *The British Heroes*, we have printed among the songs of *Britons Strike Home*, presuming, from finding it so printed in the author's published book of the words, that he sang it on every night of representation; and the other three are the songs that follow.]

A SONG OF DEATH.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,

Now bright with the broad setting sun;

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run:

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave,—

Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
No terrors hast thou for the brave.

Thou strik'st the poor peasant: he sinks in the dark,
Nor leaves e'en the wreck of a name;

Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,

Whilst victory shines on life's last-ebbing sands,
Oh! who would not die with the brave?

THE SOLDIER'S OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

THE standard of Freedom's display'd:

Ye Britons, your all is at stake;

Then sacredly, under its shade,

The firm oath of allegiance take.

While angels strong zeal shall impart,

Let these words through the ranks loudly ring:

'I swear—and may Heav'n judge my heart,—
To fight for my country and king!'

By the shades of those heroes of old,

While inspiring the deeds of the brave,

With benignity now that behold

This struggle our country to save,

In their glorious career to take part,

So that fame my achievements may sing,—

I swear—and may Heav'n judge my heart,—

To fight for my country and king!'

For those friends that commend me, and sigh,—

Those dear comforts, my children and wife,—
And every relative tie

That invig'rates the springs of my life;—

In a word, that our deeds may impart

Those joys peace and liberty bring;—

'I swear—and may Heav'n judge my heart,—
To fight for my country and king!'

THE SONG OF ACRE.

ACRE! thou saw'st th' exulting foe

In fancied triumphs crown'd;

Thou heard'st their frantic leader throw

These vaunting taunts around:—

'Make now your choice—the terms we give,—
Desponding victims hear!

These fetters on your hands receive,
Or in your hearts the spear.

'And is the conflict o'er?' we cried;

'And lie we at your feet?

And dar'st thou, Corsican, decide

The contest we dare meet?

A brighter day we soon shall see,

Though now the prospect lours;

And conquest, peace, and victory,
Shall gild our future hours!'

The foe advanc'd:—in firm array

Stood Britain's chosen band,

And gallant Sidney led the way

O'er Syria's smoking sand.

Then as they writh'd in death's cold grasp,—

We cried—'Our choice is made:

Our hands the sabre's hilt shall grasp,—
Your hearts shall have the blade!'

Written for the New Belle Assemblée,

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

DURING THE YEARS 1811—1812.

LIFE'S WEATHER-GUAGE.

I'm for Tom Tiller's golden maxim,

Who studies life in ev'ry stage:

He'll tell you plainly, if you axe him,

Content's this life's best weather-guage.

I own Tom had but little learning,

Such as you flats pick up at school:

Yet is he cunning and discerning;

And though no conj'rer, Tom's no fool.

'A tar,' cried Tom, 'to peace a stranger,

'Fore Fortune's tempest cuts and drives.

No single moment free from danger,—

The same as ev'ry man that lives:

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

In toil and peril he his part takes,
 Stands fire, and hurricane, and shot ;
 He has his qualms, his headaches, heartaches ;—
 And where's the lubber that has not ?

' The gold he gets does good to others,
 Though he at random lets it fly ;
 For, as mankind are all his brothers,
 He keeps it in the family :
 Hair-breadth escapes each hour he weathers,—
 No moment he can call his own ;
 And thus are men put to their tethers,
 Up from the cottage to the throne

' The thing is this ;—in ev'ry station
 We're born for pleasure and for trouble ;
 And if you strike to each vexation,
 Good Hope's true Cape you'll never double :
 But take the good and evil cheerly,
 And sum up creditor and debtor ;—
 If in this world they use you queerly,
 Be honest, and you'll find a better.'

ALL WEATHERS.

WE came into this world to know trouble and
 pleasure,

All as one as tars venture to sea ;
 Where of all life's vagaries we taste the full measure,
 And sometimes come off by the lee.
 Now lashing the helm, we scarce feel any motion !
 Now drifting like cork 'fore the wind ;
 But the perils and joys both on land and the ocean,
 Are the calms and the storms of the mind.

Life's winds are the passions : through these as
 we're steering,

Though at odds, you must make them agree :
 Thus the port you are bound to you soon will be
 ne ring,

And that's the true maxim at sea.
 When we want to bring up in some giv'n desti-
 nation,

And the wind from the shore kicks us back,
 By gentle degrees, to get into our station,
 We traverse and try on a tack.

To guard against elements, crying and wailing
 May do for dissatisfied elves ;
 But those who would over life's ills be prevailing,
 Must lend a stout lift for themselves ;
 If a piercing north-easter at Christmas is sudden,
 And chills us with terror and fear,
 Weward it all off with roast-beef and plum-pudding,
 And plenty of generous cheer.

But when spring brings on summer, cold blasts no
 more pester,

And March gales are all blown away,
 The wind chops about, and an April's south-wester
 Brings forward the flowers of May.

Then blow, my good breeze ; set each face to the
 weather :

Be the gale either temp'rate or rough,
 Content's our sheet-anchor ; we're met here to-
 gether,
 And we taste of life's comforts enough.

FRIENDSHIP PUT TO THE TEST.

[A narrative of an incident that occurred with the
 Barfleur man-of-war.

THE courage of true British tars
 Gives their country a glorious name :
 If they float, they are famous in wars,—
 If they sink, they are floating in fame.
 Two sailors aboard the Barfleur—
 One Tom Tough, and Jack Lifeboat the other—
 Were accustom'd hard toils to endure,
 And to each be a friend and a brother.

Tom was plac'd on the top on a search—
 None to look more cunning than he,
 When a wave gave the ship a lee lurch,
 And tumbled him into the sea.
 ' All hands, and out boats !' was the cry ;
 Ropes were thrown, ev'ry tar tried to save him
 But in vain ev'ry art did they ply,—
 No effectual assistance they gave him.

Jack Lifeboat, by energy drawn,
 Watch'd lest poor Tom's suff'rings should end ;
 When Tom, his spent breath almost gone,
 Most piteously look'd at his friend :
 The glance all Jack's timbers soon shook,
 And he cried, while he mock'd at the weather,
 ' By heav'n ! Tom, I can't bear that look—
 Thou shalt live, or we'll perish together !'

In a moment see Jack by Tom's side—
 Fresh boats their wish'd safety insure ;
 While the sailors sing out, with true pride,
 ' By this action shall live the Barfleur !'
 What more anxious attention could draw ?—
 On the deck, by Jack Lifeboat Tom stands ;
 And the world such a scene never saw,
 As these true and tried friends shaking hands !

CONVERSATION BETWEEN MALPLA- QUET AND HOCKSTEL, THE OLD PEN- SIONERS, ON OUR RECENT SUCCESS.

[The battle of Barossa, in which General Graham so
 much distinguished himself, is particularly alluded to
 in this song. It took place on the 5th of March, 1811,
 when Marshal Victor was defeated, with the loss of
 3000 men : that of the British was 1169 in killed and
 wounded.]

' WHY, Neighbour Malplaquet ! these deeds of re-
 nown

Are enough to revive our old blood ;
 But I've not heard the rights on't—you've just
 come from town,
 And have better the thing understood :

By what I can learn, noble Graham, so brave,
Made the French first our bayonets feel;
His words were,—“My lads, you your powder may
save,

But let 'em have plenty of steel.”

‘Master Hockstel, I’ll tell you: the Frenchmen,
you know,

Would fain make the world understand,
That though we at sea prove a pretty tight foe,
Yet we never can beat them on land.
All the world knows they’re liars: to this last affair
For the truth we may boldly appeal,
And prove British troops, though their powder they
spare,

Can treat 'em with plenty of steel.

‘Bold Wellington finish’d what Graham began,
Whose words and whose actions accord:
He said he would conquer!—and Graham’s a man
That’s always as good as his word.

So Wellington came, a man equally brave,
His duty who nobly can feel;
Says he, “My good lads, you your powder may save,
But give it 'em home with your steel.”

‘The Frenchmen, whose brags British troops laugh
to scorn,

And who none but an idiot believes,
In this bus’ness a conduct so savage have borne,
They have prov’d they’re a nation of thieves:
No wanton excess did the cowards forbear,
Nor a spark of humanity feel;
So our soldiers were order’d their powder to spare,
But to treat them with plenty of steel.

Then let them decamp, in a panic-struck flight,—
We’ll beat 'em again and again;
And while Graham and Wellington put 'em to flight,
Some settle the bus’ness of Spain:
And the brave Portuguese, now our Regent’s kind
care,—

Who compassion so nobly can feel,—
Let them, taught by our tactics their powder to spare,
But give the French plenty of steel!’

JACK’S ALIVE.

SWEET Nancy Nouse and Jack Jibboom
Had long been man and wife;
And Envy’s self could find no room
To blame their happy life.
Each girl who would a husband find,
Each tar who fain would wive,
These words would always bear in mind,—
‘Nan’s bless’d—for Jack’s alive!

One Pest, a knowing and false friend,
When Jack was out at sea,
Laid siege to Nancy to no end.—
For a true wife was she:

He teas’d her with each doubt and fear,
That his vile suit might thrive;
Yet Hope still whisper’d in her ear,
‘Tis false,—for Jack’s alive!’

He kept Jack’s letters back—forg’d news,
Her virtue to ensnare,
And did her patient ear abuse,
To drive her to despair:
He swore Jack had fallen overboard,
And never would arrive;
When a hoarse voice like thunder roar’d,—
‘You lie, friend—Jack’s alive!’

’Twas Jack!—he chas’d all her alarms;
He kick’d Pest down the stairs;
Then hast’ning to her longing arms,
He banish’d all her cares:
His children to his heart he press’d,
Bid Joy again revive;
While Nancy cried—‘I’m truly bless’d,—
Thank Heav’n! my Jack’s alive!’

THE CABIN BOY.

POLL Pennant’s father was a tar;
Her uncle smuggled tea;
And her relations, near and far,
Had bus’ness with the sea.
She married Jack, pride of the crew,
One to her bosom dear,
And ’mongst these sailors quickly knew
To hand, and reef, and steer.

That Jack was off, the ship unmoor’d,
She heard with silent joy;
And cunningly repair’d on board,
Dress’d like a cabin-boy.
Whene’er to danger he would rush,
Jack still a helpmate found;
And were he hurt in any brush,
She kindly dress’d his wound.

The cruise was out; from her disguise
Poll now with pleasure burst,
Then took her passage in a prize,
And to their home came first:
Jack chas’d her soon; in eager gaze
Unloaded all his joy,
And presently sung out the praise
Of the kind Cabin-Boy:—

How he had watch’d him; how his care
Had nicely dress’d his prog;
How sung him some delightful air,
As they tipp’d off their grog:
‘Twas I,’ cried Poll; ‘that messmate who
In all your toil took part!’
‘You? my sweet Poll!’ Jack cried out,—‘You?
Come to my faithful heart.’

JACK'S ALIVE.

ALLEGRETTO

Sweet

p *f* *p*

Nan-cy Nouse and Jack Jib-boom had long been man and wife; And

En - vy's self could find no room—And En-vy's self could find no room To

JACK'S ALIVE.

blame their hap - py life— To blame their hap - py life. Each

girl who would a hus-band find,—Each girl who would a hus-band find, Each

tar who fain would wive,—Each tar who fain would wive, These words would al-ways

keep in mind—These words would al-ways keep in mind,—'Nan's bless'd—Jack's a-

JACK'S ALIVE.

live! Jack's a - live! Jack's a - live! Jack's a - live!— These

words would al - ways keep in mind,—‘Nan’s bless’d— Nan’s bless’d—for Jack’s a-

live!’

cres *f* *p*

One Pest, a knowing and false friend,
 When Jack was out at sea,
 Laid siege to Nancy to no end,—
 For a true wife was she:
 He teas'd her with each doubt and fear,
 That his vile suit might thrive;
 Yet hope still whisper'd in her ear,
 'Tis false,—for Jack's alive;
 He kept Jack's letters back—forg'd news,
 Her virtue to ensnare,
 And did her patient ear abuse,
 To drive her to despair;

He swore Jack had fallen overboard,
 And never would arrive;
 When a hoarse voice like thunder roar'd,—
 ' You lie, friend—Jack's alive !'
 'Twas Jack !—he chas'd all her alarms;
 He kick'd Pest down the stairs;
 Then hast'ning to her longing arms,
 He banish'd all her cares:
 His children to his heart he press'd,
 Bid joy again revive;
 While Nancy cried—' I'm truly bless'd,—
 Thank Heav'n ! my Jack's alive !'

FRENCH CRUELTY AND BRITISH GENEROSITY.

[This song was written in the summer of 1811, after the French army, under Massena, had been driven from Portugal into Spain; which was the termination of the third campaign undertaken by Napoleon against Portugal, for the purpose of expelling the adherents of the house of Braganza. The repeated rapacities of the French had created such severe distress among the Portuguese, that the British Parliament, on the 5th of May in that year, voted £100,000 for their relief; and public subscriptions, which produced a very large additional sum, were set on foot throughout England for the same laudable object. The battle of Dindenli, in which Marshal Sir W. C. Beresford commanded the British army, was fought at Albuera, on the 16th of May. The attack was made by the French, under Marshal Soult, who were repulsed with the loss of 9,000 men. The British loss, however, amounted to about 5,000 men; and that of the Spaniards and Portuguese, who were allied with them, to nearly the same number.]

WHAT period of glory shall Englishmen sing,
Their country to laud, and to honour their King?
What more noble than this, when, on each coming
morn,

New motives for proud exultation are born?
When the cannon's loud sound admiration begets,
And the press willing teems with Gazettes on Ga-
zettes,
Spreading widely the contrast, all envy to quench,
'Twixt the generous Britons and barbarous French.

The great and the various proofs that our name
Ev'ry day is diffus'd on the broad wings of Fame,
Is so known and acknowledg'd, that one recent trait
The essence of all our exploits may convey:
The despatches of Beresford hold out a gleam
Which may serve to expatiate well on the theme;
Who, utt'ring strong truths, envy's rancour to
quench,

Paints the generous Britons and barbarous French.

As one proof of our brav'ry, he tells you to note
An act through the world which for ever shall float;

The brave fifty-seventh,* who in flight stood the
brunt,

Fell in ranks, as they'd fought, their wounds all
in front;—

So the matrons of Greece own'd their sons acted well,
If no mark of dishonour appear'd when they fell:
And this serves to show, ev'ry envy to quench,
Our brav'ry, compar'd with the dastardly French.

But, to sum up the praise on our valour that show'rs,
Let mankind fairly look at their conduct and ours:
When, panic-struck, they from our troops ran away,
They madness committed, and scatter'd dismay;
While we the bless'd feeling of clemency shar'd,
And French violence Britons in pity repair'd;—
This shall hand to posterity, envy to quench,
The generous Britons and barbarous French.

* The following is a literal extract from Marshal Beresford's despatches:—"It was observed that our dead, particularly the 57th regiment, were lying, as they had fought, in ranks; and every wound was in front."

JACK'S DISCOVERIES.

On a discov'ry north about

For many years had ventur'd Jack;

But no discov'ries he found out

Like those he made when he came back:

His wife, when first he went to sea,

Hung out no lights the flats to trap,

But neat and modest garments wore—

Round-robbin tucker and close cap.

Expos'd no beauty but her face,

So closely all her togs were furl'd:

When he came home, she'd not a grace

But was expos'd to all the world;

But what 'bove ev'ry thing beside

Did Jack most furiously displease,—

No pockets did she wear, to hide

Her pin-case, wife, and bunch of keys.

Thus harum-scarum would she fling

Her gear at random, without rule;

Her handkerchief cramm'd in a thing

The women call a ridicule.

As to the ridicule, Jack said

He wish'd each girl who such things chose,

Might have the snuffles in her head,

No muckinger to blow her nose.

'I tell you what, Poll;—I'll be kind,

If you'll but change your course,' cried Jack:

'When vessels wo'n't go 'fore the wind,

We make 'em try upon a tack;

Douse your fallals, take up and mend,

With all this stuff and nonsense part;

So ev'ry one will be your friend,

And you'll secure a constant heart.'

Poll took the hint, reef'd in her sails,—

No modest Quaker half so prim,—

And with her Jack weather'd life's gales,

He true to her—she true to him;

For faithful love gave up her pranks,

Soon set a fashion not quite common,

Gain'd of each worthy wife the thanks,

And Jack discover'd—a good woman!

THE TIZZIES.

SAM Splint, Dick Douse, Ben Brace, Tom Tow,

Four lads of worth and merit,

Were friends and messmates, who the foe

Would fight with spunk and spirit.

Sall Snags, Poll Plump, Bet Bounce, Nan Neat,

Were smart and handsome quizzers:

For these they fought, and O how sweet

To bring 'em home the tizzies!

* Though the term *Spanish galleon* will be familiar to our readers, some of them will probably not be aware that an *'Acapulco-man'* means the same thing. It was one of these vessels, on its return from Acapulco to Manila, laden with silver, that Commodore Anson took, in 1743, which made him so popular on his return to England, after his disastrous voyage round the world.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

'Board of a smiling cot, so fair,
 Longside of Southsea Common,
 These jolly sailors married were,
 Each to his fav'rite woman:
 They kept the honey-moon with glee;
 At last, with lengthen'd phizzes,
 The signal giv'n, they went to sea,
 To get their wives the tizzies.
 In ev'ry danger did they roam,
 And cheerfully would risk it;
 While, short allowanc'd, they at home
 Had neither beef nor biscuit.
 Where dang'rous shoals and rocks abound,
 And where the bullet whizzes,
 Our sailors storms and shipwrecks found
 And ev'ry thing but tizzies.
 Meantime each wife, to honour true,
 Labour'd in her vocation,
 And round the happy cottage grew
 Young tars to guard the nation:
 At last the tide to turn began,—
 Success each sailor busies:
 They took an Acapulco-man,*
 And brought their wives the tizzies.

And now was crown'd each sailor's joys,—
 The foe had cried peccavi;
 And all the wives, some girls, some boys,
 Had launch'd a growing navy:—
 Their labour done, they dance and sing,
 And shout, with smiling phizzes,
 'Huzza! my lads! God save the King!
 Who freights his tars with tizzies.'

THE RIDDLE.

Miss Arabella Brilliant boasted beauty and good
 sense; [immense;
 But she was most admir'd because her fortune was
 She cut her various lovers short, as they were on
 her gazing;
 Cried she—'Explain what I propound, or take
 yourselves a grazing:—
 What thing is that which small begins, then grows
 complete and round,
 Then by degrees shrinks and recedes, and then no
 more is found?
 He who shall to its full extent this riddle under-
 stand, [hand.'
 Shall be the happy lover, to possess my heart and
 I see your drift,' cried Harry Hope; 'your riddle
 is the Moon,
 That a mere nothing shows itself, and then en-
 larges soon; [light,
 Then, at the full, by slow degrees it lessens our de-
 Till, losing e'en the smallest ray, at length is out
 of sight.'
 'Pray stand aside,' cried ardent Ned: 'I say the
 riddle's Fire,
 That from a spark expands itself, and soon grows
 higher and higher;

When engines to extinguish it employ the utmost
 pain,
 Till their exertions conquer it, e'en to a spark again.'
 'You're wrong,' cried she, 'both wrong; nor can
 my cunning drift explain:
 'Tis not the Moon, nor is it Fire—you'd better
 guess again.
 Your moon's i' the wane, your fire's gone out, nor
 have you yet divin'd [mind.'
 The truth that fondly speaks itself in my expecting
 'Sweet!' cried Will Worthly, 'I'll be bound your
 meaning well to prove:
 That thing that comes, increases, and then dies
 away, is Love;
 Death only can extinguish it—say, do I understand?'
 'You! you!' cried she, 'and only you; then take
 my heart and hand!'

THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

AN IRISH SONG FOR THE LADIES.

O NEAT is the cot of sweet Kathline the fair!
 Do you love Nature's beauties?—you'll find them
 all there:
 Sweet flow'rs, warbling birds, and clear rivulets, try
 To regale ev'ry heart and delight ev'ry eye.
 But the cot of all cots, that gives joy to the heart,
 Where Nature's but little indebted to art,—
 For the ear, eye, and mind, where all pleasures are
 seen,
 is the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.
 The dwelling of Unah, where each rustic clod
 With his lilt and his chanters enlivens the sod,
 Where the rivulet gurgles the pebbles among,
 And the sweet feather'd warblers all join in the song,
 Where Pat, Teague, and Dermot, their partners take
 out,
 And neatly and handily foot it about,
 Has its pleasures and pastimes; but better are seen
 At the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.
 Thus of pleasures fair Kathline and Unah take part:
 But Nanine has a Patrick, and Pat has a heart;
 And the villagers say that they all understand,
 The next May-day morning she gives him her hand.
 Then hey for the wedding, Teague, Dermot, and Pat,
 There 'll be pleasure in plenty—fait! you may say
 dat;
 For the hostess all gaily will then be hail'd Queen,
 At the beautiful cottage of lovely Nanine.

VALOUR, AND ITS REWARD.

THE gallant soldier joyly comes,
 'Midst piercing fife and rattling drums,
 His helmet grac'd with nodding plumes,
 Deck'd like another Mars:
 His trembling love, sunk in alarms,
 And veil'd in fear her pallid charms,
 He presses in his willing arms,
 And hurries to the wars.

A charm 'gainst death they take and give,
That they may ev'ry stripe survive,—
'Tis hope! in which they vow to live,
And ev'ry fear beguile:
Sweet hope! that soothes the constant heart,
When lovers from each other part;
That comfort brings with wondrous art,
And makes e'en mis'ry smile.

Bless'd with a guardian pow'r like this,
They fondly trace each future bliss,
Rememb'ring ev'ry parting kiss,
And conqu'ring all alarms.
The battle o'er, he leaves the plain,—
He comes to banish ev'ry pain;
They meet in smiles, and soon again
Rush to each other's arms!

*The Passions,
In a Series of Ten Songs.*

LOVE.

THE Passions by nature to mortals were given,
Each temper'd with some base alloy;
And then do we emulate angels in heaven,
When we time to refine them employ.
Love! first of the Passions, gives pleasure or pain,
As its influence we variously prove;
'Tis the source of delight, or of comfort the bane,
As we wisely or foolishly love.
'Tis a bev'rage delicious, to poison that turns;
A demon, a god that appears;
A flame that first warms, and then scorches and
burns;
A garden that's water'd with tears:—
But let prudence and truth on our wishes but smile,
'Tis the joy of celestials above;
And our essence to hold it were scarcely worth while,
Unless cherish'd and nurtur'd by Love!

MIRTH.

FROM Mirth, that seems a harmless thing,
The worst of human ills may spring;
Deep anguish, wretchedness, and care,
The gloomy race of man despair.
Mirth, when true merit we oppress,
And taunt and scorn at man's distress,
From some foul demon takes its birth,
And Folly leads the train of Mirth.
But when, to truth and goodness dear,
Mirth's smile can start the gen'rous tear,—
When proud in conscious goodness grown,
We make our neighbour's joy our own,
The loudest mirth no pain derides,
And Laughter then may hold his sides;
Then Pleasure bears the stamp of worth,
And Wisdom leads the train of Mirth!

GLORY.

GIVE me the hero greatly brave,
Who risks for fame a glorious grave;
Who, for achievements nobly born,
Danger alike and fear can scorn;
Who, lion-mettled, seeks the field,
To crush the foe, but ne'er to yield;
Forming for Fame a deathless story,
Well to adorn the page of Glory.
But let this well-earn'd Glory be
Nearly allied to Clemency;
Nor let a drop of human blood
Be spill'd, but for his country's good:
That thus a never-ending fame
May grace and dignify his name,
And Clemency record the story
That loves to praise unsullied Glory!

COURAGE.

GLORY and Courage have a claim
To honour and a deathless name;
Both earn'd, that story may proclaim
In place their various deeds afar:
But glory dies if kept unknown;
Courage may, humble and alone,
Find in good hearts a glorious throne—
Witness the meanest British tar.
The British tar undaunted goes
Through India's heat, or Lapland's snows,
T' exterminate his country's foes,
Where elements unruly jar:
But he can private woes redress;
Can gen'rously relieve distress;
And thus each feeling heart shall bless
The Courage of the British tar!

FEAR.

THE Passions to honour in place are all dear;—
The ancients erected a temple to Fear,
That when any foul action that Reason condemn'd,
That Justice derided, or Goodness condemn'd,
Took possession, or warp'd from its duty the soul,
The Deity such vile desires might control:
Thus, to deprecate evils, an altar they'd rear,
And, trembling, some sacrifice offer to Fear.
From motives so just that we never depart,
Let us such a temple erect in the heart;
That bold in fair hope, and in confidence strong,
We're annoy'd by no Fear but the fear to do wrong.
Let us shun all that's sland'rous, malevolent, vile;
Let us court no man's frown, and deserve each
man's smile;—
So of mists shall our smiling horizon grow clear,
And Reason dispel ev'ry vestige of Fear!

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

HOPE.

LOVELY Hope ! the child of Pleasure !
That well can banish ev'ry care ;
The sick man's health, the poor man's treasure ;
That mocks at grief, and kills despair ;
Come ! with joy my mind possessing,
Teach me with misery to cope,
To feel that ev'ry blessing
Lies within the pow'r of Hope.

Yet let me not do ill to others,
Envy desert, or covet pelf :
With mind content, all men are brothers,
And serving them, I serve myself :—
But let me rather thy protection
Worthily court through Reason's scope ;
Eager to prove, on sweet reflection,
A worthy votary of Hope.

SPORT.

As toil and fatigue make the body inert,
So the mind pants for pastime, its cares to divert ;
And pleasures most frolicsome ne'er can do harm,
While Reason stands by, Folly's darts to disarm.
Let the time teem with cheerfulness, wanton, and play,
And the foul phantom Sorrow be driven away ;
And so long as fair Prudence guards Momus's court,
Let the heart free and playfully frolic and sport.

Pass the bottle ; then sportively follow the chase,
And let ev'ry delight be indulg'd in its place ;
Let each hour pass on briskly, be mirth our employ,
Full of careless hilarity, pleasure, and joy :
With this special commission,—Put on a tight curb,
Whenever our pastimes may honour disturb ;—
Thus the mind shall relax, yet receive, for support,
An incentive to worth, as we frolic and sport.

CHEERFULNESS.

Sorrow and joy, the mind's relief,
From folly may have birth ;
Tears are not always signs of grief,
Nor laughter proof of mirth :
But a just harmony between
Can dearly care beguile,
And Cheerfulness holds out that mean
In the benignant smile.

One sage at the world's folly cried,
By gen'rous pity mov'd ;
Another laugh'd, yet inward sigh'd,
While Folly he reprov'd ;—
Thus, to be happy, steer between,
Nor laugh nor cry the while ;
And Cheerfulness holds out that mean
In the benignant smile.

PLEASURE.

THUS may be all changes rung,
In number beyond measure ;
But when we've ev'ry passion sung,
Its gen'ral name is Pleasure.

Mirth may turn sadness, Hope despair,
Fear brings a joy delicious ;
Our task's to separate, with care,
The good from the pernicious.

Love, Hope, and Mirth, the senses seize,
Enhancing each affection ;
But never did a pleasure please,
But pleasure on reflection.

FRIENDSHIP.

Of the various passions such joys that impart,
Sweet Friendship most worthily int'rests the heart :
Love's flame never equal, but wav'ring burns ;
Love often capricious and turbulent turns ;
Neither Fear nor yet Hope a delicious dream,
Neither founded in reason, nor built on esteem :
But on Friendship so many perfections attend,
That the rational comfort of life is a Friend.

Each joy and content to its aid it can call ;
Best of passions ! or rather the essence of all :
It can Fear turn to Hope, and to Bliss convert Care,
Softened Mis'ry to Pleasure, and banish Despair :
Possessing all others, a pow'r from above,
It can e'en to tranquillity regulate Love ;
Nor can wedlock's delights in disgust ever end,
When husband and wife add the title of Friend.

Written for Bannister's Budget.

THE PLAINS OF CALABRIA.

[The battle of Maida, situate almost at the southern extremity of the kingdom of Naples, forms the subject of this song. It was fought on July 4, 1806 ; when General Sir John Stuart, with 5000 British troops, after a desperate conflict, totally defeated General Regnier, who commanded 8000 French.]

THE glorious plains of Calabria I sing :

Rejoice ! brother soldiers, rejoice !
Thro' the land let each mess-room with joy loudly ring,
While the heart we all blend with the voice !
Sound the fife and the drum !
That the French we've o'ercome
Shall be handed by Fame to each age ;
That those who would view
What our soldiers can do
May turn to this glorious page.

This vict'ry, so brilliant, can scarce be believ'd,—
Transcendent it well may be term'd ;
For in Egypt what great Abercrombie achiev'd,
In Calabria great Stuart confirm'd.

Sound the fife, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The French swore, when we should their bayonet feel,
We should shudder; but, spite of their arts,
The English have prov'd, though 'tis made of good
steel,

'Tis not guided by our hands and hearts.
Sound the fife, &c.

Throughout the whole world they have made it
their boast,—

The impudent braggarts! that we,
While we tremble and quake at their terrible host,
Can only be conquerors at sea.

Sound the fife, &c.

But the trophy we rais'd on Calabria's plains
From the world lasting praise shall command;
And give this report, which they've rais'd with such
pains,

The broad lie,—for we've beat them by land.
Sound the fife, &c.

The wondering world, when our Nelson we lost,
Invasion pronounce'd at an end;
The French, in their consciences let down and cross'd,
Know with us 'tis in vain to contend.

Sound the fife, &c.

For if at a distance we thus could imprint
On their minds such a lesson severe,
Let them now, from this victory, just take a hint,
How we'd work them if once they came here!

Sound the fife, &c.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

By the great twenty-first of October recorded,
In the mem'able year eighteen hundred and five;
May each hero that fell his true praise be awarded,
While one single oak on this isle shall survive!

Nelson led the gallant van;

Nelson France and Spain defied;

Nelson spoke—the fight began;

Nelson, matchless hero! died!

Commemorate this first of men!

Hang laurels on the cypress-bough!

Each Briton did his duty then,—

Let Britons do their duty now!

The bold Royal Sov'reign, with best satisfaction,
The admiring fleet saw all others outstrip;
Cried our hero, 'How gallantly first into action
That fine fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship!'

And now the Spanish line was broke;

Destruction all around was hurl'd;

The Vict'ry's fire involv'd in smoke

The largest ship* in all the world.

The British lion left his den;

And from the taffrail to the prow

Each Briton did his duty then,—

Let Britons do their duty now!

Ne'er with such fatal fury did devastation rattle!
Yards, masts, and rigging, reeling hulls, and
ev'ry hold,

Felt English vengeance, as, through this dreadful
battle,

Our murd'rous double-shotted broadsides told.

At length a cloud involv'd the day!—

A cloud that might to all impart

Dread fear, could Britons know dismay,—

A bullet reach'd our hero's heart!

And now the battle rag'd again;

Revenge was seated on each brow:

Each Briton did his duty then,—

Let Britons do their duty now!

Fierce rage and noble vengeance each bosom in-
spiring,

Dress'd out in grizzly terrors, pervaded the decks;
And while the wondering Fates were each hero ad-
miring,

Eighteen crippled vessels were little more than
wrecks.

And now, from friends and country torn,

Great Nelson's spirit takes its way,

On wings of fame and glory borne

To mansions of eternal day!

Commemorate this first of men!

Hang laurels on the cypress-bough;

Each Briton did his duty then,—

Let Britons do their duty now!

THE COMICAL FAMILY.

My father and Humphrey Hum were like brothers;

And when father departed this life,

To keep up the friendship, I chose, 'fore all others,

Hum's daughter, sweet Margery, to wife.

To pay the first visit I made no delay;

But such people did ne'er mortal see!

Humphrey's neck was awry; his wife had a hare-lip;

Deb squinted; Tom stutted; Mog rose in the hip!

What a whimsical, strange, odd, queer, out-of-the-
way

Set of frights were this comical family!

Of some different liquor did ev'ry one guzzle:

Humphrey, hot-pot; his wife, with a grace,

Toss'd off cherry-bounce till she foam'd at the
muzzle:

With brown stout Deb grew black in the face;

Tom a fine foaming tankard of ale did display;

Sweet Margery drank nothing but tea:

So I drank with them all!—hot-pot, meat, tea, and
beer,

Cherry-bounce, and three-threads, and looked al-
most as queer

As this whimsical, strange, odd, queer, out-of-the-
way,

This quizzical comical family!

* The Santissima Trinidad, which had four decks,
and carried 126 guns.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Next we talk'd about cards :—one proposed Whisk
and Swabbers,

And began to slide, shuffle, and cut :
They cheated like devils, or gamblers, or robbers
Some at Cribbage, and others at Put.
To be mighty agreeable, I was to play

'At each game recommended to me :
I play'd at Pope Joan, Cribbage, Put, and All Fours,
Whist, Commerce, Piquet, Beat the Knave out of
Doors,

With this whimsical, queer, strange, odd, out-of-
the-way,

This quizzical comical family.

Next the company each his own song must be sing-
ing :—

This snuffled, that squeak'd, t'other squall'd ;
One halloo'd till every glass began ringing,

While Shock howl'd, as so loudly he bawl'd.

I was ask'd for my song, so delightful and gay,
Or to join in a catch or a glee :

So I tun'd up ' Rude Boreas,' ' Tom Stitch,' ' Gram-
machree,'

' Stony Batter,' ' The Dargle,' ' Green Peas,' ' Lan-
golec,'

To keep time with this queer, strange, odd, out-of-
the-way,

This quizzical comical family.

At last, 'twas all settled that I the next morning
Should marry this elegant bride ;

Out set our community, mockery scorning,

And two thousand neighbours beside.

Home to dinner we came, all so blithe and so gay,
As merry as merry could be :

We ate, danc'd, and drank, till the stocking was
thrown ;

And quite us'd to the queer tricks and fancies I'm
grown

Of this whimsical, strange, odd, rum, out-of-the-
way,

This quizzical comical family.

Songs

PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION, FOR THE BENEFIT OF
DIBDIN'S WIDOW AND DAUGHTER, MAY, 1816.

TIMOTHY TOUGH.

TIMOTHY TOUGH had eleven wives,

And buried 'em ev'ry one ;

Hard were their lots, and brief their lives—

Tim said 'twas glorious fun !

Kitty Clack, to eleven mates

Who'd married been, like him,

To try her luck, swore, ' Please the Fates,'

That she would marry Tim.

They kiss'd and squabbled, parted, met.

And made the usual rout ;

And 'twas pronounc'd an equal bet

Who'd see the other out.

The strife was well kept up, and long,—

Each sounded war's loud tucket ;

He fought, she scratch'd—but she's a tongue,

And poor Tim kick'd the bucket.

PEGGY TAYLOR.

THE girl of girls was Peggy Taylor :

Her jabbering-tacks were always loose ;

Dearly as life she lov'd a sailor,

And his name was Kit Cabouse.

All hands to sea, the gold was parted ;

Peg, in the dimal's, pip'd her eye ;

Kit told her not to be downhearted,

And swore for her he'd live and die.

Now see the force of bad example :

The ship was order'd up the Straits ;

And ne'er of gig was such a sample

As roaring Kit and his messmates.

They dash'd away—the shiners sported,

And steer'd for vice on ev'ry tack ;

And, as all sorts of girls they courted,

They play'd the devil and turn'd up Jack.

They, as all order they confounded,

Chas'd pleasure with a flowing sail ;

Till Kit one night, poor, groggy, wounded,

Was taken up and sent to gaol.

There forc'd, in grief, to bite the bridle

Upon a cold and flinty bed,

Rumour, that's not a moment idle,

Inform'd him that poor Peg was dead.

One night, without health, food, or rigging,

Upon the ground, to comfort lost,

He thought his wond'ring eyes were twiggling

Either the devil, or Peggy's ghost :

His courage gone, each whisper fearing,

He saw, and gave a dismal cry !

A figure to his mind appearing

At least sev'n feet six inches high !

Kit sunk in fear of what might follow,

And almost fell into a fit ;

Then, with a solemn voice and hollow,

The spectre cried, ' Oh ! Kit ! Kit ! Kit !

From crimes like thine men should take warning !

Your wicked deeds brought this disgrace ;

And I, before to-morrow morning,

Will snatch you to another place !'

' Then I am lost—oh ! day of evil !'

Cried Kit, and on his knees he gets :

' Why !' cried the sprite, ' I'm not the devil !—

But Peggy, come to pay your debts.'

' Peggy ! and has your heart relented ?

Can you forgive ?'—' Yes ! that I can !'

He clasp'd her hand,—Peg was contented,

And Kit turn'd out an honest man.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE MYRTLE AND THE VINE.

[A shorter version of this song is given at p. 275. As that appears at an earlier stage of Dibdin's writings than this, we conclude that the popularity of the theme, or its felicity, induced him at a subsequent period to enlarge it into the song that follows.]

FAR from strife and love's alarms,
With jovial heart, and mind at ease,
Time was, when, with resistless charms,
Bacchus knew the way to please;
When, while the merry glee went round,
Gaily I saw each minute pass,
Nor ever had I heard a sound
Like the sweet tinkling of the glass:
Toast, song, and bumper, my delight,
The ivy did my brows entwine,—
I revell'd all the live-long night,
And spurn'd the myrtle for the vine.

Far from those who join the roar
Where Bacchus' sons are loth to part,
The revel rout now please no more,
And Cupid's joys possess my heart:
The flute succeeds the timbrel's sound,—
Harsh clanging cymbals do but jar;
Joy's only in the hautboy sound,
The tinkling harp, or spruce guitar.
Sigh, leer, and ogle, my delight,
The joys of love are only mine;—
I wish and sigh the livelong night,
And for the myrtle spurn the vine!

THE CHASE.

ERE yet the day is dawning,
To light the spangled brake—
While sons of sloth are yawning,
Their senses scarce awake,
We mount our steeds so steady,
They snuff the breezing air;
Man, horse, and dog, all ready,
For starting we prepare.
Then off we go; the woods resound,
And wake the ruddy morn—
The concert sweet 'twixt deep-ton'd hound,
The echo, and the horn.
Each object in creation
Smiles in the sportsman's face,
Nor is there recreation
So manly as the chase.
We soon unearth the subtle fox,
And now he takes the plain;
Now climbs almost impervious rocks,
And now he skulks again.
A hound gives tongue that nothing shuns —
The woods the note resound;
The loud full cry faint Echo stuns,
And Renard now is found:
Then eager at full speed we go,
All toil and danger scorn;
While answering notes so sweetly flow,
'Twixt Echo and the horn.

Thus sluggard sons of leisure,
Who time by dullness trace,
Know nothing of a pleasure
So manly as the chase.
Now quickly ends our trouble,—
He's hunted to the toil;
No longer he can double,
And measure back the soil.
He faints, he pants, no more can push,
Exhausted quite his breath;
The hounds are almost at his brush,
And now he yields to death.
Then home we go to sing and quaff—
The spoils are proudly worn!
While mimic well the vacant laugh
The echo and the horn.
Thus if vile vermin to destroy,
That annoy the human race,
Is manly, then no sweet employ
Is like the manly chase!

FARMER SOD AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

FARMER Sod had three daughters—Bet, Nancy, and Sue,
And he zed, that as how he loik'd I;
Zo zed he, 'My voine lad, thou hast nothing to do
But their different tempers to try.'
I consented, you zee; for I well loik'd my man,
Zo I went without making a pother:
Sue were dancing, Bet zinging away; but for Nan,
She were tending upon her zick mother.
'I can tell thee,' zed I, 'farmer, that's a good zoign;
I do zomehow or other think Nan will be moine.'
They zeem'd all of 'em stroiving to master my heart:
Bet and Sue were dress'd out—Nan were toight;
To the farmer I whisper'd, 'That gooseberry-tart
Nan did make?' Cried the farmer, 'Thou'rt roight.'
Next toime vor the purpose my stocking I toare;
Zo it vell out just as I intended:
No needle had Bet, Sue no thread, but a stoare
Nan zoon vound, and the stocking were mended.
Zo I zed to the farmer, 'That daughter of thoine,
Zweet Nan, I do verily think, will be moine.'
Then I made to the ladies a zort of a speech:—
'Sue! thou dancest with spirit and loife;
Bet! thou warblest as if thou the blackbirds wouldst teach—
But I want, do you zee, girls—a woife:
Now, thof I like dancing, and zinging, and zuch,
And always good stoare zet by beauty,
I do still vancy better—ay, that I do, much—
Good housewif'ry, prudence, and duty.
Zo, Nan! if thou canst to my humour incloine,
I'll make a good husband, and thou shalt be moine!'

COME, COME, MY LADS; OR, THE WAR IS OVER.

ALLEGRETTO.

mf

Come, come, my lads—the war is o'er, The ships all off are

f *mf*

pay-ing ; Sheets, ca-bles, haul-yards, us'd no more, Are up in ord'-n'ry lay-ing.

mf

The fear-ful dan-gers of the main Give way to bows and

mf

COME, COME MY LADS.

glass-es; And jol-ly sai-lors once a - gain Are sport-ing with their lass - es— Are

for

sport-ing with their lass - es— Are sport-ing with their lass - es—And jol - ly sai-lors

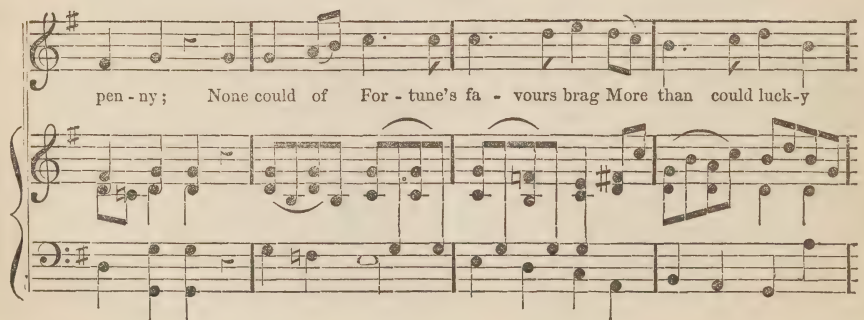
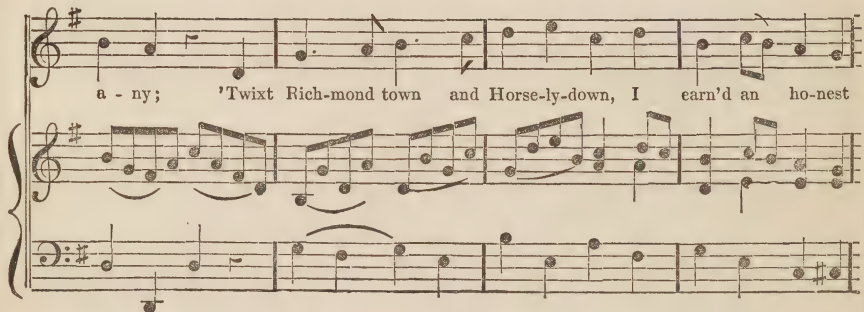
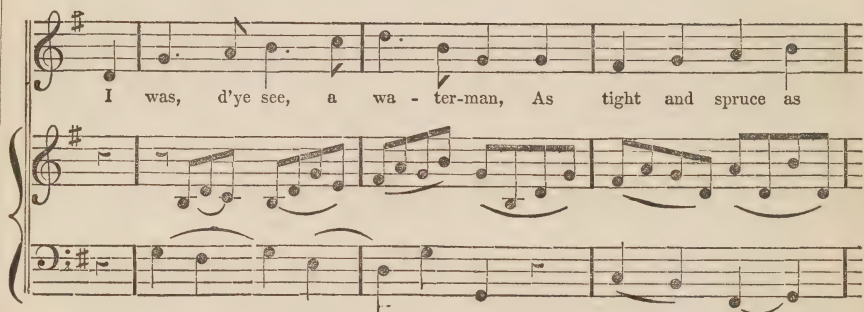
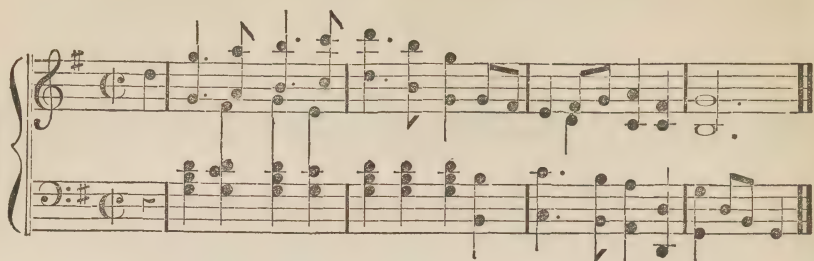
for

once a - gain, are sport-ing with their lass - es.

for

POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

ALLEGRETTO.



POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

I,— My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag, My grunt - er in the

The first system of the musical score for 'Poll and My Partner Joe'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a lively, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

sty: With wher-ry tight, And bo - som light, I cheer - ful - ly did

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'sty: With wher-ry tight, And bo - som light, I cheer - ful - ly did'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern, with some melodic variation in the right hand.

row; And, to com-plete this prince-ly life, Sure nev - er man had

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'row; And, to com-plete this prince-ly life, Sure nev - er man had'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings: *f* (forte) and *p* (piano).

friend or wife Like my Poll and my part-ner Joe,— Like my Poll and my part-ner

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'friend or wife Like my Poll and my part-ner Joe,— Like my Poll and my part-ner'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

Joe,— Sure nev - er man had friend and wife Like my Poll and my part-ner

Joe!

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,—
 Folks far and near caress'd me
 Till, woe is me!
 So lubberly,
 The pressgang came and press'd me.
 How could I all these pleasures leave,
 How with my wherry part?
 I never so took on to grieve,—
 It wrung my very heart:
 But when on board,
 They gave the word
 To foreign parts to go,
 I rued the moment I was born,
 That ever I should thus be torn
 From my Poll and my partner Joe!

I did my duty manfully
 While on the billows rolling,
 And, night or day,
 Could find my way
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling:
 Thus, all the dangers of the main,
 Quicksands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again

The joys I left behind:
 In climes afar,
 Mid hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sate
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts
 From foreign parts
 Came home for consolation.
 Like lightning—for I felt new life!
 Now safe from all alarms—
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each other's arms!
 Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame, like a lubber;—No!
 For, seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for Various Occasions,

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

THE THREE CATALANIS.

[Sung in different Entertainments of the Sans Souci]

Miss Swivel, Miss Gobble, and pretty Miss Prim,
Laid siege to my heart pretty strong;
They attack'd me with singing this little French
hymn

With all their best powers of song :—

'Dear cruel Cupid! like a bee

That hover'st on the wing,

Reserve thy honey all for me,

And take away thy sting.'

'Bravo!' cried I; 'I am conquer'd—I yield!

Ma'am! you beat Catalani quite out of the field.'

First, Miss Swivel—her eyes were not fairly a pair—

One aspir'd, while the other look'd down;

What was meant for an ogle was only a stare,

That contracted her brow to a frown.

Dear cruel Cupid! &c.

Miss Gobble, with flounder-like mouth, sung so queer,

And burlesqu'd what was meant for precision;

Not let out on a lease, but just from year to year,—

Not a month, but a kind of incision.

Dear cruel Cupid! &c.

The mouth of Miss Prim, as she sung, purs'd up grew,

As if nerves had been harden'd to gristle;

Her small pucker'd lips, like a sieve filter'd through,

Not a tone, but a kind of a whistle.

Dear cruel Cupid! &c.

THE WAR IS OVER.

Come, come, my lads! the war is o'er;

The ships all off are paying:

Sheets, cables, haulyards, us'd no more,

Are up in ord'n'ry laying.

The fearful dangers of the main

Give way to bowls and glasses;

And jolly sailors once again

Are sporting with their lasses.

The boatswain, who so shrilly pipes,

No longer are we hearing:

In dock he tosses off his swipes,

At landlord hoarsely swearing.

The battle wars not, nor the main,

Except while, o'er our glasses,

We count our dangers once again,

To please our pretty lasses.

Come, then, my hearts! we've prov'd, in war,

We dare meet ev'ry trial:

In peace, by our demeanour fair,

Let's show we're subjects loyal.

And when the duties of the main

Demand us from our glasses,

We'll sigh, as we prepare, again,

To leave our pretty lasses!

TRUE CHARITY.

Be others' the ungracious task

Of judging my too thoughtless sex,

By Envy dress'd in Candour's mask,

That even Virtue's self suspects.

Mine be the better, kinder part,

While I examine well my own,

To pity and forgive the heart

That has transgress'd from love alone.

Stern Justice, with unshaken hand,

Sprung from necessity and time,

That laws be kept which rule mankind,

To fix the forfeit-price of crime.

But judges of a softer kind

Frail error well has reason giv'n;

Pity—perfection of the mind!

And Mercy—fav'rite child of Heav'n!

DUET—LOOK ROUND THE EARTH.

FEMALE.

Look round the earth, nor think it strange

To doubt of you when all things change:

The branching tree—the blooming flow'r—

Their form and hue change ev'ry hour :—

Whilst all around such change I see,

Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

MALE

Blighted and chill'd by cruel frost,

Their vigour droops—their beauty's lost;

My cheek may change by your disdain—

To change my heart all pow'r is vain:

Look round the earth!—Each flow'r you see

To Nature true as I to thee.

FEMALE.

Look up to heav'n, nor think it strange

To doubt of you when all things change;

Sun, moon, and stars—those forms so bright

Are changing even to the sight :—

While in the heav'ns such change I see,

Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

MALE.

Clouded or bright, the moon and sun

Are constant to the course they run;

So, gay or sad, my heart as true

Rises and sets to love and you:

Look in the heav'ns—each star you see

True to its orb as I to thee.

[Repeated together.]

NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE.

THROUGH all our hearts, philosophers have taught,
A subtle vapour flies;—

Warm'd in the veins, it kindles quick as thought,
And sparkles in the eyes.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Be warn'd, ye fair, and retire ;
Fly from the flash,
You'll repent if you're rash,
Oh ! never play with fire !

If a youth comes with a grace and a song,
Like Phœbus deck'd in rays,
Then to your hearts the fiery atoms throng,
And set it in a blaze.

Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

But should the youth come with honour and truth,
Fly not your lover's rays ;
His heart in a flame, let your's be the same,
And make a mutual blaze !

Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

From him we need not retire,—

If such can be found,

We may stand our ground,—

Oh ! then we may play with fire.

Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

WISDOM GET.

YOUNG man, young man, be this your plan,—

Wisdom get where'er you can ;

See, see, the humble bee

Draws wealth from the meanest flowers,

Then hies away with his precious prey,

No passion his prudence sours.

Wild youth, passion, and truth,

So opposite, never agree ;

Be prudent—sage,

Draw wit from old age,

And be wise as the humble bee.

THE DELIGHTS OF KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

Oh ! the delight

To be an errant knight ;

O'er mountain, hill, and rock,

In rain, and wind, and snow,

Shiv'ring and shaking,

All danger he must mock,

And must with pleasure go,

Quiv'ring and quaking.

Dismal nights,

Horrid sprites,

Lions roaring,

Castles tumbling,

Oh ! the delight

To be an errant knight.

Masters snoring,

Thunder grumbling,

Damsels squeaking,

Devils shrieking,

Clubs and giants

Hurl defiance ;

Night and day,

Lose the way ;

Spirits sinking,

Beat and beating,

Nothing drinking,

Little eating,

Bed of stones,

Broken bones,

Oh ! the delight to be an errant knight.

SPIRITS' SONG.

By my faith and wand,

Gracing now my hand,

I'm at your command,

For ever and for aye.

Heart within my breast

Never can have rest,

Till of your's possess'd,

Heigho, alackaday !

Do you want a knight,

Ready, brisk, and tight,

Foes and fiends to fight,

For ever and for aye ;

If you want a slave,

Whom you will not save,

Send me to my grave—

I'm dead—alackaday.

POLL AND MY PARTNER JOE.

[When Dibdin was selling off all his compositions, preparatory to his going to India, he disposed of this favourite song, which he says certainly cleared the publisher £200, for two guineas.]

I was, d'ye see, a waterman,

As tight and spruce as any ;

'Twixt Richmond town

And Horselydown

I earn'd an honest penny ;

None could of Fortune's favours brag

More than could lucky I,—

My cot was snug, well fill'd my bag,

My grunter in the sty :

With wherry tight,

And bosom light,

I cheerfully did row ;

And, to complete this princely life,

Sure never man had friend and wife

Like my Poll and my partner Joe !

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,—

Folks far and near caress'd me,

Till, woe is me !

So lubberly,

The pressgang came and press'd me :

How could I all these pleasures leave ?

How with my wherry part ?

I never so took on to grieve,—

It wrung my very heart :

But when on board,

They gave the word

To foreign parts to go,

I ru'd the moment I was born,

That ever I should thus be torn

From my Poll and my partner Joe !

I did my duty manfully
 While on the billows rolling,
 And, night or day,
 Could find my way
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling :
 Thus, all the dangers of the main,
 Quicksands, and gales of wind,
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again
 The joys I left behind :
 In climes afar,
 Mid hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe,
 In hopes these perils to relate,
 As by my side attentive sat
 My Poll and my partner Joe.
 At last it pleas'd his Majesty
 To give peace to the nation,
 And honest hearts
 From foreign parts
 Came home for consolation :
 Like lightning—for I felt new life !
 Now safe from all alarms—
 I rush'd, and found my friend and wife
 Lock'd in each other's arms !
 Yet fancy not
 I bore my lot
 Tame, like a lubber ;—No !
 For, seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I fairly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

THE VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR.

[This is one of the greatest and most important naval victories on record. The British fleet, under the immortal Nelson, consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, three frigates, and two schooners, carrying 2236 guns. The united fleet of France and Spain consisted of thirty-three ships of the line, seven frigates, and three corvettes, and carried 2930 guns. Nineteen sail of the line of the latter were taken or destroyed : but the triumph was alloyed by the loss of the gallant Nelson, who, to the poignant grief of his countrymen, was killed at the moment of victory. The last signal that he sent round the fleet, prior to the commencement of the battle, was—' England expects that every man will do his duty ! ' The result proved that the expectation had been justly formed. This illustrious hero was perhaps the most skilful, brave, and successful naval commander that even England ever possessed. He was born on the 29th of September, 1758, and killed shortly after he had obtained the age of forty-seven : as the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, 1805. The corpse of the lamented admiral having been brought to England, it was entombed in St. Paul's Cathedral with extraordinary splendour, and at the national expense, on Jan. 9, 1806.]
 Come, messmates, rejoice ! for old England, so glorious

A victory never was seen :
 We've often o'er five, nine, eleven, been victorious,
 But now we have taken nineteen :
 Yet 'twas earn'd by a wound that for years will
 want healing—
 A wound ! that on sea or on shore
 Ev'ry Briton shall mourn, with one heart and one
 feeling,—
 Our hero, great Nelson, 's no more !

I sail'd with him often in pretty hard service,—
 More than once saw him wounded*, and smile :
 I was there when he gain'd such renown under Jervis,
 And he pepper'd the French on the Nile.
 I heard his last words, that so griev'd each by-
 stander—
 Words sounding so mournful and sweet,—
 'Twas his ' Love and farewell !—Damme ! there 's
 a commander !—
 ' To each brother tar in the fleet.'

But he 's gone ! and so nobly the French and the
 Spaniards
 Shall be lather'd, fore, aft, back, and sides,
 That we'll not leave a rope from the shrouds to
 the lanyards,—
 For in fighting we'll work double tides.
 And the notion 's a right one ;—oh ! where 's such
 another ?
 We've lost—why, the 'count 's without end !—
 The King a great subject, each sailor a brother,
 And every Briton a friend !

Not that one of our leaders to honour wants pressing ;
 For wherever our jack is unfurl'd,
 'Tis on all hands allow'd, as this country's best
 blessing,
 England's tars are the pride of the world.
 See the diff'rence in men !—Nelson, manly and
 hearty,
 Is mourn'd through the land by each voice ;—
 Had the shot been commission'd to strike Bony-
 parte,
 Oh, how ev'ry land would rejoice !

THE ARRIVAL OF NELSON'S CORPSE.

Ah, hark ! the signals round the coast
 Proclaim the great event
 That gave all hearts to grieve and boast,
 To joy and to lament :
 Great Nelson's corse arrives in sight,
 Victorious e'en in death !
 Who, living, did his country right,
 Who, dying, gave her breath.
 For did not Fame the tidings tell
 That laid him on his bier,
 The foe, whom nothing could repel,
 Had ventur'd to come here :
 But now may peace, that balm devout,
 Be laid to ev'ry breast ;
 His mighty deeds have fear and doubt
 For ever set at rest !

* Lord Nelson was severely wounded three times : first, in August, 1794, at the siege of Calvi, in the island of Corsica, when he lost the sight of his right eye ; next, in July, 1797, in a desperate but unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, when he lost his right arm ; and lastly, at the battle of the Nile, on August 1, 1798, when he was so severely wounded in the forehead, that it was for some time feared the injury would prove fatal.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

BLOW, BOREAS, BLOW.

BLOW, Boreas, blow! thy surly winds
 May make the billows foam and roar;—
 Thou breed'st no fear in valiant minds,
 For, spite of thee, we'll find a shore!
 Then cheer, my hearts! and be not aw'd,
 But keep the gun-room clear:
 Though all the devils roar abroad,
 We've sea-room, boys, and never fear.

See how she tosses up! how far!
 The mounting topmast touch'd a star!
 The meteors blaz'd as through the clouds we came,
 And, salamander-like, we live in flame!

But now we go:—
 See! see! we go
 To the deepest shades below!
 Alas! where are we now?
 Oh! who can tell?
 Sure, 'tis the lowest room in hell,
 Or where the sea-gods dwell!—

With them we'll live and reign,
 With them we'll drink and sing, and dance amain.
 But see! see! see! we mount again!
 Still, though flashes of lightning and tempests of
 rain

Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the air,
 Though the captain his pray'r
 Doth lustily swear,

And the seas are on fire by the fiends of the air,
 We drink and defy
 The mad spirits that fly
 From the deep to the sky,

And sing, though loud thunder should bellow!
 For Fate will still have
 A rich berth for the brave,
 And ne'er make his grave
 Of a salt-water wave;—

No! a sailor's too honest a fellow!
 Then cheer, my hearts, &c.

THE JOYS OF THE VINE.

The joys of the vine, and its virtues, I sing,—
 To bards more inspiring than Helicon's spring;
 No poet that's sober good verse ever writ—
 'Tis the juice of the grape that enlivens his wit!
 Atoms first reel'd into order, we're told;
 'Twas the doctrine of sage Epicurus of old;
 And hence the whole sect of that staggering school
 The maxim observe, and adhere to the rule.

Let Hercules boast of his conquests in vain—
 Of Hydras destroy'd, and of Amazons slain:
 More monsters the juice of the grape has o'erthrown,
 More Hydras laid low than great Jupiter's son.
 No longer shall Circe rejoice in her spells,—
 Our magical bottle her bottles excels;
 More powerful changes its nectar produces
 Than all her enchantments of drugs and of juices.

When wine gives the animal spirits to flow,
 The dunce is a wit, and the sloven's a beau;
 The cobbler's a king, and the drab is a queen;
 The lawyer's a judge, and the curate a dean.
 'Tis said, when as drunk and as great as a king,
 If by chance you should kill, when you're sober
 you'll swing:—
 Then take the advice that I soberly give,
 And be drunk, if you're wise, all the days that you
 live.

Thy orgies, boon Bacchus, some monarch obtain'd,
 And long has thy wide celebration obtain'd:
 All states and all nations submit to thy sway,
 And reel from their centre, and totter away.
 Then let all who are friends to the grape-loving god
 Drink deep of the vine that encircles his tod;—
 What mortal existing his influence denies?
 Then drink a full glass for each minute that flies!

PUT ROUND THE BOWL.

[Sung at Vauxhall.]

'GAINST topping and toppers those wise ones inveigh
 Who time by sobriety measure;
 But when they have said all they can have to say,
 I defy 'em to prove 'tis not pleasure.

Bards sit up to study, and patriots to talk,
 Projectors to plan and to think,
 Still balk'd of their object—but nothing can balk
 Our object, when gayly we drink!
 Then put round the bowl or the bottle with spunk,
 Whether punch, claret, bumbo, or nappy:
 It may make us all mad, noisy, boist'rous, or drunk,
 But it never can make us unhappy.

What are gods without nectar?—A jolly red face
 Makes their godships more fear'd and ador'd:
 Mars fights and Jove thunders with ten times more
 grace,

When they've taken their nectar aboard:
 By the very same rule, what are tars without flip?
 'Gainst its pow'r winds and waves can't pre-
 vail,—

'Tis a regular maxim, 'More gayly the ship
 Goes, when under a flowing wet sail.'

Then put round the bowl, &c.

On their legs rhetoricians their theme work away,
 And on every argument bawl;—

We the most wit and eloquence always display
 When, well in for 't, we've no legs at all.

'Tis true, we next morning have pains in the head
 That bad liquors will always impart;
 But how many sly codgers sneak sober to bed
 Who next morning have pains in the heart!

Then put round the bowl, &c.

His familiar old Socrates always call'd in,
 To inspire him with notions divine;
 To be wise and more knowing would toppers begin,
 They invoke their familiar, good wine.

Thus, dull earth-born mortals are mere plodding
 clods,
 Born to labour, to fidget, and think ;
 But the bottle put round, they're translated to gods,
 And immortal the moment they drink !
 Then put round the bowl, &c.

LOVE AND GLORY.

[This song was written at the beginning of the year 1804, which was about the period when the military mania, which was so prevalent throughout the nation, had risen to its highest pitch. See the introductory remarks to the song entitled '*A Trip to the Camp*, p. 229.

Proud honour and stern fate combining,
 The soldier to the battle goes ;
 His country's heroes nobly joining,
 T' avenge and succour human woes :
 Nor till the public safety greet him,—
 Safety the wond'ring world approves,
 Sweet Venus' family shall meet him,—
 The smiles, the graces, and the loves.
 The war's begun ! the British fair,
 All weakness overcome,
 The harp and lyre beneath their care,
 Now hail the sprightly drum.
 Like Sparta's matrons, nobly great,
 Wives, mothers, daughters, vie
 Who most shall heroes animate
 To conquer or to die.

Sound the trumpet loud !
 Bid the minstrel join
 The pray'r of yonder lovely crowd
 For our sons of fame, in sounds divine,
 Invoking each auspicious name
 In battle to defend them,—
 ' Hail ! ' they exclaim,
 Rending the air ;
 ' Oh, listen to our fervent pray'r,—
 May victory attend them ! '
 See with delight some lovely fair
 Her parting hero deck ;
 A laurel-wreath adorn his hair,
 Her portrait grace his neck :
 Thus arm'd, he pants to join th' attack ;
 She firmly bids him go,
 And warns him soon to bring her back
 Some trophy from the foe.

Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

A mother cries—' My love's first joy !
 Go !—fame and honour bring ;
 From me thou hold'st thy life, dear boy,
 In trust, to serve thy king !
 Yet from the reeking slaughter come,
 Whatever chance betide,
 In safety bring thy father home,
 Or perish by his side ! '

Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

Thus shall the lovely British dame
 To latest times be sung ;
 Great, brave, and noble, as the fame
 And honour whence she sprung.

Thus heroes perils shall survive ;
 Shall love and glory share ;
 And, angel-guarded, shall derive
 Protection from the fair.
 Sound the trumpet loud, &c.

WAYS AND MEANS.

SINCE variety sweetens our lives,
 And fills of existence the measure ;
 Since each sweet from some bitter derives,
 And who never felt pain feels not pleasure ;
 Since all the enjoyments we know
 Are caus'd by betwixts and between,
 What mortal so rich can you show,
 As he whose estate's ways and means ?
 In all we enjoy and are taught,
 No positive good has existence ;
 Each measure, act, deed, word, and thought,
 Like motion's kept up by resistance.
 To sameness life's thread's slowly drawn,
 Where no friendly care intervenes ;
 Nor could even the nation go on,
 Were it not for the state's ways and means.
 As to us who are put to our shifts,
 Ev'ry joy is enhanc'd by some sorrow ;
 And the ruin of to-day only lifts
 Flutt'ring hope for some sunshine to-morrow :
 From hank'ring for other men's pelf,
 Reflection the mind kindly weans ;
 If content with enough for yourself,
 You've the world, and may find ways and means.

With vicissitudes, then, let us sport,—
 You'll be happy, and nothing can mar it ;
 The heartache is felt in a court,
 And delight may reside in a garret.
 He is bless'd who life's harvest sees off,
 So is he but the refuse who glean :
 Then at ease and its crew learn to scoff,—
 The mind will supply ways and means.

A TOUCH AT THE IRON CROWN.

[Written expressly for the German Theatre, and sung by Master Frederick Schimer. The action referred to occurred off Ferrol, on July 22, 1805, when Sir Robert Calder, who commanded a far inferior force, encountered the combined fleets of France and Spain, commanded by Admirals Villeneuve and Gravina, and captured two ships of the line.]

WHY, they've got it at last, I say, Jack, hip and thigh,
 As the devil got hold of the ague :
 I told you, mounseers, though you're cursedly shy,
 We one day or other should plague you.
 Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !
 Poor Boney ! not even the devil, his crony,
 Can save him—his pride must come down ;
 We'll, in spite of his hope
 From the devil and the Pope,
 Take a touch at his iron crown.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Let us see how it happen'd:—from Toulon, like mad,
They sail'd, with their usual bravadoes;
Swore they'd plunder Jamaica, capsize Trinidad,
And at last swallow up poor Barbadoes.

Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Well, what did they do? They arriv'd in full sail,
Victorious, to their way of thinking;
But the name of bold Nelson soon made 'em turn
tail,—

So home they came, ev'ry one shrinking.

Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

'About ship,' cried Nelson, 'if that's your desire;'
So the master tack'd neat, and close haul'd her;
Till out of the frying-pan into the fire,
They all of 'em fell in with Calder.

Then hurrah, &c.

They tried at a port till they got 'em in view;
And, just as a seaman should cook 'em,
Like the jolly old Roman,* why, what did he do?
He com'd, and he saw'd, and he took 'em!

Then hurrah, &c.

The thing is this here: Master Boney, on land,
Has a pretty shrewd bit of a notion;
But the dear little Corsican can't understand
How we manage the thing on the ocean.

Then hurrah, &c.

Then here's to the King, and here's to the Queen,
And here's to the Family Royal;
We've hearts sound as biscuits, our conscience is
clear,
And ev'ry man's honest and loyal.

Then hurrah, &c.

TARRY HERE, WITH ME AND LOVE.

[Sung by Mrs. Kennedy, in the 'Comedy of Errors,'
1765—6.]

STRAY not to those distant scenes,—
From thy comfort do not rove;
Tarry in these peaceful glens,—
Tread the quiet paths of Love.
Is not this sequester'd shade
Quieter than the proud alcove?
Tarry in this peaceful shade—
Tarry here, with me and Love.

Listen to the woodlark's note,
Listen to the cooing dove
Hark! the thrush's mellow note;
All, uniting, carol love.
See the limpid brooks around
Winding through the varied grove;
This is passion's fairy ground,—
Tarry here, with me and Love.

* It will be observed that Dibdin here refers to Julius Cæsar, who in one of his despatches to the Roman Senate, used the phrase 'Veni, vidi, vici;' that is, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.'

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

GAY Bacchus, and Merc'ry, and I,
One ev'ning a strange frolic took,
And left the queer dons of the sky,
To take at queer mortals a look:
But our visit ne'er alter'd the scene;
The same folly, the same senseless mirth,
We still found; and 'tis this mortals mean,
When they tell us of heaven upon earth.

We join'd a convivial crew,
Who push'd round the claret with spunk;
Bacchus swore it was nectar, and grew
Like a lord or a tinker soon drunk.
To their concerts, that tortur'd my ears,
Noise and discord so fairly gave birth,
That I thought 'twas a crash of the spheres;
And thus music is heav'n upon earth.

At Faro* we punted and cock'd,
Till we such an example were made,
That Merc'ry retired quite shock'd,
To be foil'd at his own proper trade.

In love mortals all riot run:
Beauty, honour, esteem, private worth,
Politely give place to crim con;
And thus love is heav'n upon earth.

As to me, my poor portion of wit
In two minutes was knock'd out of joint,
By pun, jeu-d'esprit, lucky hit,
And quibble, conundrum, and point.
Thus below they act o'er the same scene
We play here, the same clamour and mirth:
And this is the nonsense they mean,
When they tell us of heav'n upon earth.

JACK'S ADVICE TO HIS FRIEND.

WHY, Tom, thou 'rt a seaman; and may ev'ry wind
That thy wishes can prosper and favour
Still sit in thy soul, that each port thou mayst find
While honour shall guide thy behaviour;
While good, true, and hearty, the stays of thy mind
Are steadily brac'd by thy duty,—
While to king, wife, and friend, thou art constant and
kind,
And thou driest up the sorrows of beauty.

But may all thy tackles, grown rotten, give way;
Thy vessel—may leaks fairly fill her;
Thy timbers all splinter'd, no rope to belay,
Broke thy compass, and shatter'd thy tiller.
When shook in the winds are the sails of thy heart,
And thou'rt false to thine honour and duty;
When from king, wife, and friend, thou wouldst
basely depart,
And thou mock'st at the sorrows of beauty.

* The uninitiated reader is informed that *Faro* is a game at cards, in which much cheating is frequently practised. It will be recollected that Mercury is denominated the god of robbery.

JACK'S ADVICE TO HIS FRIEND.

ANDANTE.

f

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Why, Tom, thou'rt a sea-man; and may ev'-ry wind That thy

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single treble staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass). The key signature remains two flats (Bb, Eb) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics "Why, Tom, thou'rt a sea-man; and may ev'-ry wind That thy" are written below the vocal staff. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

wish-es can pros-per and fa-vour Still sit in thy

The second system continues the song. The vocal staff has the lyrics "wish-es can pros-per and fa-vour Still sit in thy". The piano accompaniment on the two staves below provides harmonic support, with the right hand often playing chords and the left hand providing a bass line.

soul, that each port thou mayst find While ho-nour shall

The third system concludes the visible portion of the song. The vocal staff has the lyrics "soul, that each port thou mayst find While ho-nour shall". The piano accompaniment continues on the two staves below, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.

JACK'S ADVICE TO HIS FRIEND.

guide thy be - ha - viour; While ho - nour shall guide thy be-

ha-viour; While good, true, and hearty, the stays of thy mind Are

p stea - di - ly brac'd by thy du - ty; While to king, wife, and

friend, thou art con-stant and kind; While to king, wife, and

JACK'S ADVICE TO HIS FRIEND.

friend, thou art con-stant and kind, And thou driest up the

This musical system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A3, a quarter note B3, and a half note C4. The system ends with a double bar line.

sor - rows of beau - ty.

mf

This musical system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note D5, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note E5, a quarter note F5, and a half note G5. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note D3, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note E3, a quarter note F3, and a half note G3. The system ends with a double bar line.

But may all thy tackles, grown rotten, give way ;
 Thy vessel—may leaks fairly fill her ;
 Thy timbers all splinter'd, no rope to belay,
 Broke thy compass, and shatter'd thy tiller,
 When shook in the winds are the sails of thy heart,
 And thou'rt false to thine honour and duty ;
 When from king, wife, and friend, thou wouldst basely depart,
 And thou mock'st at the sorrows of beauty.

THE SAILOR'S DEFENCE;
OR,
IF TARS OF THEIR MONEY ARE LAVISH.

MODERATO.

mf

If tars of their mo-ney are la-vish, I say

bro-ther, take this wipe from me, - - 'Tis be - cause they're not muck-worms, nor

IF TARS OF THEIR MONEY ARE LAVISH.

IF TARS OF THEIR MONEY ARE LAVISH.

a - tion,— To be ro-guish is no va - lu - a - - tion, To the

hear - ties who plough the salt sea,—who plough the salt sea,—who plough the salt

sea,— To the hear-ties who plough the salt sea.

As for cheating, light weights, and short mea-
sures,

And corruption and brib'ry, d'ye see,
These never embitter the pleasures
Of good fellows who plough the salt sea :
You've ashore, actions, writs, cesseraries,
And a reg'ment of counsel to fee ;
Jack knows not of such like vagaries—
We never trust lawyers at sea.

'Tis said that, with grog and our lasses,
Because jolly sailors are free,
That money we squander like asses,
Which like horses we earn'd when at sea ;
But let them say this, that, or t'other,
In one thing they're forc'd to agree,—
Honest hearts find a friend and a brother
In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

I WENT to sea with heavy heart,
Of her I lov'd the scorn;
Yet from my thoughts did ne'er depart
Her image, night or morn:
Storms lour'd, waves roll'd, and lightning flew,
Yet did I wish to live,—
Still willing, for my heart was true,
To forget and to forgive.

The first word, when on English ground,
I spoke, was her false name;
And soon upon inquiry found—
For scandal flies—her shame:
She lov'd a youth, before the wind
Who cut and let her drive:
'Avast!' cried I; 'twere now too kind
To forget and to forgive.'

While of these thoughts my mind was full,—
While adverse hopes and fears,
Like winds, did this and that way pull,—
She came to me in tears:
Down went my colours, and I swore
For her alone I'd live!
Kiss'd her, and promis'd o'er and o'er
To forget and to forgive.

SERENITY.

[Dibdin set to music 'Hope, Revenge, and Cheerfulness,' from Collins's Ode to the Passions; and wrote the following Ode to Serenity, to complete the series.]

NEAR a stream, so smoothly flowing,
Th' expanded ether seems to float;
Serenity, the clarions blowing,
Sweetly blends her even note.
Her lily hand her cheek supporting,
Where the fresh carnations bloom;
While Negligence, around her sporting,
Adds grace to her celestial mien.

GIVE ROUND THE WORD.

[Written for a Pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre.]

GIVE round the word—'Dismount! dismount!'
While, echo'd by the sprightly horn,
The toils and pleasures we recount
Of this sweet health-inspiring morn.
'Twas glorious sport! none e'er did lag,
Nor drew amiss, nor made a stand;
But all as firmly kept their pace
As had Acteon been the stag,
And we had hunted by command
Of the goddess of the chase.

The hounds were all out, and snuff'd the air,
And scarce had reach'd th' appointed spot,
But pleas'd, they plainly heard a lair!
And presently drew on the slot.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now o'er yonder plain he fleets!
The deep-mouth'd hounds begin to bawl,
And echo note for note repeats,
While sprightly horns resound a call.

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

And now the stag has lost his pace;
And while 'War-haunch!' the huntsman cries,
His bosom swells, tears wet his face;
He pants, he struggles, and he dies!

'Twas glorious sport, &c.

THE PROMPTER'S WHISTLE.

I'VE made to marches Mars descend,
Justice in jigs her scales suspend,
Magicians in gavots portend,
And furies' black wigs bristle;
To prestos Pallas' ægis blaze,
Snakes twist to fugues a thousand ways,
And Jove whole towns with lightning raze,
At sound of the prompter's whistle.

I've made a sun of polish'd tin,
Dragons of wood, with ghastly grin,
A canvass sea, the which within
Did leather dolphins caper;
I've strung with packthread Orpheus' lyre,
Made sheep and oxen dance with wire;
And have destroy'd with painted fire
Grand temples of cartridge-paper.'

I've made a swain, his love asleep,
Chide warbling birds and bleating sheep;
While he himself did bawling keep,
Like boatman at a ferry:
I've racks made that no blood could spill,
Foul poison that could do no ill,
And daggers queens and princes kill,
Who are alive and merry.

GLEE—FREEDOM'S DWELLING-PLACE.

WOULD you know where Freedom dwells?
Where jovial hearts carouse and sing?—
Haunt these grots, explore these cells;
Here ev'ry subject is a king!
Sprightly mirth inhabits here,
And joy that knows no listless pause;
For how should we dull sorrow fear,
Who square our lives by pleasure's laws?
What's fortune?—Is it chance or worth?
Pasant and Prince their race must run:
Nor is there that poor spot on earth
But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

THE BAG AND THE MONEY.

WHEN last from the straits we had fairly cast anchor,

I went bonny Kitty to hail,

With quintables stor'd,—for our voyage was a spanker,

And bran new was every sail :

But I knew well enough, how with words sweet as honey,

They trick us poor tars of our gold ;

And when the sly gypsies have finger'd the money,

The bag they poor Jack give to hold.

So I chas'd her, d'ye see, my lads, under false colours,—

Swore my riches were all at an end,

That I'd sported away all my good-looking dollars,

And borrow'd my togs of a friend :

Oh then had you seen her ! no longer, ' My honey ! '

'Twas—' Varlet ! audacious and bold,

Begone from my sight !—Now you've spent all your money,

For Kitty the bag you may hold.'

With that I took out double handfuls of shiners,

And scornfully bid her good-by !—

'Twould have done your heart good had you seen her fine airs,

How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh :

But I stood well the broadside,—while ' Jewel ' and ' Honey ! '

She call'd me, I put up the gold ;

And bearing away as I sack'd all the money,

Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold !

THE MUSICAL LOVERS.

I THOUGHT we were fiddle and bow,

So well we in concert kept time ;

Not to strike up a part bass and low,

Without either reason or rhyme :

What a natural was I, so soon

With pleasure to quaver away !

For I'm humm'd, I think, now, to some tune,—

She has left me the piper to pay.

I plainly perceive she's in glee,

And thinks I shall be such a flat

As to shake ; but she's in a wrong key,—

For she never shall catch me at that.

Whoe'er to the crochets of love

Lets his heart dance a jig in his breast,

'Twill a bar to his happiness prove,

And shall surely deprive him of rest.

THE COMPLIMENTARY LOVER.

LIKE a very gallant will I compliment all :

I'll leer at and ogle the pretty,

Tell the short ones they're neat, the majestic they're tall,

And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus, agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,

I shall tickle their vanity snugly ;

Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to youth,

And console with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lilies begin ;

To the florid I'll hold forth on roses ;

Call squinting a leer, find a smile in a grin,

And proportion where chins kiss with noses :

Thus, agreeable falsehood still passing for truth,

I'll their vanity tickle so snugly,

That I'll please tall and short, fat and lean, age

and youth,

And reconcile even the ugly.

THE SAILOR'S DEFENCE.

IF tars of their money are lavish,

I say, brother, take this wipe from me,—

'Tis because we're not muckworms, nor slavish,

Like lubbers who ne'er go to sea :

What's your cunning, and such quivication,

And then sly manœuvres, to we ?—

To be roguish is no valuation

To the hearties who plough the salt sea.

As for cheating, light weights, and short measures,

And corruption and bribery, d'ye see,

These never embitter the pleasures

Of good fellows who plough the salt sea :

You've ashore, actions, writs, cesséraries,

And a regiment of counsel to fee ;

Jack knows not of such like vagaries—

We never trust lawyers at sea.

'Tis said that, with grog and our lasses,

Because jolly sailors are free,

That money we squander like asses,

Which like horses we earn'd when at sea ;

But let them say this, that, or t'other,

In one thing they're forc'd to agree,—

Honest hearts find a friend and a brother

In each worthy that ploughs the salt sea.

THE WOUNDED HEART.

To a slight common wound it is some diminution,

Diverting its throbbing, to smile at the smart ;

But where's the firm mind can boast such resolution,

On the face to wear smiles when the wound's in the heart ?

The wand'rings and errors of folly are treason,

And should be condemn'd as disloyal to love :

But rev'rence is due to the errors of reason,

Which, though they're a weakness, we're forc'd to approve.

Then pray cease to jest : were my griefs superficial,

Unconcern'd, like yourself, Sir, I merry might be ;

But such cruel jests can but prove prejudicial,

And, tho' pastime to you, may be mortal to me.—

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

Yet let me not wrong you by any rude mention,
Or word that the fairness of candour might blot;
But, gratefully just, may alone the intention
In my mem'ry be cherish'd—the action forgot!

NOSEGAYS.

NOSEGAYS I cry! and, though little you pay,
They're such as you cannot get every day.
Who 'll buy? who 'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.
Who 'll buy? who 'll buy?—'tis nosegays I cry.
Each mincing, ambling, lisping blade,
Who smiles, and talks of blisses
He never felt, is here pourtray'd
In form of a narcissus.

Nosegays I cry, &c.

Statesmen, like Indians, who adore
The sun, by courting power,
Cannot be shown their likeness more
Than in the humble sunflow'r.

Nosegays I cry, &c.

Poets I've here, in sprigs of bays;
Devils-in-the-bush are friars;
Nettles are critics, who damn plays;
And satirists are briars.

Nosegays I cry, &c.

I PRAY YOU WHEN YOUR SWEETHEART POUTS.

WELSH BALLAD.

I PRAY you, when your sweetheart pouts,
And fleers and flouts,
And glours and glouts,
Ne'er mind the pursing of her prow,
Put pout again, I pray you, now:
Is it not true, that females vex,
Plague and perplex
The other sex
With whimsies in their heads that crow,
And fantasies—I pray you, now?

Tack poor men's powels, prains, and hearts;
Do not their arts,
And whims and starts,
Plue tiffles in their heads that crow,
And jealousies,—I pray you, now?
Then mind not nonsense of the fair,
Put change your air,
And shake off care;
Nor to their tricks and fancies pow,
Put let them ko, I pray you, now.

SOUNDING THE BOWL.

IF, my hearty, you'd not like a lubber appear,
You must very well know how to hand, reef, and
steer:
Yet a better manœuvre 'mongst seamen is found,—
'Tis the tight little maxim, to know how to sound,
Which a sailor can tell from a bay to a shoal;—
But the best sort of sounding is sounding the bowl!

I've sounded on land, and I've sounded at sea;
I've sounded a-weather, and I've sounded a-lee;
I've sounded my quine at the randivoo house,
And I've sounded my purse without finding a souse:
What then? We've a brother in each honest soul;
And sailors can ne'er want for sounding the bowl.

All men try for soundings, wherever they steer:
Your nabobs for sounding strive hard in Cape Clear;
And there is not a soul, from the devil to the pope,
That could live, but for sounding the Cape of Good
Hope:

No fear then, nor danger, our hearts shall control—
Though at sea, we're in soundings while sounding
the bowl!

THE BYSTANDER.

[This was written for the *Bystander*, a literary miscellany, which Dibdin published in weekly numbers, till it amounted to a quarto volume.]

Look fairly all the world around,
And as you truth deliver,
Tell me what character is found
A real *savoir vivre*?
Who truly merits sober fame
To find you need not wander—
None can detect life's fraudful game
So well as the Bystander.

The lover cogs, and palms, and slips,
The easy fair to baffle;
And still to win that stake, her lips,
Will deal, and cut, and shuffle:
Still will he ply each subtle art,
Till he has quite trepann'd her;
And then is sure to trump her heart,
If absent the Bystander.

Preferment is a bowling-green,
Where plac'd in each position,
Bowls jostling in and out are seen,
To reach the jack, Ambition:
The bias inter'st still they try,
Twist, turn, and well meander;
Yet their manœuvres, rub or fly,
Are known to the Bystander.

The law's a game at whist, wherein
The parties nine, are both in,
Where tricks alone the game can win,
And honours go for nothing:
And while they, a sure game to nick,
Their clients' money squander,
Full many more than one odd trick
Discovers the Bystander.

The coxcomb plays at shuttlecock,
The wit commands and questions,
The carping cits to commerce flock,—
Each follows his suggestions:
Yet he alone who merits fame,
Who blunts the shafts of slander,
And on the square life's motley game
Best plays, is the Bystander.

COTCHELIN SAT ALL ALONE.

[Written for Sadler's Wells.]

COTCHELIN sat all alone,
Devil a soul beside her,
While from Taddy, who was gone,
Oceans did divide her.
His pipes, which she'd been us'd to hear,
Careless left behind him,
She thought she'd try, her woes to cheer,
Till once again she'd find him.
It will not do, you loodle-loo;
Arrah! now be aesy:
Tad was born, with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

She takes them up, and lays them down;
And now her bosom's panting,
And now she'd sigh, and now she'd frown,—
'Caze why?—Dere's something wanting.
And now she plays the pipes again,
The pipes of her dear Taddy,
And makes them tune his fav'rite strain,
Arrah! be aesy, Paddy;
Ah! 'twill not do you, loodle-loo;
Arrah! now be aesy:
Tad was born, with grief to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

Taddy, from behind a bush,
Where he'd long been a-list'ning,
Now like lightning forth did rush,
His eyes with pleasure glist'ning:
Snatching up his pipes, he play'd,
Pouring out his pleasure;
While half delighted, half afraid,
Pat the time did measure.
Ah! well will do this loodle-loo;
Arrah! now be aesy:
Tad was born with joy to make
Cotchelin run crazy.

POOR CHARLES.

[Written as a tribute of respect to the memory of Charles Bannister, and introduced in the 'Frolic.']

My lyre! once again the sad note,
The tribute of gratitude lend;
'Poor Tom' on my brother I wrote,—
'Poor Charles' I now write on my friend.
I first introduc'd him to fame—
Pride prompted the friendly design;
For if I established his name,
The act threw a lustre on mine.
Vain the praise! how the sounds can I match,
So mellow, that fell from his tongue?
These words his fine cadence should catch,—
These accents he ought to have sung!
And did this inadequate song
The praise of some other impart,
The effect his sweet voice would prolong,
From the kindness that glow'd in his heart!

Perhaps, sober prudence dismiss'd,
High applause on his judgment might seize;
Alas! where's the heart can resist
The dangerous power to please?
But should any one, jaundic'd and blind,
Dare to blame, tell the cankerous elf,
His merits delighted mankind,
His errors recoil'd on himself.

Poor Charles! many worthier muse,
Less worthy than thou wert, has wept;
Ah! let not thy shade, then, refuse
This tribute of truth to accept.
A brother, a friend among men,
Did I once fitting honours decree;
Be this effort sincere of my pen,
A memorial of friendship to thee!

A NATIONAL SONG.

COME, Britannia, shake thy lance;
Plume thyself in martial pride;
Haste! thy glorious shield advance;
Take again thy gallant stride.
Think! oh think on all thy noble story!
Rouse thee! rouse thee to thy ancient glory!

Hasten! hasten! hence away;
All thy martial ardour show;
Clad in terrible array,
Thou shalt vanquish ev'ry foe.
Think! oh think, &c.

BASQUE ROADS.

[The action to which this song refers took place on April 12, 1809, when Lord Cochrane, after displaying the most intrepid conduct, totally destroyed four ships of the line, together with some of the batteries on the French coast.]

I SAY, you Jack! this here last brush
Is just like all the rest;
What ail'd the French, to make a push
When they were safe at Brest?
Did they not know our orders ran
To burn, destroy, and sink?
And when, since first the world began,
Did tars their orders blink?
No, no! resistance is in vain!
Then sing our tars, and Lord Cochrane.

Our fleet's their fate,—at it they look
With danger and with dread;
At sea they'd ev'ry one been took,
And brought in to Spithead:
But they prefer'd to slink and skulk,—
One of their coward modes;
So we made ev'ry ship a hulk,
And sunk them in Basque Roads.
'Gainst us, resistance, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If they won't come to us, and fight
Like men, and danger stem,
But, snug in port, lay out of sight,
Why we must go to them.

The thing is this: the devil they serve,
Well pleas'd at their undoing,
Deceiv'd them, as they well deserve,
And lur'd them to their ruin.

No, no, resistance, &c.

'Tis plain that France has gone to pot,—

She'll never save her bacon;
Her ships must lay in port and rot,
Or be destroy'd or taken.

Then let not strife or discontent
With giant strides advance;

Nor let us Britons e'er lament,
While we can laugh at France.

No, no, resistance, &c.

THE LONG TROT.

HERE I am, my good masters! my name's Teddy
Clinch;

My cattle are sound, and I drives to an inch;
From Hyde Park to Whitechapel I well know the
town,

And many's the time I've took up and set down:
In short, in the Bills,* I'll be bound for't, there's not
A youth, who, like Teddy, can tip the long trot.

Oh! the notions of life that I see from my box!
While flats of all kinds come about me in flocks;
The sot, whom I drive home to sleep out the day,
The kind one, who plies for a fare at the play,
Or your gents of the law, there, who, four in a lot,
To Westminster Hall I oft tip the long trot.

My coach receives all, like the gallows and sea,—
So I touch but my fare, you know, 's all one to me:
The men of the gown, and the men of the sword,
A ma'am, or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord:
To wherever you're going I well know the spot,
And, do you tip a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

YEO HEAVE HO!

THE boatswain calls! the wind is fair:

The anchor heaving,
Our sweethearts leaving,

We to duty must repair,

Where our stations well we know.
Cast off haulyards from the cleets!
Stand by well! clear all the sheets!

Come, my boys!

Your handspikes poise,

And give one general huzza!

Yet, sighing, as you pull away,

For the tears ashore that flow,

To the windlass let us go,

With Yeo heave ho!

The anchor coming now a-peek,
Lest the ship, striving,
Be on it driving,

That we the tap'ring-yards must seek,
And back the fore top-sail, well we know;—
A pleasing duty! from aloft

We faintly see those charms, where oft,
When returning,

With passion burning,

We fondly gaze on eyes that seem,
In parting, with big tears to stream.

But come! lest ours as fast should flow,
To the windlass once more go,

With Yeo heave ho!

Now the ship is under way,

The breeze so willing

The canvass filling,

The press'd triangle cracks the stay,

So taught to haul the sheet, we know.

And now in trim we gaily sail,—

The massy beam receives the gale;

While, freed from duty,

To his beauty,

Left on the less'ning shore afar,

A fervent sigh heaves ev'ry tar,

To thank those tears for him that flow,

That from his true love he should go,

With Yeo heave ho!

FOX-HUNTING.

At the sound of the horn

We rise in the morn,

And waken the woods as we thunder along:

Yoix, Yoix! tally-ho!

After Renard we go,

While echo on echo redoubles the song.

Not the steeds of the sun

Our brave coursers outrun!

O'er the mound, horse and hound, see us bound,

In full cry.

Like Phœbus, we rise

To the heights of the skies,

And, careless of danger, five bars we defy.

At eve, Sir, we rush,

And are close to his brush!

Already he dies!—See him panting for breath!

Each feat and defeat

We renew and repeat,

Regardless of life, so we're in at the death!

With a bottle, at night,

We prolong the delight;

Much Trimbush we praise, and the deeds that were
done:—

And, Yoix! tally-ho!

The next morning we go

With Phœbus to end, as we mount with the sun!

* That is, in the district comprised in what is termed
'The Bills of Mortality.'

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

FATE NOT TO BE EXPLORED.

WHAT of fortune wouldst tell me?—I know all the past,
 Am content with the fate I'm at present possessing;
 And if for the future our lots are all cast,
 We might there find a curse, where we hop'd
 for a blessing.
 What's hid in the stars, then, is not worth our care,—
 We shall know it too soon if 'tis any vexation;
 If 'tis good fortune, pleasure's a little too rare
 To rob ourselves of it by anticipation.
 Then curiously seek not the myst'ries of Fate
 To explore, by a vain idle passion directed:
 The knowledge of ill cannot lessen its weight,
 And joy is most welcome when least 'tis expected.
 What's hid in the stars, &c.

MISS WIGLEY.

MISS WIGLEY her lovers call'd first of the fair:
 The pride of her heart was called Deputy Dent;
 She admir'd his sound teeth, he her fine head of
 hair;
 He talk'd about marriage—she gave her consent.
 It happen'd, unluckily, both in a breath
 Made a vow, sober, serious, without fun or gig—
 She never to marry a man with false teeth,
 And he any woman that sported a wig.
 Now Miss Wigley a fever had had in her youth
 That completely had left her dear head without
 hair;
 And a fall from a horse had dislodg'd ev'ry tooth
 Of poor Deputy Dent, and his jaws were quite
 bare.
 One day at her toilet, he knock'd at the door,
 She bareheaded: cried Betty, 'Well, here's a
 fine rig!'
 'What to do,' cried Miss Wigley, 'I don't know,
 I'm sure:
 He must not, at all events, find out the wig.
 'Bless my soul! is there nothing? lud! what shall
 we do?
 I have it—a good thought! I don't care a pin;'
 So under the toilet her caxon she threw,
 And manfully cried out, 'Sir, you may come in.'
 He started, drew back, gave a kind of a hoot!
 Did fond lover ere such an accident twig?
 She bridled and curtsied, as bald as a coot,
 In her flutter forgetting her head had no wig.
 With gravity he was no longer endued;
 His risible muscles unmasterable grew;
 And while a loud volley of laughter ensued,
 His jaws he so stretch'd, that out ev'ry tooth flew!
 Distress on distress! what will these lovers do?
 Though neither could laugh, they both relish'd
 the rig,
 And somewhat consol'd, while each vow'd to be true,
 She pick'd up his teeth, and he search'd for her
 wig.

RONDEAU—LOVE'S AN APRIL'S DAY.

LOVE's an April's doubtful day:
 Awhile we see the tempest lour,
 Anon the radiant heav'n survey,
 And quite forget the flitting show'r.
 The flow'rs that hung their languid heads
 Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
 The vines their wasted tendrils spread,
 And double gladness fills the plains.
 Love's an April's doubtful day, &c.
 The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
 Beneath the pow'r of rain and wind,
 In ev'ry raptur'd note express
 The joy I feel when thou art kind!
 Love's an April's doubtful day, &c.

THE BATTLE OF CORUNNA.

[This was a very sanguinary conflict, in which our army suffered immense loss; and although the battle terminated in the temporary repulse of the French, the British troops were obliged to use the utmost expedition in getting on board the ships which had been provided for their reception, or the whole army must have inevitably surrendered to the enemy. It fortunately happened that the wind was favourable for the sailing of the vessels; for they had no sooner put to sea, than the French army, which was continually receiving reinforcements, made its appearance. The battle was fought on the 16th of January, 1809; and the French entered the town two days afterwards. Had no other account of this hard-fought engagement appeared than that which is given by Dibdin, it would be supposed that the British had obtained a most signal triumph; but it was his practice to put the best face on our national disasters; his great object having been to inspire our sailors and our soldiers with confidence and resolution, and to confirm them in the belief in the tale they had so often been told by their grandmothers, that 'one Englishman could easily beat four or five Frenchmen!']

BROTHER soldiers! drink about;
 And let us toast the news so glorious,
 That sets at rest all further doubt.
 That when the French are three to one
 The bayonet can make them run,
 Dismay'd, from British arms victorious.
 That England is from danger free,
 Is render'd sure
 By gallant Moore,—
 Fallen! fallen! fallen! in the arms of victory!
 The battle at Corunna fought
 Shall henceforth make the Frenchmen tremble
 At Britons, by experience taught
 That they can never make a stand
 'Gainst us, by either sea or land,
 Howe'er the braggarts may dissemble.
 That England, &c.
 Portentous was the fearful chance,—
 Tremendous was the mighty danger!
 To see three times our force advance,
 'Gainst troops exhausted, tir'd, subdu'd,—
 Yet zealous for their country's good,
 Who, to a man, held fear a stranger.
 That England, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yet when their leader was laid low,
Grief all their ardent rage suspended
One moment only,—for the foe
With double vengeance felt each arm :
They fled in fear and dread alarm,
And soon the sanguine conflict ended.
That England, &c.

No sooner had malignant chance
Of Moore and gallant Baird* bereft us,
But all were eager to advance:
Our valiant gen'als led the way,
As hungry lions seek their prey;
For Heav'n was kind, and Hope had left us !
That England, &c.

* Sir David Baird's left arm was shot away a short time before Sir John Moore received his fatal wound, which was supposed to have been inflicted by a chain-shot; as the ribs were broken from his chest to his hip, and a part of his side carried away: he did not expire, however, till near midnight. By the deeply deplored death of that brave and highly distinguished general, Sir David Baird succeeded to the command of the army: and although he was so severely wounded, the official despatch transmitted to the Government, giving an account of the battle, bore his name. Sir David survived his wound for rather more than twenty years; as he died April 13th, 1829. His despatch was as follows:—

'Ville de Paris, at Sea, Jan. 18, 1809.

'MY LORD,—By the much-lamented death of Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who fell in action with the enemy on the 16th instant, it has become my duty to acquaint your lordship, that the French army attacked the British troops in the position they occupied in front of Corunna, at about two o'clock in the afternoon of that day.

'A severe wound, which compelled me to quit the field a short time previous to the fall of Sir John Moore, obliges me to refer your Lordship for the particulars of the action, which was long and obstinately contested, to the inclosed report of Lieutenant-General Hope, who succeeded to the command of the army, and to whose ability and exertions, in the direction of the ardent zeal and unconquerable valour of His Majesty's troops, is to be attributed, under Providence, the success of the day, which terminated in the complete and entire repulse and defeat of the enemy at every point of attack.

'I have the honour to be, &c.

'D. BAIRD, Lieut.-Gen.'

'The Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh.'

Sir John Hope is alluded to by Dibdin, in the line in which he says,—

'For Heaven was kind, and Hope had left us;'
that is, Heaven had been so kind as to leave Hope with them, though Moore and Baird had been removed. The able report transmitted to Sir David Baird by this gallant officer, who subsequently succeeded to the title of Earl Hopetoun, was as follows —

'Audacious, off Corunna, Jan. 18, 1809.

'Sir,—in compliance with the desire contained in your communication of yesterday, I avail myself of the first moment I have been able to command, to detail to you the occurrences of the action which took place in front of Corunna on the 16th instant.

'It will be, your recollection, that about one in the afternoon of that day, the enemy, who had in the morning received reinforcements, and who had placed some guns in front of the right and left of his line, was observed to be moving troops towards his left flank, and forming various columns of attack at that extremity of the strong and commanding position, which, on the morning of the 15th, he had taken in our immediate front. The intimation of his intention was immediately succeeded by the rapid and determined attack which he made upon your division, which occupied the right of our position. The events which occurred during that period of the action you are fully acquainted with. The

Now to those glorious chiefs on high
The hero's spirit is ascending,—
That hero who wish'd thus to die,
Wish'd in his country's cause to fall,—
Wolfe, Abercrombie, Nelson, all
Who died Great Britain's rights defending.
That England, &c.

Then in thanksgiving let us bend,
That Providence vouchsaf'd to hear us;
That doubts and fears are at an end;
That should the tyrant venture here,
'Twill prove the end of his career;
While wond'ring worlds shall love and fear us !
That England, &c.

first effort of the enemy was met by the commander of the forces and by yourself, at the head of the 42nd regiment, and the brigade under Major-General Lord William Bentinck.

'The village on our right became an object of obstinate contest.

'I lament to say, that soon after the severe wound which deprived the army of your services, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, who had just directed the most able disposition, fell by a cannon-shot. The troops, though not unacquainted with the irreparable loss they had sustained, were not dismayed; but by the most determined bravery not only repelled every attempt of the enemy to gain ground, but actually forced him to retire, although he had brought up fresh troops in support of those originally engaged.

'The enemy finding himself foiled in every attempt to force the right of our position, endeavoured by numbers to turn it. A judicious and well-timed movement, which was made by Major-General Paget, with the reserve, which had moved out of its cantonments in support of the right of the army, by a vigorous attack defeated this intention. The Major-General having pushed forward the 95th (rifle corps), and the first battalion of the 32nd regiment, drove the enemy before him, and in his rapid and judicious advance, threatened the left of the enemy's position. This circumstance, with the position of Lieutenant-General Fraser's division (calculated to give still further security to the right of the line), induced the enemy to relax his efforts in that quarter.

'They were, however, more forcibly directed towards the centre, where they were again successfully resisted by the brigade under Major-General Manningham, forming the right of your division, and a part of that under Major-General Leith, forming the right of the division under my orders. Upon the left, the enemy at first contented himself with an attack upon our piquets, which, however, in general maintained their ground. Finding, however, his efforts unavailing on the right and centre, he seemed determined to render the attack upon the left more serious, and had succeeded in obtaining possession of the village through which the great road to Madrid passes, and which was situated in front of that part of the line. From this post, however, he was soon expelled with considerable loss, by a gallant attack of some companies of the 2nd battalion of the 14th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls. Before five in the evening, we had not only successfully repelled every attack made upon the position, but had gained ground in almost all points, and occupied a more forward line than at the commencement of the action, whilst the enemy confined his operations to a cannonade, and the fire of his light troops, with a view to draw off his other corps. At six o'clock firing entirely ceased. The different brigades were re-assembled on the ground they occupied in the morning, and the piquets and advanced posts resumed their original stations.

'Notwithstanding the decided and marked superiority which at this moment the gallantry of the troops had given them over the enemy, who, from his numbers and the commanding advantages of his position, no doubt expected an easy victory, I did not, on reviewing

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

WAIT TILL ANOTHER YEAR.

WHAT mean those wishful looks and sighs ?

A little further off, I pray !

I cannot bear those tell-tale eyes,—

It is too soon to name the day.

You must not ask me where or when !

The swains begin to laugh and sneer :

Before they 'd have me think of men,

They bid me wait another year.

Have patience till next coming May,

Nor fill my head with love too soon ;

I will go turn the new-mown hay,—

You keep your flocks from scorching noon ;

In village cares I 'll pass the time—

You need no spiteful rival fear ;

I may be nearer to my prime

By waiting till another year.

all circumstances, conceive that I should be warranted in departing from what I knew was the fixed and previous determination of the late commander of the forces, to withdraw the army on the evening of the 16th, for the purpose of embarkation ; the previous arrangements for which had already been made by his order, and were, in fact, far advanced at the commencement of the action. The troops quitted their position about ten at night, with a degree of order which did them credit. The whole of the artillery that remained unembarked having been withdrawn, the troops followed in the order prescribed, and marched to their respective points of embarkation in the town and neighbourhood of Corunna. The pickets remained at their posts until five of the morning of the 17th, when they were also withdrawn with similar orders, and without the enemy having discovered the movements.

By the unremitted exertions of Captains the Hon. H. Curzon, Gosselin, Boys, Ranier, Serret, Hawkins, Digby, Carden, and Mackenzie, of the Royal Navy, who, in pursuance of the orders of Rear-Admiral De Courcy, were entrusted with the service of embarking the army, and in consequence of the arrangements made by Commissioner Bowen, Captains Bowen and Shepherd, and the other agents for transports, the whole of the army was embarked with an expedition which has seldom been equalled. With the exception of the brigades under Majors General Hill and Beresford, which were destined to remain on shore until the movements of the enemy should become manifest, the whole was aloft before daylight.

The brigade of Major-General Beresford, which was alternately to form our rear-guard, occupied the land front of Corunna ; that under Major-General Hill was stationed in reserve on the promontory in rear of the town.

The enemy pushed his light troops towards the town soon after eight o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and shortly after occupied the heights of St. Lucia, which command the harbour. But notwithstanding this circumstance, and the manifold defects of the place, there being no apprehension that the rear-guard could be forced, and the disposition of the Spaniards appearing to be good, the embarkation of Major-General Hill's brigade was commenced and completed by three in the afternoon ; Major-General Beresford, with the zeal and ability which is so well known to yourself and the whole army, having fully explained, to the satisfaction of the Spanish Governor, the nature of our movement, and having made every previous arrangement, withdrew his corps from the land front of the town soon after dark, and was, with all the wounded that had not been previously moved, embarked before one this morning.

Circumstances forbid us to indulge the hope that the victory with which it has pleased Providence to crown the efforts of the army, can be attended with any very brilliant consequences to Great Britain. It is clouded by the loss of one of her best soldiers. It has been achieved at the termination of a long and harassing service. The superior numbers and advan-

'Twere shame, while hardly in its bud,

To pluck the rose through too much haste,—

The ripen'd vine alone is good,

To cool the thirst and please the taste :

And love is like the growing flow'r,

Nor should be cropp'd till in its bloom,

And like the grape should wait its hour,

For balmy sunshine yet to come.

Then tease me, Damon, thus no more,—

For when I ought, I will be kind :

Come to me when a twelvemonth's o'er,

Unless ere that you change your mind.

I now must go my mates among,—

Nay, keep me not—I can't stay here :—

If then you think me not too young,

I will be yours another year.

tageous position of the enemy, not less than the actual situation of this army, did not admit of any advantage being reaped from success. It must be, however, to you, the army, and to our country, the sweetest reflection, that the lustre of the British arms has been maintained, amidst many disadvantageous circumstances. The army, which had entered Spain with the fairest prospects, had no sooner completed its junction, than, owing to the multiplied disasters that dispersed the native armies around us, it was left to its own resources. The advance of the British corps from the Duero afforded the best hope that the south of Spain might be relieved ; but this generous effort to save the unfortunate people also afforded the enemy the opportunity of directing every effort of his numerous troops, and concentrating all his principal resources, for the destruction of the only regular force in the north of Spain. You are well aware with what diligence this system has been pursued. These circumstances produced the necessity of rapid and harassing marches, which had diminished the numbers, exhausted the strength, and impaired the equipment of the army. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, and those more immediately attached to a defensive position, which the imperious necessity of covering the harbour of Corunna for a time had rendered indispensable to assume, the native and undaunted valour of British troops was never more conspicuous, and must have exceeded what even your own experience of that invaluable quality, so inherent in them, may have taught you to expect.

Sir John Hope then warmly commends the conduct of the officers and troops who had been engaged ; laments the loss of those who had fallen ; and apologizes for not being able to present a return of the losses sustained, in consequence of the various regiments being so much mixed on board the vessels in their precipitate embarkation, so as to prevent the account being so soon made out. His report concludes thus :—

'To you, who are so well acquainted with the excellent qualities of Sir John Moore, I need not expatiate on the loss the army and his country have sustained by his death. His fall has deprived me of a valuable friend, to whom long experience of his worth had sincerely attached me. But it is chiefly on public grounds that I must lament the blow. It will be the conversation of every one who loved or respected his manly character, that, after conducting the army through an arduous retreat with consummate firmness, he has terminated a career of distinguished honour, by a death that has given the enemy additional reason to respect the name of a British soldier. Like the immortal Wolfe, he is snatched from his country at an early period of a life spent in her service ; like Wolfe, his last moments were gilded by the prospect of success, and cheered by the acclamations of victory ; like Wolfe, also, his memory will ever remain sacred in that country which he sincerely loved, and which he had so faithfully served.

'It remains for me only to express my hope that

MISCELLANEOUS.

POMPOSO.

[Written for the purpose of deriding the Italian singers of the time, whose various styles were imitated and caricatured in singing the song.]

You must begin pomposo,
Then incline to th' affetuoso;
Then of the furioso
A little touch,
And then so much
For the motivo.
Further in your progression,
No matter for expression,
So that for relieve
You ha, and he,
And la, and mi,
And sink, and break,
And trill, and shake!

you will speedily be restored to the service of your country, and to lament the unfortunate circumstance that removed you from your station in the field, and threw the momentary command into far less able hands.
'I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN HOPE, Lieut.-Gen.'

'To Lieut.-Gen. Sir David Baird.'

The following are extracts from the despatches of Rear-Admiral De Courcy, who was entrusted with the management of the embarkation of the army: they contain some additional particulars, which will perhaps be thought interesting.

Jan. 17, 1809.

'In the vicinity of Corunna, the enemy have pushed upon the British in great force. The embarkation of the sick, the cavalry, and the stores, went on. The night of the 16th was appointed for the general embarkation of the infantry; and mean time, the enemy prepared for attack. At three, p. m., an action commenced. The enemy, who had been posted on a lofty hill, endeavouring to force the British on another hill of inferior height, and nearer the town.

'The enemy was driven back with great slaughter; but very sorry am I to add, that the British, though triumphant, have suffered severe losses. I am unable to communicate further particulars, than that Sir John Moore received a mortal wound, of which he died at night; and Sir David Baird lost an arm; that several officers and many men have been killed and wounded; and that the ships of war have received all such of the latter as they could accommodate, the remainder being sent to transports.

'The weather is now tempestuous, and the difficulties of embarkation are great. All except the rear-guard are embarked; consisting, perhaps, at the present moment, of two thousand six hundred men. The enemy having brought cannon to a hill overhanging the beach, have forced a majority of the transports to cut or slip. Embarkation being no longer practicable at the town, the boats have been ordered to a sandy beach, near the light-house; and it is hoped that the greater part, if not all, will still be embarked, the ships of war having dropped out to facilitate the embarkation.

'January 18.

'The embarkation of the troops having occupied the greater part of last night, it has not been in my power to detach the Cossack (the vessel carrying the despatches) before this day; and it is with satisfaction I am able to add, that in consequence of the good order maintained by the troops, and the unwearied exertions of Commissioner Bowen, the captains and other officers of the British navy, the agents, as well as the boats' crews, many of whom were for two days without food and without repose, the army have been embarked to the last man, and the ships are now in the offing, preparatory to steering for England. The great body of the transports, having lost their anchors, ran to sea without the troops they were ordered to receive, in

Then on a long division soar—
'Twill set the audience in a roar!

Now get into a flat key,
And now have done with that key;
Now give us that once more,
And take it a note lower,—
The flutes obligato,
The fiddles pizzicato:
And now a long serenato;

Then to the subject come again,
And after the motivo be sure repeat that hum again,
Of ha, and he,
And la, and mi,
And sink, and break,
And trill, and shake;
Then you must go low,
That the horns may have a solo;
Then on a long, &c.

consequence of which there are some thousands on board the ships of war. Several transports, through mismanagement, ran on shore. The seamen appeared to have abandoned them; two being brought out by the boats' crews of the men of war, two were burned, and five were bilged.'

A more detailed narrative of the sufferings and heroic death of Sir John Moore having been given by Col. Napier, in his History of the Peninsular War, we give the following passages therefrom:—

'Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot; the shock threw him from his horse with violence; he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiment engaged in his front: no sigh betrayed a sensation of pain: but in a few moments, when he was satisfied that the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt: the shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm was hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken and lacerated of flesh, and the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, which were interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain (now Sir Henry) Hardinge, a staff officer, who was near, attempted to take it off; but the dying man stopped him, saying, 'It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me: and in that manner, so becoming a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight. * * * The blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound increased; but such was the unshaken firmness of his mind, that those about him, judging from the resolution of his countenance that his hurt was not mortal, expressed a hope of his recovery. Hearing this, he looked steadily at the injury for a moment, and then said, 'No! I feel that to be impossible.' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn him round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed. Being brought to his lodgings, the surgeons examined his wound; but there was no hope: the pain increased, and he spoke with great difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten; and, addressing his old friend Col. Anderson, he said, 'You know that I always wished to die this way.' Again he asked if the enemy were defeated; and being told they were, observed, 'It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French.' His countenance continued firm, and his thoughts clear; once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated. He inquired after the safety of his friends, and the officers of his staff; and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion. His

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

[Sung by way of exordium to the author's entertainment in the provinces, entitled *Readings and Music.*]

WHEN impell'd by my fortune new worlds to explore,
I shall cheerfully leave the diminishing shore,
Each hour bearing gratefully, proudly, in mind,
How nobly a generous public was kind;
How freely they'll give to their kind wishes scope,
As gayly I double the Cape of Good Hope.

When from perils of dangerous Neptune set free,
Trade-winds and monsoons left behind me at sea,
I make rajahs and nabobs in harmony chime,
And gay palanquins march in regular time;
Through the wishes to which you shall then give a scope,
I shall double with ease Fortune's Cape of Good Hope.

When by dint of my crotchets, my catches, and glees,
I have chang'd current notes into sterling rupees,
Sighing still for that pow'r of attraction, sweet home,
I'm no longer impell'd by a motive to roam;
I shall still to my strong grateful feelings give scope,
That through you I first doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

strength was failing fast, and life was just extinct, when, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, 'I hope the people of England will be satisfied: I hope my country will do me justice.' The battle was scarcely ended, when his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff, in the citadel of Corunna. The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours; and Soult, with a noble feeling of respect for his valour, raised a monument to his memory.'

The melancholy incidents of Sir John Moore's fate gave rise to the celebrated Ode, written by the Rev. C. Wolfe, which was for a length of time the theme of so much literary contention. In a book of national songs, it cannot be out of place:—

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast;
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billows!
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

THE JEW MONEY-LENDER.

YE jobbers, underwriters, ye tribes of pen and ink,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la,
Who on te Alley's gay parterre your tea and coffee drink,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la;
Rattling up your yellow-boys, come hither at my call,
I'm puyer, and I'm sheller, and I can sherve you all,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la,
Vid my fa lal de ra, de lara lara la.

Ye pulls, ye pears, ye lame ducks, and all ye fad-
dling crew, Vid my fa lal, &c.
If 'twas not for us smouches, I don't know fat
you 'd do! Vid my fa lal, &c.
'Tis fee dat kives shecurities, 'tis fee dat fing koot
pails,
Our frients tey lend te monish, but ten tey shum-
times fails. Vid my fa lal, &c.

If noblemen should fant rouleaus, and all tare
monish spent, Vid my fa lal, &c.
My heart relents, I traw te pout, and lend for
shent per shent; Vid my fa lal, &c.
Or if a life you foot enshure tat's olt and crashy
crown,
Tee fays and means I'll let you know, to get tee
bus'ness tone. Vid my fa lal, &c.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.
Slowly and sad we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone,—
But we left him alone with his glory!

As already stated, the above is the production of the Rev. C. Wolfe: it found its way to the press without the concurrence or knowledge of the author. It was recited by a friend travelling towards the north of Ireland, who was so much struck with it, that he requested and obtained a copy; and immediately afterwards it appeared in the *Newry Telegraph*, with the initials of the author's name. From that it was copied into most of the London prints, and thence into the Dublin papers; and subsequently it appeared, with some considerable errors, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, which contained the narrative that first kindled the poet's feelings on the subject, and supplied the materials to his mind. It remained for a long time unclaimed; and other poems in the meantime appeared, falsely purporting to be written by the same unknown hand, which the author would not take the pains to disavow.

The following is the passage in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, which so strongly moved the mind of Mr. Wolfe as to give birth to this deathless ode:—
'Sir John Moore had often said, that if he were killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aids-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack was made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.'

Ye captains and ye colonels, ye chointer'd fidows all,
 Vid my fa la, &c.
 To little Izaac come fen your shtocks begin to fall;
 Vid my fa la, &c.
 If dare be possibilities for you I'll raise te tust,
 But ten you must excuse me if I sherve myself te
 first. Vid my fa la, &c.
 Yeparsons fit koot livings, yecourtiers fit koot place,
 Vid my fa la, &c.
 Adfice I'll kive you kratish, and tink upon your case;
 Vid my fa la, &c.
 To blief Moshes and te prophets te church will not
 refuse,
 And courtiers, all te forld knows, are little elsh
 dan chews. Vid my fa la, &c.
 I kive adfice to ev'ry tribe but physic and te law,
 Vid my fa la, &c.
 But tey outfit te chews themselves, for bill at sight
 tey traw. Vid my fa la, &c.
 Fee, fen fee lend te monish, run some risk, to 'tis
 but shmall,
 But tey take all te monish—and run no risk at all.
 Vid my fa la, &c.

A LEGAL ARGUMENT.

[The following scene is supposed to pass between Ulysses and a lawyer that had been metamorphosed into a wolf, and whom Ulysses had offered to restore to his pristine condition.]

RECITATIVE.

Ulys. WHAT beast art thou, my good riend Hard-
 phiz?

Wolf. I am a Wolf, Sir, at your sarvice.

Ulys. Poor devil!

Wolf. Pray, friend, how art
 Sure I am a poorer devil than thou art?

Ulys. I'm a man!

Wolf. Which thou art vain of.

Ulys. Why! is't a matter to complain of?

Wolf. This same conceit is out of season:
 Think'st thou, vile biped, with thy reason—
 Or folly rather—thou shalt not droop head,
 Truckle, and bow to me, a quadruped?

Ulys. But this is matter of suggestion.
 What man wast thou?—Answer that ques-
 tion.

Wolf. Why, Sir, I was a man-destroyer.

Ulys. Ah! What! a general?

Wolf. No! a lawyer.
 I kept a coach—liv'd in a palace—

Ulys. What couldst thou fear, then, wolf?

Wolf. The gallows.

Lawyer or wolf, I do not alter—

But here hangs no impending halter;

For members of the wolf community

Ransack the fold, Sir, with impunity.

Ulys. Suppose, with power for the sconce, I wish you
 To become man—

Wolf. I'll not join issue.
 To conscience or remorse a stranger,
 Here will I pillage out of danger.

AIR.

By roguery, 'tis true,
 I opulent grew,
 Just like any other professional sinner:
 An orphan, d'ye see,
 Would just wash down my tea,
 And a poor friendless widow would serve me for
 dinner.

I was, to be sure,
 Of the helpless and poor
 A guardian appointed, to manage the peli;
 And I manag'd it well—
 'But how?'—say you; 'tell.'
 Why, I let them all starve, to take care of myself.

With these tricks I went on,
 Till, 'faith, Sir, anon,
 A parcel of stupid, mean-spirited souls,
 As they narrowly watch'd me,
 Soon at my tricks cotch'd me,
 And—in their own words—haul'd me over the coals.

In the pill'ry—that fate
 For rogues, soon or late—
 I stood, for the sport of a dissolute mob;
 Till my neck Master Ketch
 Was so eager to stretch,
 That I gave the thing up as a dangerous job.

Now a wolf, from their dams
 I steal plenty of lambs,
 Pamper'd high and well fed—an insatiable glutton;
 In much the same sphere,
 When a man, I move here;
 Make and break laws at pleasure, and kill my own
 mutton.

Then since, for their sport,
 No one here moves the court,
 Nor am I amenable to an employer,
 I shall ever prefer,
 With your leave, my good Sir,
 The life of a wolf to the life of a lawyer!

OF RACE DIVINE.

Of race divine thou sure must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee!
 For Heaven's sake, O favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee!
 The Gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save:
 O for their sakes support a slave,
 Who only lives to love thee!

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I love, and for thy sake;
 What man can name I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee!

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till Fates my thread of life have spun,
With breathing out I'll love thee.

Like bees, that suck the morning dew
From flow'rs of sweetest scent or hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' the mou',
And gan the Gods envy me.
Sae lings I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in soft whispers waste the night,
I'd tell how much I lov'd thee.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,—
In shining youth let's make our hay!
Since love admits of nae delay,
O let nae scorn undo thee:
While Love does at thy altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gie me thy hand;
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him who loves thee.

BUT ONE EYE.

Y^e nymphs and ye shepherds, attend my complaint;
So hard is my lot, it would vex e'en a saint:—
The girl I adore is as handsome as May,
Good-natur'd, and witty, and easy all day!
But with my own wishes I fear to comply,
For, alas! the dear creature has got but one eye!

Her forehead is seldom disguis'd by a frown,
And her cheeks are more blooming than ever was
known;

A more delicate form you'll ne'er see in the street;
She's charming to follow;—but, ah me! to meet!
Then each soft intention must wither and die,
For the dear lovely creature has got but one eye!

But still I must give the dear creature her due:
With one eye she can see more than many with two;
So clear and so bright, and so languishing sweet,
That she seems with one eye most divinely complete;

And my reason confesses the truth with a sigh,
Yet still I lament that she has but one eye!

Then, prithee, advise me what 'tis I must do,
Ye sweet pretty maidens! so happy with two;—
Yet, hang it! ye only still laugh at my pain,
And to ask your assistance I find is in vain:
I'll e'en please myself, since my passion's so high,
And marry the lass, though she has but one eye!

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

SHOULD old acquaintance be forgot,
Though they return with tears?
These are the noble hero's lot,
Obtain'd in glorious wars.

Welcome, my Varro, to my breast!
Thy arms about me twine;
And make me once again as bless'd
As I was auld lang syne.

Methinks around us, on each bough,
A thousand Cupids play;
Whilst through the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay.
Since you return, the sun and moon
With brighter glory shine;
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did auld lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state;
Let that to their share fall
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball.
But sunk in love upon my arms,
Let your brave head recline;
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did auld lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air
And signs of gen'rous love
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the pow'rs above.
With glad consent and haste, next day
They knelt before the shrine;
And now the hours pass smooth away,
In laughing at lang syne.

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD ON'T.

THAT all the world are up in arms,
And talk of naught but Celia's charms;
That crowds of lovers, near and far,
Come all to see this blazing star,
Is true—who has not heard on't?
But that she all at distance keeps,
And that her virtue never sleeps—
I don't believe a word on't!

That for one lover had she ten,—
In short, did she from all the men
Her homage due each day receive,
She has good sense, and, I believe,
Would never grow absurd on't;
But for soft dalliance she'd refuse
Some favourite from the crowd to choose—
I don't believe a word on't!

That in the face of standers by
She's modesty itself, 's no lie:
That then were men rude things to say
'Twould anger her—O, I would lay
A bottle and a bird on't;
But to her bedchamber, d'ye see,
That Betty has no private key—
I don't believe a word on't!

MISCELLANEOUS.

WARDLE'S DOWNFALL; OR, WELL DONE MRS. CLARKE.

[Perhaps few events in modern times have excited greater interest throughout the nation, than the investigation which took place in February, 1809, in which Col. Wardle and Mrs. Clarke were such prominent characters—the first as the accuser of the late Duke of York, and the other as the principal witness against him. As a new generation has sprung up since that period, we presume that a few particulars relative to these celebrated personages will not be unacceptable to many of our readers. Gwyllyn Lloyd Wardle, Esq. was then member of parliament for Oakhampton, one of the Cornish boroughs since disfranchised by the Reform Act. Though commonly called Colonel Wardle, he held no rank in the regular army: he had been, to the best of our recollection, the colonel of one of the volunteer corps of past days. Mrs. Clarke descended from parents in a very humble station in life: she was the daughter of a journeyman printer (a compositor) of the name of Farquhar, who resided in an obscure alley leading from Fetter Lane to Cursitor Street. She here became acquainted with Joseph Clarke, an apprentice to a mason in the immediate neighbourhood, who seduced, but afterwards married her. They did not, however, long continue to live together; in consequence, it was stated, of his ill usage of her. Mrs. Clarke was naturally of a very lively disposition, and possessed considerable personal attractions; and having succeeded in gaining the attentions of some of the leading men of fashion of that day, she was thus introduced to the gayest circles in the upper classes of society, where she attracted the notice of the Duke of York; who became so much infatuated with her, as to take her under his own immediate protection. She gradually obtained the greatest influence over the mind of the royal duke, and induced him, as Commander-in-Chief, to confer promotions in the army, for which she, unknown to the duke, received pecuniary compensation. At length, however, a rupture took place between them, which led to their separation. Col. Wardle, panting for popularity, and having heard some rumours of promotions having been improperly conferred, seized with avidity the opportunity which was now presented of gratifying his thirst, and took every means of ingratiating himself with Mrs. Clarke, as the most effectual means of accomplishing his object. He therefore instituted proceedings in the House of Commons against the duke, charging him with corrupt motives in the distribution of his patronage, and praying for his dismissal from the command of the army; Mrs. Clarke appearing from day to day at the bar of the house as a witness, and astonishing all present at the perfect ease of her manners, her great self-possession, and the ability she displayed in answering the questions put to her by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General, and by other members. The result of the inquiry was, that a very large majority of the house acquitted the duke of having been influenced by corrupt motives in the promotions he had made. So many unpleasant circumstances were, however, brought to light in the course of the inquiry, that the duke thought it right voluntarily to relinquish the command of the army. He was succeeded in his office by Sir David Dundas.—On whatever terms of intimacy Colonel Wardle and Mrs. Clarke may have lived for some time previous to this memorable investigation, it appears that he, as well as the Duke of York, subsequently had great cause to regret his want of discretion in forming such a disreputable acquaintance; for, about three months after its close, an action was brought against the colonel, which is thus briefly spoken of in the London Chronicle of July 4, 1809:—"The Court of Queen's Bench yesterday exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of Mr. Wardle endeavouring to discredit Mrs. Clarke, and Sir Vicary Gibbs defending her. This scene was displayed upon the trial of an action against Mr. Wardle, brought by Mr. Wright, an upholsterer, to recover the value of furniture, for the lady's house in Westbourne Place. A full report of this interesting trial, the result of which was a verdict against Mr. Wardle, is given in our subsequent columns. When we recollect the evidence given at the bar of the House of Commons, on the Duke of York's case, and Mr. Wardle's speeches at public dinners, and compare them with the facts disclosed yesterday upon the trial, we are struck with

astonishment. Mr. Wardle then repeatedly asserted that he knew nothing of Mrs. Clarke, but as a witness, whom he had sought out in consequence of having learned that she was in possession of facts that would assist in establishing his charge against the Duke of York.—From the trial and verdict of yesterday, we find that he contracted a considerable debt for the furniture of this strange lady's house, in Westbourne Place, Was this in payment for her person, or for her testimony? And if not, was Mr. Wardle only the tool and agent of another! We have heard something that favours this latter idea. We always thought there was an excuse for Mrs. Clarke's hostility to the Duke of York—

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd."

But what can we say in defence of Mr. Wardle? His popularity has been short-lived indeed!—Our readers will now fully understand the circumstances which induced Dibdin to write this song. They should also understand that Sir Vicary Gibbs was the Attorney-General at the time of the investigation in the House of Commons, and that he then did everything in his power to invalidate Mrs. Clarke's testimony. Such were the extravagant habits of this famed lady, that, notwithstanding the large sums of money she must from time to time have received from those who had the misfortune of becoming entangled in her snares, she was in continual pecuniary difficulties; and in a very short time after the action against Col. Wardle, all her effects were sold off for the benefit of her creditors. The sale, which took place on March 21, 1810, was attended by nearly 3000 visitors, who began to assemble early in the morning, in order to secure the best seats; but it was soon discovered that the house would not contain one-tenth part of the company; in consequence of which, the pleasure garden was carpeted all over, and forms and seats were placed in all directions for their accommodation. The first lot was the lease of the house, which was purchased by Mr. Wardle—not by Col. Wardle. The circumstance, however, was announced to the company by Mr. Robins, the auctioneer, as a strange coincidence, and excited their risible faculties to a very great degree. As a proof of the rage for the possession of a portion of the property, catalogues to the amount of £104 were sold at Mrs. Clarke's house on the preceding day; and her ordinary wine-glasses produced a guinea each at the sale. They were purchased by Mr. Walter Smith, the brother of the celebrated Mrs. Fitzherbert.

My dear Mister Wardle, what is it you're after?

In your nastiness you are caught out, after all!

Don't you know that the folks are all splitting with laughter,

And gravely pronounce this last blow your downfall?

After saying, so grave, you'd no communication

With the fam'd Mistress Clarke, but the good of the nation

You alone had in view, you still kept in the dark

That you furnish'd a house for this Mary Ann Clarke.

Why, what d'ye expect that your friends will say?

—Faith! man,

You have got them in scrapes that they'll never forget;

They all must sing small—Harvey Combe and great Waltham,

Cobbett, Whitbread, and Tooke, and Sir Francis Burdett:

When they spoke and made speeches, and common sense burnish'd,

They all must have known of the house you had furnish'd;—

You could not have kept such kind friends in the dark,
'Bout the carpet* of sweet Mistress Mary Ann Clarke!

* Mrs. Clarke had chosen some Turkey carpets, the patterns of which were blue and white; but Colonel Wardle objected to them, as he greatly preferred scarlet and bronze. Though this did not suit Mrs. Clarke's

THE SONGS OF CHARLES DIBDIN.

And what can you say to the boroughs and counties?

You must give back their freedoms, each box and each cup;

They must unsay their thanks, and withdraw all their bounties,

And confess, with the world, that you're fairly done up.

At all their town-halls, at their dinners and meetings,
Sighs and groans must go round, 'stead of toasts and of greetings—

Their only excuse, ' They were kept in the dark
That you'd furnish'd a house for sweet Mary Ann Clarke.

Then as for revenge, and your threatening of perjury,
All bodder and game! arrah, let it alone;

'Steard of prating 'bout conscience of this famous Margery,

My dear Mister Wardle! take care of your own.
To begin to conclude, then: all young men, be wary,
Lest you're brought to sad shame by some infamous Mary;

And, 'bove all, never keep your kind friends in the dark,
Nor furnish a house for some Mary Ann Clarke.

DUET.

WRITTEN FOR THE DESERTER.

[Margaret knitting and spinning at a cottage door.
Simplin and other Villagers enter with baskets of fruit.]

Sim. I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss:

Why, there's pipers and fiddlers; while Robin and Harry,

And Clodpole and Roger, and ten more of us,
Have pull'd as much fruit as we're able to carry.

Mar.—Why, numskull! that's nothing; her ladyship's wine,

All over the village, runs just like a fountain;
And I heard the folks say, ev'ry dish, when they dine,
Will be swimming with Claret, Madeira, and Mountain.

En.—Then for poultry and such like—good lord!
what a store!

I saw Goodman Gander six baskets-full cramming;
Then such comfits and jellies! why one such feast more

Would certainly breed in the village a famine.

Chorus.—What the meaning can be

We shall presently see,

For yonder's old Russet, who certainly knows;

But be what it will,

Our wish shall be, still,

Joy and health to the Duchess, wherever she goes!

taste, she gave way; observing, that as Colonel Wardle was to pay for them, he should have his choice,—and the scarlet and bronze were selected accordingly. It was the proof of this fact that, in a great measure, influenced the jury in their verdict against the colonel in the action brought by Mr. Wright.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

SIMPLICITY! bless'd Nature's child!

In numbers sweetly strong,

That warblest tones so true, yet wild,

With all the pow'rs of song;

Possessing still unfading youth,

Thy sisters by thy side,

Gay fancy, pleasure, native truth,

Each thy unerring guide!

Self-taught, yet vers'd in ev'ry art

That to perfection leads,

When science fails to win the heart,

Simplicity succeeds.

Come, then, and prove thy Tyrian star;

That, when from truth astray,

Thy cheering rays may beam afar,

To light me on the way!

MAKE MUCH OF TO-DAY.

LET those who would wish to hear reason,

Attend to the lesson I give:—

As to-day is for pleasure the season,

O seize the dear moments, and live.

'Tis a proverb we all must remember,—

' While the sun shines, be sure to make hay;'

Which reminds us, from June to December,

That we ought to make much of to-day.

Away, then, with care and with sorrow,

And with all which may burden the mind:

He who mirth can put off till to-morrow

Loses that which he wishes to find.

The present for mirth is the hour,

The present's the time to be gay;—

With haste let us take, then, the flow'r

Which can only be gather'd to-day.

Our condition as quickly may vary

As the tide, or the wind, or the moon;

Our schemes and our projects miscarry;—

Nay, e'en Death may o'ertake us as soon.

Then since life is no more than a bubble,

Enjoy all its gifts while you may;

To-morrow may enter with trouble,—

O at least be secure of to-day!

We must own that all human reflection

Is shallow, and so out of date;

To my counsel, then, make no objection,

But leave all the future to Fate:

How absurd must be their disposition

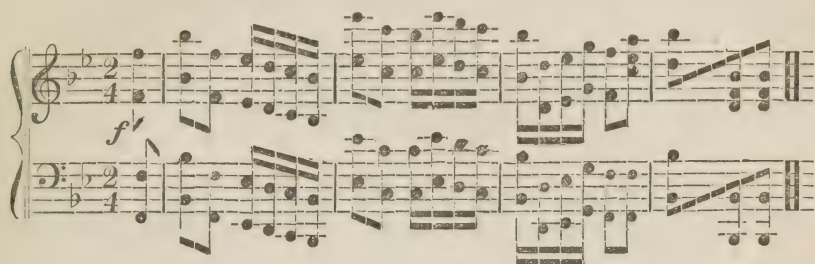
Who seek fame which may never decay;

But I own I have no such ambition,—

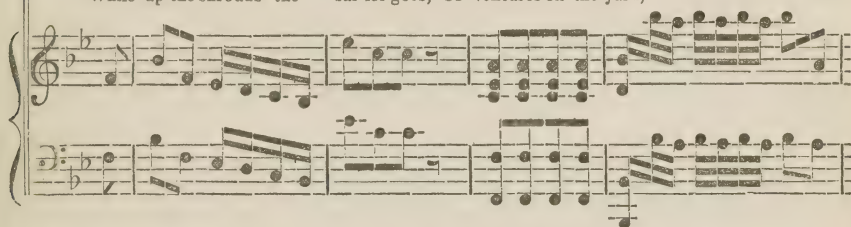
'Tis enough, if I please you to-day!

THE CAN OF GROG; OR, WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

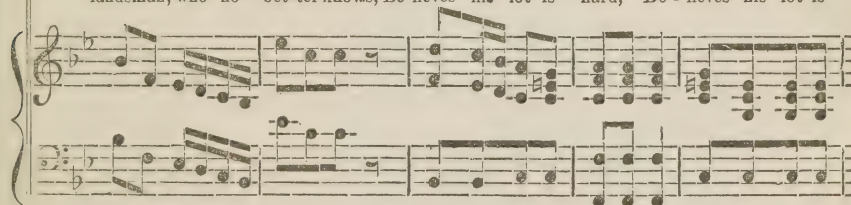
LIVELY.



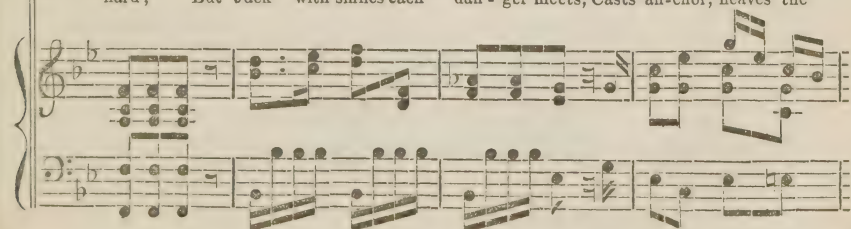
While up the shrouds the sai-lor goes, Or ventures on the yard, The



landsman, who no bet-ter knows, Be-lieves his lot is hard, Be - lieves his lot is



hard; But Jack with smiles each dan - ger meets, Casts an-chor, heaves the



THE CAN OF GROG.

log, Trims all the sails, be - lays the sheets, And drinks his can of

grog; Bold Jack with smiles each dan - ger meets, Casts anchor, heaves the

Repeat 1st Sym.

log, Trims all the sails, be - lays the sheets, And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,
Now quiv'ring in the air—

Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine;
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the line—

Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shots sing through the air—

Bold Jack, &c.

BROKEN GOLD.

ANDANTE.

The first system of music is for the piano accompaniment. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The melody is primarily in the right hand, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef, featuring the lyrics: "Two real lov - ers, with one heart, One mind, one sen-ti - ment, one". The piano accompaniment continues in the grand staff below, with the right hand playing a more active melody and the left hand providing a steady harmonic base.

The third system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has the lyrics: "soul, In hap - less hour were doom'd to part, At ty - rant". The piano accompaniment in the grand staff below supports the vocal melody with chords and moving lines in both hands.

The fourth system of music is the final one on the page. The vocal line has the lyrics: "du - ty's harsh con - trol. They broke in two a gol - den coin, In to - ken". The piano accompaniment in the grand staff below concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

BROKEN GOLD.

that their love should hold, And swore, when Fate their hands should

join, To join a - gain the broken gold, To join a - gain the broken

gold.

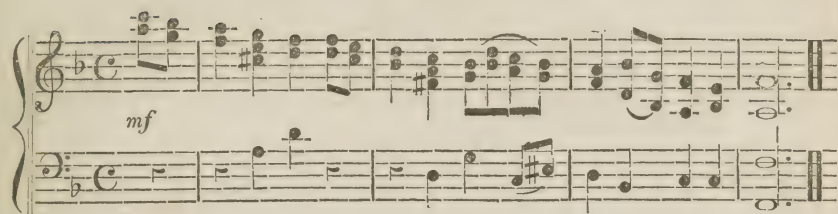
A treach'rous friend, who could not brook
 That joy which real love imparts,
 In evil hour advantage took
 To sow dissension in their hearts ;—
 Engines employ'd, kept spies in pay,
 Conjectures rais'd, and falsehoods told,
 To prove that each had giv'n away,
 To rivals base, the broken gold.

At last, when years elaps'd, they met,
 Hush'd ev'ry fear, dead all alarms;
 Banish'd each sorrow and regret,
 They rush'd into each other's arms
 While to the fond embrace they flew,
 Which love sat smiling to behold,
 In token that their hearts were true,
 They fondly join'd the broken gold

THE SAILOR'S LESSON.

[Vol. I. Page 169.]

MODERATO.



Since, Jack, thou'rt a sea - man's son, And born for the good of the na -

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in a major key with a single flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines.

tion, 'Tis pret - ty near time I be - gun To larn thee a tar's e - di -

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment follows the same pattern as the first line.

ca - tion, To larn thee a tar's e - di - ca - tion: For, when out of port, Thou'lt be

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The melody ends with a final note. The piano accompaniment also concludes with a final chord.

THE SAILOR'S LESSON.

For-tune's sport, And taste of sor-row's cup; Yet in thy pow'r Is

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and eighth notes A4-G4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, with some chords.

Hope's best bow'r, When Death shall bring thee up. For, when out of

The second system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and eighth notes A4-G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a chord in the right hand.

port, Thou'lt be For-tune's sport, And taste of sor-row's cup; Yet

The third system continues the melody. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and eighth notes A4-G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a chord in the right hand. A dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed below the piano part.

in thy pow'r Is Hope's best bow'r, When Death shall bring thee up.

The fourth system concludes the piece. It begins with the instruction 'Repeat 1st Sym.' above the vocal line. The vocal line has a quarter note G4, eighth notes A4-B4, quarter notes C5-B4, and eighth notes A4-G4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern, ending with a chord in the right hand. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is placed below the piano part.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

[Page 106, Vol. I.]

ALLEGRETTO.

mf

This

life is like a trou - bled sea, Where, helm a-wea-ther or a-lee, Where,

p

helm a-wea-ther or a-lee, The ship will nei-ther stay nor wear. But

mf *f*

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

drives, of ev' - ry rock in fear, of ev' - ry rock in

fear; But drives, of ev' - ry rock in fear, of

ev' - ry rock in fear: All sea-manship in vain we try,—

We can-not keep her steady-ly, We can-not keep her steady-ly, steady-ly;

p *cres.*

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

stea - di - ly; But, just as For - tune's wind may blow, The

ves - sel's tos - ti - ca - ted to and fro; But, just as For - tune's

wind may blow, The ves - sel's tos - ti - ca - ted to and fro; Yet,

come but Love on board, Our hearts with plea - sure stor'd, Our

p

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

hearts with plea-sure stor'd, No storm can o-ver-whelm. Still

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "hearts with plea-sure stor'd, No storm can o-ver-whelm. Still".

blows in vain The hur-ri-cane, While he is at the helm. This

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "blows in vain The hur-ri-cane, While he is at the helm. This".

life is like a trou-bled sea, Where, helm a-wea-ther or a-lee, Where,

p

The third system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: "life is like a trou-bled sea, Where, helm a-wea-ther or a-lee, Where,".

helm a-wea-ther or a-lee, The ship will nei-ther stay nor wear, But

mf *f*

The fourth system includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) and forte (*f*) dynamic markings. The lyrics are: "helm a-wea-ther or a-lee, The ship will nei-ther stay nor wear, But".

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

drives, of ev' - ry rock in fear, of ev' - ry rock in

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics 'drives, of ev' - ry rock in fear, of ev' - ry rock in' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with a treble clef and a left-hand part with a bass clef, both featuring a key signature of one flat. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

fear: All sea-man-ship in vain we try,— We can - not keep her

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal melody is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on grand staves. The lyrics 'fear: All sea-man-ship in vain we try,— We can - not keep her' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand part on a treble clef and a left-hand part on a bass clef, both in a key signature of one flat. The music is in a 4/4 time signature.

stea - di - ly; We can - not keep her stea - di - ly, stea - di - ly,

The third system of the musical score features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The lyrics 'stea - di - ly; We can - not keep her stea - di - ly, stea - di - ly,' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand part on a treble clef and a left-hand part on a bass clef, both in a key signature of one flat. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is visible at the end of the system.

stea-di-ly; But, just as For - tune's wind may blow, The

The fourth system of the musical score features a vocal melody on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on grand staves. The lyrics 'stea-di-ly; But, just as For - tune's wind may blow, The' are written below the vocal staff. The piano accompaniment continues with a right-hand part on a treble clef and a left-hand part on a bass clef, both in a key signature of one flat. The music is in a 4/4 time signature. A piano dynamic marking 'p' and a crescendo marking 'cres.' are visible at the end of the system.

THIS LIFE IS LIKE A TROUBLED SEA.

ves - sel's tos-ti-ca-ted to and fro; But, just as For - tune's

f *cres.* *p*

wind may blow, The ves - sel's tos-ti-ca-ted to and fro, The

cres. *f* *cres.*

ves - sel's tos-ti-ca-ted to and fro.

f

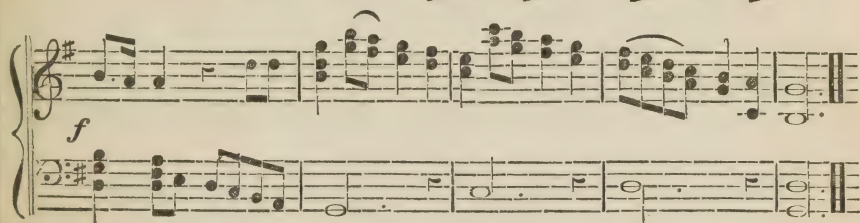
THE WELCOME.

MODERATO.

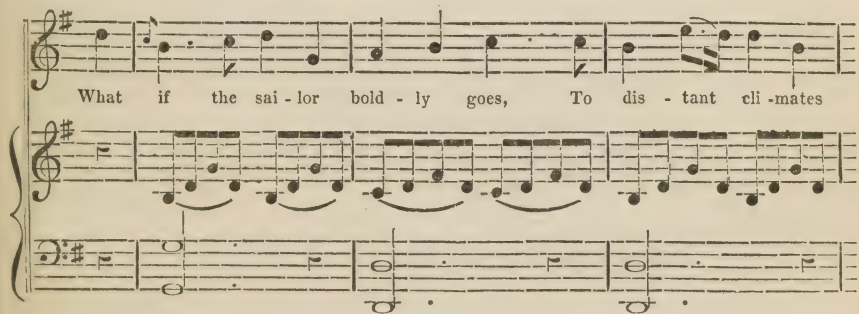
p



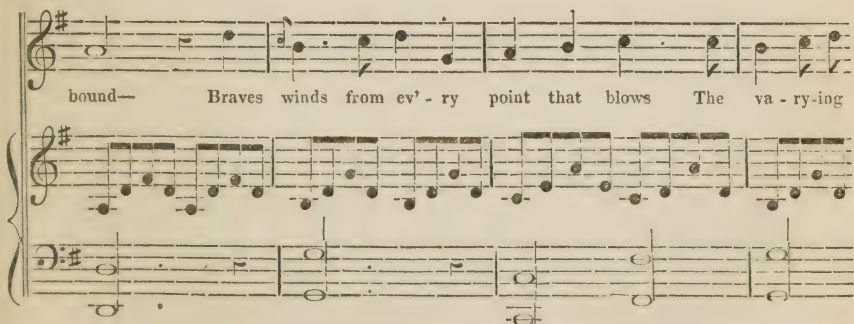
f



What if the sai-lor bold - ly goes, To dis - tant cli-mates



bound— Braves winds from ev'-ry point that blows The va-ry-ing



THE WELCOME.

com - pass round? Braves winds from ev' - ry point that blows The

va - rying com - pass round? The va - rying com - pass round? No

lon - ger, when com - pell'd to roam, To make him rich a - mends, No

lon - ger, when com - pell'd to roam, To make him rich a - mends, As the

THE WELCOME

nee - dle true, he finds his love, As the nee - dle true, he finds his love, As the

nee - dle true, he finds his love, His coun - try, and his friends. *Repeat 1st Sym.*

Thus, ev'ry danger life endures,
 May to o'erwhelm him come,—
 Trouble at sea only insures
 Pleasure that waits at home :
 He braves the storm, that calm to prove
 Propitious Fortune sends ;
 As the needle true to find his love,
 His country, and his friends.

THE VETERAN IN RETIREMENT.

MODERATO.

mf

Though

laid up in port, And not outward bound, In my up-per works there's no-thing

ail - ing: My rud - der and com-pass are both safe and sound, And, if

THE VETERAN IN RETIREMENT.

call'd on, I'm rea - dy for sail - ing. I am d ecent - ly stor'd with the

This system contains the first line of music. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "call'd on, I'm rea - dy for sail - ing. I am d ecent - ly stor'd with the".

com - forts of life; Have of friends just what num - ber I

This system contains the second line of music. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "com - forts of life; Have of friends just what num - ber I".

fan - cy; And what's more, I've a berth in the heart of my wife,— And what's

This system contains the third line of music. The lyrics are: "fan - cy; And what's more, I've a berth in the heart of my wife,— And what's".

more, I've a berth in the heart of my wife,— My love - ly, my va - lu - a - ble

This system contains the fourth line of music. The lyrics are: "more, I've a berth in the heart of my wife,— My love - ly, my va - lu - a - ble".

THE VETERAN IN RETIREMENT.



I well know that weevils and rats play me pranks,
 At my cost who are eating and drinking;
 This nibbles my biscuit, that gnaws at my planks,
 And would fly off at once were I sinking;
 Lord help the poor things!—they can't hurt my good name.
 Let them pilch, then, away to their fancy:
 They may pilfer my money, may injure my fame,
 But they never can rob me of Nancy.

As well may the French kick against Dover rock,
 That keeps ev'ry threat at a distance:
 All folly I pity, at slander I mock,
 And I envy no one in existence.
 And when I am boarded by grim Captain Death,
 No sorrow shall trouble my fancy;
 I'll strike like a man, and yield up my last breath,
 In a prayer for the health of my Nancy.

THE END.

London : G. H. Davidson, 19, Peter's Hill, Ductors' Commons.

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Music

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